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ZAMBIA: A SPECIAL THIRD WORLD CASE
Lord Hatch

TWO CHINAS: THE 'MAINLAND' AND TAIWAN
Sir Patrick Wall, M.P.

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Gerald Frost

and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

95p

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Incorporating The Fortnightly

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ZAMBIA: A SPECIAL THIRD WORLD CASE

by John Hatch

ZAMBIANS have suffered more, in many respects, than Zimbabweans from the effects of the Rhodesian war. When Zambia attained independence in 1964 her people had been living under the Central African Federation for a full decade. The rationale for that Federation was that it would attract international capital, provide the conditions for economic growth and thus spread higher living standards around Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) and Nyasaland (Malawi). This argument enabled its apologists to defend the predominance of white politicians in its Assembly. It also allowed them to ensure that Southern Rhodesia was its political and economic leader, on the grounds that that country was more highly developed than the others. Thus the theory was that by using Southern Rhodesia as the pole of development, her success would trickle down to the peoples of the other countries. As a result, Robert Mugabe inherited a much more buoyant, sophisticated economy than that of Kenneth Kaunda's Zambia.

Northern Rhodesia suffered particularly from the application of this theory and the use made of it by Federal rulers. The most important mineral within the Federation was Northern Rhodesia's copper. Much of its revenues were diverted southwards by Federal leaders so as to finance the industrialisation of Southern Rhodesia. All her transport system was directed to the export-import markets, either to the south or to the west. The great bulk of the infrastructure built during these times was along the narrow band beside the railway from Southern Rhodesia to the Copperbelt. Whereas the Federal Government spent £103 on the education

of each white child, the sum provided by the Northern Rhodesian Government for the minority of African children who could attend school was no more than £9.

Independence for Northern Rhodesia as the new Republic of Zambia was won by unremitting struggle by the African nationalists against the Federal, the Northern Rhodesian and the British governments. For it was the British Government which had imposed Federation in 1953, but kept Northern Rhodesia under colonial rule. So it was a complicated struggle, led first by the African National Congress under the leadership of Harry Nkumbula and his secretary, Kenneth Kaunda, and then, after a breach between the two, by Kaunda and his new United National Independence Party. It was as late as 1962 before genuine elections were held in the country and African ministers appointed. Further elections, under universal suffrage were held in 1964. Kaunda won easily, appointed his own Cabinet, and led his people into independence as its first executive President in October of that year. He and his ministers had a mere two year's experience of office.

He inherited from British/Federal rule a country still tied inextricably to Southern Rhodesia. In his first year in office 34 per cent of Zambia's imports came from that country. The rail and main road routes led to Salisbury; the alternatives were through Mozambique or Angola, both at that time part of Portugal's contribution to the ramparts built for the preservation of white rule in southern Africa. Another route passed through the Congo, still suffering from the bloody civil wars which succeeded independence from the Belgians. In short, Zambia was a beleaguered enclave within the white settlers' fortress.

This is the paramount factor in any understanding of the subsequent history of Zambia and the story of her President. For, less than thirteen months after Zambia's independence, Ian Smith announced a Unilateral Declaration of Independence for Rhodesia. There were some Zambians who expected the British Government to subdue this rebellion against the British Crown as colonial subjects had been dealt with elsewhere when they had the temerity to rebel against imperial rule. There were others who asserted that this was a quarrel between Britain and Rhodesia; that Zambia should ignore it and proceed with her own tasks of self-development. Kaunda took neither course. He staked his presidency, and perhaps his life, on acting as a member of the international community. So when Britain and then the United Nations asked him to impose economic sanctions on Rhodesia, despite his longstanding dependence on that country, he complied. Within two years Zambia's imports from Rhodesia were reduced from 34 to 11 per cent. There were bound to be severe repercussions from that action.

Constitutionally, Rhodesia was still a British colony. Yet there were major differences from the British colonial norm. Since 1923 the country had been virtually governed by white Rhodesians. They had their own ministers, civil servants, police and defence forces. Britain, therefore, did not possess the leverage for coercion which she was accustomed to use in other colonies. Moreover, at the time of UDI, Harold Wilson had

a mere majority of three in the House of Commons. He feared that military action by British troops against British immigrants or descendants would destroy his government.

Wilson made two major mistakes in facing this situation. First, he led Kaunda to believe that he would suppress the rebellion after he had secured an increased majority in the election of March, 1966; secondly, he thought he could defeat the whites' pretensions by negotiation. On both counts he can be accused of jeopardising Kaunda's presidency. For Kaunda believed Wilson's promises against the scepticism of some of his most influential colleagues and critics.

Wilson's abortive negotiations on the *Tiger* and the *Fearless*, and later the 1972 initiative of Lord Home, infuriated the Zambians. If the manoeuvres had succeeded they would have assured the Rhodesian whites of political dominance for the foreseeable future. The Zambians were even more livid when, later, they learnt that British oil companies had been supplying Ian Smith with the fuel he needed—often used to fuel the planes he sent to bomb Zambia—and with the knowledge of a British minister.

As a consequence of this tremendous effort by the infant country to defeat UDI through economic sanctions, massive, sometimes bizarre, expedients had to be used to keep her own economy alive. There were air lifts, the 'hell run' to Dar-es-Salaam to transport oil by truck, import substitutes of all kinds, an enforced increase in trade with South Africa, the building of a pipe line to Tanzania and, eventually, the hasty construction of the railway to Dar. All this inevitably distorted Zambia's economic planning, but, as a land-locked country forced to sever the economic arteries she had inherited, there was no option if she was to play her crucial role in the international effort to prevent UDI becoming permanent.

There was another issue which Zambia had to face. The main African leaders in Rhodesia, men like Robert Mugabe, Joshua Nkomo and Ndabaningi Sithole, were locked up in detention by Ian Smith. There were, therefore, a number of exiled nationalist movements. These usually based themselves either in Lusaka or in Dar-es-Salaam. Exiled dissidents are notoriously fractious. The Rhodesians were no exception. The Rhodesian nationalist movement had never been as united under Federation as those in Zambia or Malawi. In exile their schismatic tendencies increased. These feuds were often accompanied with violence, culminating in the assassination of Herbert Chitepo, a noted Rhodesian leader, in Lusaka in 1975. Such activities hardly fostered the peaceful atmosphere needed for nation-building in the countries of their asylum, especially as they tended to involve sections of the local inhabitants.

Eventually, of course, during the 1970s, large armies of guerrillas were hosted by Zambia and Mozambique. The weapons they acquired and some inevitable indiscipline induced an atmosphere of violence from which Zambia still suffers. Nevertheless, here was further evidence of Kaunda's commitment to the independence of Zimbabwe, for these were freedom fighters waging a war against rebels defying British authority.

In other words, Kaunda's Zambia was again accepting a responsibility shirked by British governments.

There was another feature of the impact of UDI on Zambia which has often been neglected. It played a crucial role in the distortion of Zambian economic and social planning and has become the core of Zambia's current dilemmas.

During the days of colonial and Federal rule, economic development in Zambia was concentrated along what is known as 'the line of rail'. This is the narrow corridor on each side of the railway which runs through the country from Rhodesia and South Africa in the south of the Copperbelt and Zaire in the north. It was this railway which mainly attracted the attention of Europeans, who were concerned almost solely with the export of copper and the import of machinery and consumer goods.

As a result of UDI such traffic was interrupted. Yet the mineral wealth of independent Zambia was no less attractive to foreign companies than had been that of colonial Northern Rhodesia. When supplies from Salisbury and Bulawayo were either drastically reduced or excised, import substitution became popular. Many companies established subsidiaries in Zambia; many new companies were formed. Most were under-capitalised, planned for quick profits based on an expected brief period of sanctions. Forced, premature industrialisation further accelerated the distortion of the Zambian economy.

A few figures illustrate the importance of this factor to the life of the people of newly-independent Zambia. During this period, in which UDI played such a dominant role, the Zambian Government put into operation its First National Development Plan. From a total investment of 678 million kwacha, out of a total of seven provinces, the three along the line-of-rail, Copperbelt, Central and Southern, absorbed 82 per cent. This feature was even more pronounced in manufacturing industry. In 1969, of a total of 532 industrial establishments, only eight were sited in the other provinces. The effect was inevitably to increase the already high rate of urbanisation. During the same period the total urban population of the country rose by 8.9 per cent a year whilst that of the country as a whole was only increasing by 2.5 per cent annually. As a further refinement, it was seen that many of the most important new industries were capital-intensive, rather than the labour-intensive projects needed to absorb the growing number of unemployed. This was particularly the case in petroleum refining and chemicals. As extreme examples, it cost K293,000 for each job created by the Nitrogen Chemicals Extension and K60,000 in the Indeni Petroleum Refinery. This contrasts with K3,800 in Kabwe Industrial Fabrics, or K7,200 on the Nakambala Sugar Estate.

This was Zambia's inheritance during the period in which she should have been able to devise her strategy for creating the kind of national society for which her people had fought for their independence. There was one further factor which has plagued the nation. Zambia has to face the problems not only of the dual economy common to most colonial societies; she has all the complexities of a triple economy.

The wealth of copper along the Copperbelt can be an ambivalent asset. It provides Zambia with over 90 per cent of her foreign exchange and her government with 60 per cent of its revenues. Yet it also spawns a labour aristocracy. During Federal/colonial days it was usually reckoned that white miners received ten times the wages of black miners; but the latter were paid ten times the average Zambian's peasant income. Immediately after independence a commission, chaired by Roland Brown, then Attorney-General of Tanzania, awarded the black miners a 22 per cent wage increase. This was bound to widen the gap between the mining community and the rest of the workers, and especially of the majority peasant farmers. Subsequent increases have almost, though not entirely, abolished discrimination in the mines on racial grounds. Inevitably, this has been at the expense of widening the chasm, though some miners' money is sent to their villages. The gap between rural and urban wages grew from 1.13 at independence to 1.18 by 1970.

Yet Kaunda, his party and his government were in a dilemma. The African Mineworkers Union, perhaps the strongest union in African history, had played a vital, if erratic, role in the struggle for independence. It was intolerable that racial discrimination should continue in the mines under independence. At the same time, senior mine officials, only obtainable in Europe, were still essential to produce the wealth essential for the economy. They demanded high pay. So discrimination between the standard of life of the mining community and the majority peasant farmers has become a regular fact of life in Zambian society.

Unfortunately, the miners were not completely appeased. Their union had become accustomed before independence to take independent decisions. It has tended to do so since. At the beginning of 1981 its officials objected to the government's policy of decentralising local government. Some of the miners' officials saw a danger that they could lose control of local affairs to nominees of the Party. Strikes were held, the offending officials expelled from the Party; a few months later the Chairman of the Zambia Congress of Trade Unions, Frederick Chiluba, the general secretary, Newstead Zimba, his assistant secretary, Chitalu Sampa, and the Vice-Chairman of the Mineworkers Union of Zambia, Timothy Walamba, were all detained by presidential decree. They were accused of trying to take over the government. Yet the independence of Zambia's courts has been demonstrated by their release on pleas of *habeas corpus*.

This attitude by union leaders may be no more than adventurism, though it should be remembered that the unions are the only form of mass organisation outside the Party. But there are more serious signs of alleged efforts at destabilisation of Kaunda's regime. In October 1980 a former Governor of the Bank of Zambia, a prominent lawyer with connections with the High Court, a brigadier-general, two majors and a number of lesser-known figures were detained. They are charged with trying to hijack the President's plane in order to force him to relinquish power. All have again appeared in court, but the trial has yet to reveal the full extent of the attempted coup.

The fact has to be faced that in this country there are many foreign agents, especially from South Africa, only too ready to use whatever stratagems appear viable at the time to unseat Kaunda. Any local group they can find with a sense of disaffection or open to bribery will be used as their agents. The South Africans detest Kaunda's non-racial philosophy.

This brings us to the core of Zambia's current dilemma. Neglect of rural renaissance does not provoke revolution, though it does induce apathy. Shortages of basic foods like maize at certain times of the year, of periodic absence of washing powder, butter, cooking oil, sugar or flour, may bring grumbles, but not much more than in wartime Britain. An increase in theft, particularly when accompanied by violence, creates demand for more and better police. The exposure of corruption destroys confidence in political leaders, but no one would ever imagine that the President is involved. He is more likely to elicit sympathy for having to work with such rogues.

The real danger to the President and his regime arises not from such common features of a nation at war with poverty, illiteracy and the colonial legacy of under-development. It centres around the battle between those who would mould this country into a consumption-orientated society, an imitation of industrialised Europe, North America, Japan, Singapore, Hong Kong, Taiwan or South Korea; and those who want Zambia to grow according to the principles of social justice outlined in the President's philosophy of Humanism.

The 'consumers' received their greatest opportunity, I believe, in the late 1960s. Copper prices have always fluctuated wildly, making any rational planning impossible. The amount of money circulating in the community largely depends on those prices. Between 1967 and 1970 they rose from £780 a tonne to over £1,000. They were to rise even higher for a short time a few years later. Pre-occupied with the Rhodesian question and pressed by the paramount need to replace Rhodesian imports, the government ignored the signs that a consumer boom had begun. By the time it took notice it was too late. Consumer habits and demands had become established. In 1974, for example, the richest 2 per cent of households accounted for 20 per cent of national income; the same as the share of the poorest 50 per cent. In 1980 an international survey found that 80 per cent of rural households and 25 per cent of urban could not buy their basic needs. Class stratification has set in.

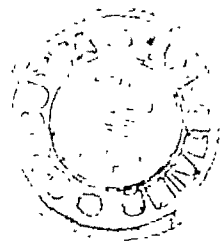
This situation has been accelerated by the end of the Rhodesian war. Even before the elections began in Zimbabwe, Zambia entrepreneurs were in Salisbury and Bulawayo signing contracts. The copper price has remained low during the world recession, foreign currency has virtually disappeared, yet luxury goods are still imported. Zambians have traditionally bought abroad on credit. Since 1979 credit insurance from Britain has ceased. It will only be restored when debts, though comparatively low, are actually paid.

President Kaunda and his colleagues know what is happening. They realise that to build any society on even rough social justice demands an abolition of this new élite and genuine development in the rural areas.

Yet what nation in the world has discovered how to achieve this objective? Kaunda's regime has tried the co-operative system, intensive development zones, new integrated rural development programmes, accompanied by government farms. Its efforts to overcome its blighted legacy, its own mistakes and the established habit of greed is based on genuine idealism from the top, by no means always observed below. The future of Zambia and of President Kaunda, on which much of the character of southern Africa depends, rests on the outcome of the battle between the 'consumers' and convinced Humanists.

[Lord Hatch is Professor and Director of the new Institute of Human Relations at the University of Zambia. He was formerly Director of the African Studies Programme, Houston, Texas; Commonwealth Correspondent of the New Statesman; Head of the Commonwealth Department, British Labour Party. He is the author of twelve books on Africa, the latest being *Two African Statesmen*, Secker and Warburg, biographies of Presidents Kaunda and Nyerere.]

The February issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Singapore: Modernism and Human Rights* by Keith Suter, *The Cancun Conference: What Did It Achieve?* by Evan Luard, *The 'Debunking' of Anne Frank* by C. C. Aronsfeld and *Universities in Crisis* by Robert Hunter.



AMERICA'S OTHER OFF-SHORE ISLAND

by Gerald Frost

CAN any relatively dispassionate observer, looking at the current state of the Western Alliance, conclude that it provides an effective bulwark against Soviet aggression against Western Europe?

Of course, none of us in Europe is wholly dispassionate about an issue which could conceivably affect both our personal and national survival. It is not therefore a question which one poses as a matter of idle intellectual speculation. There is a point to raising it which, having shown that a negative reply is the only possible answer on the basis of the evidence, is to go on to ask another question: how to deal with the fact that we do not have an effective means of deterring further acts of aggression by a totalitarian state which possesses unsurpassed and ever-increasing military strength, which despite an innate caution continues to display marked expansionist tendencies, and which retains an ideology that contests the legitimacy of all regimes not in its sway.

Even as the Soviets add, month by month, year by year, to the arsenal of theatre nuclear weapons targetted on Western Europe there is also a point in *not* raising it. Significantly, the politicians of Western Europe do not do so, and when such issues are forced upon their attention by 'peace marchers' or protestors they tend to evade them. In the absence of a superior explanation, it may be assumed that the politicians behave as they do because they believe that to raise issues that would cause the most profound public anxiety is not conducive to the business of maintaining or winning electoral support. Along with commentators, academics and others, they may also be guilty of the common human trait of choosing to ignore unpalatable or frightening truths. A degree of wish fulfilment can also be detected, the wish being that if we ignore the fact of our ill-preparedness the Soviets won't notice it either and the menace which they represent will somehow go away, perhaps as a result of the highly convenient collapse or decline of the Soviet Union. Thus Western European politicians are often wont to treat the subject in the way parents conceal frightening or unsavoury facts from children: Sshh, dear, not in front of the Russians. How else to explain why Europe, which is superior to the Soviets in terms of population, technology, wealth, and which has an alliance with a nation which is the richest in the world and, in some respects, the most powerful, has adopted a position of strategic vulnerability, and even now declines to take decisive action to remedy this situation.

Yet the truth that there is something fundamentally wrong with the Alliance that cannot easily be put right, if at all, still manifests itself. It does so in the curious, often contradictory behaviour of Western European nations. If nations can be said to be neurotic the nations of Western Europe may properly be judged to be in a state of extreme neurosis.

On the one hand many Europeans genuinely do harbour fears about

Soviet intentions and military growth and would become extremely anxious if the 250,000 armed U.S. personnel on European soil were withdrawn, but on the other, most Western countries continue to sustain the Soviet Union through trade and make no serious attempt even to restrict the flow of technology which can be used for military purposes. Germany, less than enthusiastic about accepting Neutron and anxious about Cruise and Pershing, cannot live up to the commitment to raise defence spending by three per cent per annum. France spends a relatively high proportion of GDP on defence and has a strategy and arms procurement policy based on the assumption that the most likely enemy is the Soviet Union, yet provides high technology to its most likely military opponent and, under Giscard, spent more time appeasing the Soviets than the Americans. There are expressions of support for the Afghans and the Poles but a rapidly growing movement in favour of unilateral disarmament exists in Britain, West Germany, Holland and Belgium; in the former, Her Majesty's Opposition is pledged to scrapping Trident and rejecting Cruise and to a neutralist Foreign Policy which would downgrade British commitments to the Alliance to 'token' membership of NATO at best.

The British Prime Minister, Mrs. Thatcher, rhetorically speaking a cold warrior of some ferocity, warns of the great perils posed by a Soviet Union whose military expansion has continually outstripped the worst fears of Western defence analysts. Her remarks are sometimes reported to cause deep anxiety to Lord Carrington, the British Foreign Secretary. Yet it seems unlikely that they terrify the Soviets: despite some fierce rhetoric about the possible consequences of Soviet aggression, there was no British trade sanction following the invasion of Afghanistan—the one thing we might have done to penalise the Soviets—merely a temporary cessation of *talks* intended to promote *wider* trade. Even discussion on cultural and education exchanges, which were held up for a few months, were quickly resumed. Moreover, unwilling or unable to solve her public spending problems at home by dealing in a determined fashion with loss-making nationalised industries, the Iron Maiden instead cut the British naval presence in the East Atlantic where the Royal Navy ships perform a role vital to NATO strategy, one to which it is suited by custom and tradition, and which no other navy is presently capable of fulfilling.

At the back of some prominent European minds lurks the belief that given the current military imbalance and the decline of U.S. authority and prestige during the Carter years, it might be necessary to seek an accommodation with the Soviets. For many of them this is something which remains in the realm of half-realised, half-articulated, half-conscious belief. At moments of American ineptitude or weakness it surfaces, is briefly and fearfully examined and then placed in mental 'pending trays' while publicly the dangerous fiction that the Alliance is basically sound continues to be maintained. However, a further display of American weakness or failure, such as the abortive attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran, or perhaps an effective display of Soviet military might, could result in a move towards a less ambiguous but more accommodating attitude towards the

Soviets, culminating in outright appeasement. If the near future is going to be like the recent past the one thing one can be certain of is that further revelations of either Soviet strength or Western vulnerability will not bring about greater European solidarity in defence matters or a reappraisal of defence needs and a courageous and historic commitment to meet these needs, whatever the costs.

In these circumstances it is necessary to remind ourselves why NATO worked—in the sense of providing an effective deterrent against Soviet aggression directed at Western Europe—and what it is that needs to be replaced. This may help us to avoid being deluded by the sophisticated but flawed theories and hypotheses of the kind which afford a degree of intellectual satisfaction to the strategic studies departments of European universities, but which do not provide a solution to the fundamental weaknesses of NATO.

The NATO Alliance worked first and foremost because of America's massive nuclear superiority. That has gone and we have only the appropriately abbreviated Theory of Mutual Destruction (MAD) to put in its place. That may or may not provide an adequate basis for the defence of the US but it is obvious to anyone who has thought about the subject that it cannot provide a basis for the defence of Western Europe.

Because of their superiority in conventional strength and in theatre weapons, the Soviets can, if they wish, destroy NATO power in Europe without fear of an American strategic reply, since this would expose America to a devastating second strike. When Dr. Kissinger admitted as much the result was a furore in the capitals of Europe and successful demands for a retraction. American academics who have not served as Secretary of State and who are unencumbered by a desire to repeat the experience can be candid without having to eat their words afterwards. Thus, Irving Kristol:

> It is still the official military doctrine of the United States and NATO that the use of strategic nuclear weapons is not excluded, in a case of Soviet aggression with conventional military forces—or *a fortiori*, using tactical nuclear weapons —against Western Europe. There may even be American and NATO generals who believe this is so. They, and anyone else who believes it, are living in a world of fantasy. Under no conceivable circumstances—I repeat, under *no* conceivable circumstances—will an American government respond to such Soviet aggression in Western Europe by initiating a strategic nuclear exchange. *That* deterrence has ceased to exist, whatever some military men or politicians may officially say. The function of America's strategic nuclear weaponry today is to deter a Soviet first strike against the United States itself—that and nothing but that.

Europeans who recognise the truth of Kristol's remarks may console themselves with the thought that, despite our ill-preparedness, the Russians have not so far chosen to move decisively against Western Europe.

But foreign policy which aspires to any degree of credibility cannot be based on the premise that the Soviet perceptions of their interests will continue to predicate an acceptance of the European status quo. The build-up of Soviet theatre nuclear weapons, particularly the SS 20s, revealing passages from their manuals of war, and the Soviet view that it might

be necessary 'to deal Imperialism a decisive blow', all suggest that the Soviet leaders do in fact entertain very different possibilities even if, as seems likely, the majority among the Soviet leadership would prefer to use their military strength merely to bully and threaten. In these circumstances it is inevitable that, sooner or later, Europe's relations with the U.S. will undergo fundamental change. Whether it comes about as a result of an American or European initiative or as a result of a catastrophe, remains to be seen.

Since I do not believe that there is any reason to suppose that the nations of Western Europe are capable of acting effectively together to meet the present military challenge it seems prudent, to say the least, for this country to seek a closer relationship with the U.S. It also seems obvious to me that it is worth paying any price to obtain this, including withdrawal from the EEC and damage to relations with individual European nations to a degree not even contemplated by the anti-Marketeers.

It also seems to me that such an arrangement would have considerable advantages to the United States. At present American policy towards her Alliance partners is fatally flawed. What useful purpose does the presence in Europe of 250,000 armed U.S. personnel perform? They could not thwart a Soviet invasion, they have no perceivable influence on political trends in Europe because it is evident that they are not there for that purpose. They cannot deter a nuclear attack for the reasons suggested above.

The weakness of present policy in Europe is evidently perceived by many of those in the Administration and close to it.

Dr. Angelo Codevilla, a member of the Senate Committee on Intelligence, informed a conference on the present state of the Alliance at Oxford early last year:

> They (U.S. troops in Europe) are too weak to stave off defeat, they cannot be a tripwire because to trip that wire would mean the defeat of the United States as well, they are not reassuring enough to reverse political trends in Europe and under present circumstances they are probably usable as a forward deployed element of a contingency in the Persian Gulf. In war they would be cannon fodder and in peace they are hostages . . . better bring them home. . . . All of this amounts to saying that if present trends continue America's best option might be to cut its losses in Europe. It is a frightful option but nevertheless would be preferable to continuation of the present trends.

Dr. Codevilla's strategic assessment is plainly impeccable but in this instance strategic logic collides to some extent with popular sentiment. Not all Americans are as clear-sighted as Dr. Codevilla in perceiving American interests.

Moreover, to do as he advises in the event of Europe not recognising present dangers and 'shaping up to meet them' would involve the most colossal seismic blow to the American esteem, a massive reduction in its latter 20th century role and a surrender of such considerable proportions that only a hard-headed Conservative President with immense communicative gifts and the single-minded pursuit of American interests at the forefront of his mind, could contemplate and achieve this. But America may have such a President. It is on the whole true that while the foreign

policy of Democratic administrators has frequently been Utopian and internationalist, Republican administrators have displayed a narrower, often more realistic conception of self-interest, sometimes tinged by isolationism. A readjustment of American priorities based on a realistic assessment of her needs and capabilities might follow a Soviet invasion of Poland or some other act of Soviet belligerence which exposed the impotence of the Alliance and the dangers in which it places America.

Moreover, as many others have pointed out, American does not look towards Europe as of old: the majority of the American population no longer resides on the Eastern seaboard; much that happens in America which is new or influential happens on the West coast. Busying herself with problems in the Gulf, other Middle Eastern trouble spots, South America and Southern Africa, America no longer regards Europe as the cockpit of the world. Such changes in perception make it more likely that America could be driven to bring the troops home, the links of culture and history notwithstanding. But it is also the case that were there some compromise to be found—in the form of a retreat to some European off-shore island whose protection could be realistically maintained in the hope of some eventual return to wider European ambitions, that might well be grasped both for political and strategic reasons.

From Britain's point of view the aim would be to establish a relationship and harmony of interest with the US of such closeness that the Soviets would fear that an attack on British territory or sovereignty *might* be regarded as an attack on America. Of course, even then it could not be positively guaranteed that the Americans would come to our aid in such circumstances: the intention would be to convince the Soviets that there was a strong possibility of it.

The benefits to the US would be that the risks of a nuclear war waged to defend a Europe which was manifestly not prepared to defend itself would have been much reduced. This would be achieved at the cost of considerable trauma, but not the trauma which would result from a total withdrawal of forces from Europe.

In return for protection Britain would offer unconditional support for US diplomatic and foreign policy, something which the US might come to value in an increasingly lonely and hostile world environment. Britain would afford a base for a propaganda war and in the event of Europe being Finlandised or worse would keep alive the hope of a free Europe.

American withdrawal to these islands would help ease the shock to American morale, would ease the pain to Americans who maintain close personal or family links with Europe. It would also lie very much in the tradition of Anglo-American relations and for that matter within the tradition of US-European relations. The term 'special relationship' is a cliché but like most clichés corresponds to something true, in this case a deep mutual feeling which exists in the minds of many British and American people. It is not so much a feeling of affection or love, but a sense that when the cards are down, we are reliable allies in the maintenance of

decency and democratic values, in a way that other members of the Alliance may not be.

The scenario which I have painted is a grim one; the suggestion for the Anglo-American relationship (perhaps as part of a wider Anglo-Saxon alliance also involving Canada, Australia and New Zealand, first suggested, incidentally, by Stanley Baldwin) is, after all, based on a recognition of Soviet strength and Western weakness. It is also based on a concept of British self-interest and a rough and ready notion of how American interest might come to be perceived. If it appears to be ruthlessly exclusive that may be because, *in extremis*, most policies designed to protect national interest and national sovereignty frequently need to be so.

To be sure, such a scenario assumes that Britain will not soon be governed by a left-wing government (which would be more likely to seek an accommodation with the Soviet bloc than with the US) but hope should not be the prerogative of those who pin their faith on detente, arms limitation and crocks of gold at the end of the rainbow.

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TWO CHINAS: THE 'MAINLAND' AND TAIWAN

by Patrick Wall, M.P.

THE Chinese think in terms of centuries whereas the Europeans think in terms of months. The present separation of Mainland China and Taiwan is therefore regarded by both as a temporary aberration which time will solve.

After the Manchu rule in China had lasted for 268 years (1644 to 1911), the Republic of China was finally established on 1st January, 1912 under Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. It was, however, followed by a long period of internecine warfare between the northern warlords for the control of the central Government. When Dr. Sun died in 1925, his followers set up a National Government in Canton and in 1926 this Government appointed General Chiang Kai-shek, Commander-in-Chief of the National Revolutionary Army which, by 1928, finally broke the power of the warlords. Considerable progress in social and economic stability was then made until the Mukden incident of September 1931 and the Japanese occupation of Manchuria followed in 1937 by war between Japan and China.

After the end of World War II, China regained Taiwan after 50 years of Japanese occupation. Then followed the Communist Revolution under Mao Tse-tung and the withdrawal of the Nationalist Government to Taiwan. Chairman Mao exercised a firm and ruthless control over the Government of Mainland China, ending in the Great Cultural Revolution of 1966 to 1976. He died in September 1976 when Hua Kuo-feng and Yeh Chien-ying joined hands to topple the 'gang of four'. Meanwhile, the Nationalist Government in Taiwan led their island people towards the second highest standard of living in Asia.

While, like most Asian nations, Taiwan is far from being a democracy in the Western European sense of that word, her economic development has been outstanding as is shown by the following figures. For example, from 1952 to 1979 the GNP increased from US$1.33 billion to US$32.34 billion. The per capita income rose from US$148 to US$1,720. The economic growth rate from 1953 to 1965 was 8.3 per cent and from 1966 to 1977 was 10.04 per cent. In 1979 it fell back to 8 per cent and in 1980 to 6.6 per cent. It should be noted that all oil fuel has to be imported, 80 per cent from Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, the remainder from Indonesia and the USA. (See Appendix A for other economic facts.)

The effect of increased industrialisation and prosperity has not been confined to a few but has been spread throughout the population, as is shown by the figures of the income gap between the top and bottom 20 per cent of the population. In 1952 the top 20 per cent had 15 times more than the bottom 20 but by 1979 this had been reduced to a difference of 4.2.

In contrast, the Chinese Communist rule on the Mainland for the past 37 years has been an economic failure. The current economic situation, though slightly improved since 1976, is still far from satisfactory. In 1976

a 10 year economic programme was enacted under the auspices of Hua Kuo-feng. The plan covered 120 capital construction projects and a report on its implementation shows that 'the plan' was found to have underestimated the damage done to the economy during the 10 year long Cultural Revolution. Considered too ambitious and unrealistic, it had to be suspended. This caused the Teng faction to assail Hua Kuo-feng for having mismanaged the economic programme for two years. Consequently the Chinese Government decided to make a switch by adopting the guideline of 'adjustment, renovation, consolidation and elevation'. With readjustment as the main purpose, priority would be given to agriculture in a bid to achieve a comprehensive balance between various sectors of agriculture and industry. Capital constructions would be dramatically reduced, while the authority to run this economy would be devolved to localities and enterprises. Planned adjustment and marketing adjustment would merge. The economy would be managed according to economic rules and legal procedures, rather than on the reliance of administrative organisation and bureaucratic methods. The readjustment was to last three years. However, the curtailment of capital construction has not been very successful and at the same time, capital projects at the local level have swollen in size thanks to the greater latitude of self-management allowed. This has brought a host of new problems and contradictions. Hence the Chinese Government were more recently obliged to call for further retreat in the vastly extended capital construction programme. They decided to lengthen the adjustment period from three years to five or possibly eight years. A decision was also made to halt the second stage construction of the Shanghai Paoshan Steel Mill and to suspend building the Tung Fang Chemical Plant in Peiping. The policy of 'fixing farm output quota for individual households' now being widely practised in the rural areas—which runs counter to the principle of collectivisation—is a demonstration of the desperate state of the Mainland economy. This only underlines the lessons learned by European industrialists, that though Mainland China needs massive industrial help, she is not at present in a position to pay for it.

In the past, China expected to take Taiwan by storm, but three attacks on the off-shore island soon proved that this was not feasible, even if the United States' guarantees to Taiwan are disregarded.

The last attack on the island of Kinmen, which is only four miles from the Chinese Mainland, took place in October 1949 when two corps of 35,000 men attempted to cut the island in half at its narrowest point. However, they landed too far to the west, their landing craft were destroyed, and as a result 7,000 were captured and 13,000 killed.

The post-Mao Government some three years ago adopted a more realistic approach, designed to appeal to the Nationalist Government on the island. This offer was recently repeated in terms which are more specific and less likely to cause offence.

In September 1981, Marshal Ye Jianying, China's *de facto* head of state, made concrete proposals which were endorsed by the Chinese Premier. He suggested that talks should be held between the two ruling parties, the

Communists on the Mainland and the Kuomintang (Nationalists) on Taiwan. Guarantees would be given that Taiwan would receive a high degree of autonomy as a 'special administrative region'; that it would retain its own armed forces and its social and economic system together with its own economic and cultural relations with other countries. He even added the unlikely promise that 'when Taiwan's local finance is in difficulty, it could be subsidised by the Central Government'!

The Taiwanese Government has rejected all approaches from the Mainland, even the exchange of visits, postal ties and trade (which continues via Hong Kong!). The requirement for the acceptance of the Communist Government's offer was that Taiwan should give up her flag and the name of Republic of China and accept a status such as that of Tibet.

It must be remembered that in November 1950 the Chinese Communists declared that the *status quo* in Tibet would not be changed. In May 1951, 17 articles of agreement were reached by the Tibetan representatives and the Chinese Government. Major subjects included maintenance of Tibetan political, economic, religious, social and educational systems. However, soon afterwards a large number of troops entered Tibet. After they had gained control of the situation, the Chinese Communists tore up the agreement and implemented Communist rule and control of materials as well as restrictions on people's freedom of movement. Revolt began in March 1952. The Dalai Lama escaped in 1956. The Chinese induced him to return in January 1957 and then plotted to arrest him and provoked a further uprising. The Dalai Lama then escaped again to India and the Tibetan local government was disbanded in March 1979.

The repetition of this fate was clearly in the minds of the Taiwanese Government when they refused the offer. A further difficulty lies in the much higher *per capita* income of Taiwan and the large private sector that exists in that island. The views of the Taiwanese Government have been expressed as follows—wage rates show a great difference between the two countries and it would be impossible for Mainland China to raise the wage rates of her enormous population. Therefore the wages of the Taiwanese will have to be reduced and she will be sucked dry within a few years. There is no incentive to work on the Mainland as it is a classless society with no private enterprise. Modernisation is therefore impossible under the Communist system. The Mainland Chinese will have to choose between modernisation or the Party, there is no half-way house and the Party is well entrenched. Taiwan will wait and see what happens. Communism has given Mainland China its strong central authority. If the Party gives up power, which would be necessary if the country is to be modernised, what will happen to that central authority? Would the Mainland again split into various component states?

Peking realises that the Nationalists represent only some one-fifth of Taiwan's population and hopes to appeal to the native born Taiwanese. When the Nationalists first came to Taiwan, there was considerable friction between them and the Taiwanese natives but though this still exists, it has been greatly reduced by the improvement of the economy which has affected all on the island, and by intermarriage.

In this respect, development of the legislative Yuan is of interest. When the new Chinese Constitution was adopted in Nanking in 1948, there were 775 members of which 10 per cent were women. On withdrawal to Taiwan the first Parliament was held in Taipei in 1950. Since then, meetings have been regular. There are now 452 members including the old representatives from the Mainland and some from the Overseas Chinese. About half are now mainlanders and half Taiwanese. As those claiming to represent Mainland seats die out, they are not replaced. Thus at the next election the Taiwanese will be in the majority.

Most would therefore agree that the Nationalist Government's policy of wait and see is the correct one in that it has the support of the large majority of Taiwanese. In any event, time means little to the Chinese with their 2,000 years of history. Both Mainlanders and Taiwanese believe that China is one nation.

APPENDIX A

Agriculture

Agricultural production increased from 1952 to 1959 by 182 per cent. In 1952, agriculture represented 36 per cent of the domestic product, but by 1979 it had declined to 10.5 per cent, whereas during the same period industry had increased from 18 per cent to 46.1 per cent.

Trade

As far as foreign trade was concerned, from 1979 to 1980 exports increased from US$16.1 billion to US$19.76 billion, an increase of 22.7 per cent, and imports from US$14.8 billion to US$19.7 billion, an increase of 36.6 per cent, in spite of the fact that during the same period, both agricultural and industrial production showed a decline. However, foreign investment increased by nearly 42 per cent. In 1979 the percentage of exports was represented by 90.4 per cent of industrial products, 5.2 per cent of processed agricultural products and 4.4 per cent of agricultural products. Imports were 6.4 per cent consumer goods, 69 per cent raw materials and 24.6 per cent capital goods.

Taiwan's main customers for exports are:

USA	35.1%	Europe	14.3%
Japan	13.9%	Middle East	5.8%
SE Asia	15.9%	Others	15.0%

Her main imports came from:

USA	22.9%	Europe	11.5%
Japan	30.9%	SE Asia	9.4%
Middle East (oil)	15.1%	Others	10.2%

Major projects include heavy machinery, petrochemicals, basic metals, transport equipment and nuclear power plants. The Government wish to lessen dependence on the USA and Japan and to increase trade with Europe.

[Major Sir Patrick Wall, Conservative Member of Parliament for the Haltemprice Division of East Yorkshire since 1955, is Chairman of the British-Taiwan Parliamentary Group.]

THE GREAT JAPAN EXHIBITION

by Feliks Topolski

GREAT—embarrassing, yet revealing word; an intrusive PR-publicity word, inserted in the title of the Japanese exhibition at the Royal Academy, leads towards the meandering thoughts: the basis: the pride of recent five or so centuries in collecting-possessing valuable art-objects (personally and nationally)—hence the eminence of antiquarians who vandalise/break up the magic wholeness, both fossilised and active, of pietistic cultures; the ultra-contemporary elements: the multi-national commerce/industry complexes in heavily subsidised accord with safe academic/museum dignities of the past, while keeping at arm's length, warily eyeing, living art-makers. Aggressively superior rational-cum-academic, cataloguing-cum-marketing interpretation of cultures, blatantly falsifying them in those GREAT itinerant demonstrations.

The first shock came with the India exhibition years ago in the same quarters: the awesome temples of South India shaped in sculptured mystique, no plain walls—the drama of life and aspirations pulsating; and, then, the 'expert' exhibitors wrenching out single figurines, pruning them to the status of *objets d'art*, set among prim velvety backgrounds behind glass in glorified shop-window displays, under spot-lights' stand-still (as against the rhythm of sun/moon/seasons), and given standard-scholarly labels—the impact of the wholeness of India on one's sensitivities left out, a line-up of preciosities substituted. The same, and more so, is true of this show.

More, because the arrogance of scholars, paired with the built-in need for sensationalism, has arbitrarily selected a period, from Japan's long tradition of creative vigour, seemingly of decline of 'high-art' into anaemic fossilisation, while the new robust popular print-art of the time stands understated, summarily framed, in lesser corners of the Royal Academy—enfeebled by selection to the point of unforgivable genteel distortion, which reduces Hokusai's truly GREAT (small) art, peaking in fifteen volumes of *Manga* ('sketches from life'), to four humbly presented views of Fuji.

The supposed GREAT period brought here in tasty samples is disclosed even in publicity hand-outs as a 'police state' of peace by suppression through the ruthless water-tight imposition of class and behaviour divisions, with the religion in disuse.

The fluctuations of creative stimuli must reflect/participate in the life of the society which ripples out from the power centre. Without the uplift of religious ideas, and without social conflicts—creativity, as presented here, trickled into vanity-feeding applied arts and meek decorative painterly conventions, the flow of energy, then watered down, to be glimpsed only in the few paintings shown of a previous heroic era.

At the bottom of this society, outside the pale, apparently the pariah class, the merchants gained by the fluke of the nobility-restricting structure

a modicum of independence, enrichment and vulgar fun; their robustness beautifully responded to by otherwise bottled-up artists' talents, in the shape of popular wood-cut prints, unrestrained in their eroticism.

These are, predictably, heavily censored and understated by the show's organisers—today's bureaucratic Shoguns.

And the catalogue's stifling categorising in discord with the show's attempted continuity. And truly the disbalance of the selection, given in the majority of space to weak paintings spread thinly, and then the show culminating in the round interior given to *No*, but with the heavy hand of a display-designer, thus the deadening circle of shop-windows with life-drained (however magnificent) costumes round a central trade-fair cardboard pavilion—the supreme accent—showing in four glassed-over blank compartments four *No* masks—one in each: and this is supposed to offer the spirit of *No*, even if you accept that *No* alone was of such dominant importance.

Those practiced 'organisers' will have many devastating answers to my protestations. To prepare the retreat routes they announced various Japanese culture demonstrations—the Academy, they would say, gives the *aesthetic* essence. Precisely. *Divide et impera.*

Such categorising/specialising/chain-forming gives excuses for crimes of omission—a scholarly trick to drop out the ill-fitting achievements, thus to dignify with tidiness their surgery of the living/sprawling bodies of creativity; and, possibly worse, to condition the trusting public for the academic missionary function of propagating world-wide art-snobbery through selective package-touring of cultures.

But the reverse—the tourist trade, sending the charabancs of collectors of places and souvenirs to history's cemeteries—is in similar hands (archaeologists and guidebook compilers) and invades the globe with pursuers of *idées reçues.*

The bizarre ceremonial swag-step-trot and toes-inward deep-bend courtesies, but those voices out of pre-history; that polished, lacquered vulnerable monumentality of mansions built in timber refinements, but squeaking floors of corridorial distances to warn of approaching assassins, but the screens' light and shadow play of intrigues; descending into the minutiae of dwarf gardens and girls' nape-of-the-neck *poesie*, but the monkish soul-purging murmurs and folk grotesqueries, but the ceremonial Yoshivara vices; the Emperor's palace standing aloof, but under its walls the cluster of red-flag wagging first-of-May demonstrators circled round by American surveyors, but the beggar-soldiers in defeat and bands of orphan boys.

But the present also bizarre confrontations, not just of the traditional behind the shutters against the machine-age modern, but of the extreme in 'alternative society', antics-antiques *à la Japonais.*

All these (and plenty more) scraps of encounters were not imagined on Kurosawa, Kabuki, *No*, Bunraku—and the new Tarayama theatre seen in London. This force of the 'Great Japan' *vibes* went through this visitor

just after the war and later, the past very much present, and the present not to be hacked off for the convenience of classifiers of cultural 'periods'.

Not so at the Royal Academy. Objects from within arbitrary dates, lined up, numbered, categorised, are here, but Japan is not.

Nothing of the tumult of life but padlocked collectors' (private or state) tit-bits. When feet-dragging round Great Exhibitions, we are moulded into passive recipients, subjugated to the middleman-explainer's instructions.

These marginal ponderings come to the fore, formulated now (though sketchily present along recent years), because, being commissioned to 'see to' this exhibition, I deliberately asked for both entries: the press-view and the private-view, my interests, and thus prospective coverage, being dual, in two spheres of exclusivity/selectivity: the 'masterpieces', but also the 'manners' of the privileged viewers when facing them.

In my London memory, there were Private Views and First Nights—the all-embracing, all-drama of encounters, 'occasions'. Alas, no more. We entered now the era of new expertise: the sales-experts, lurking (yet dominating) within industrial - institutional - political complexes. Former gentleman-publishers are told what book will not sell; art-markets are stream-lined into mass-receptivity; every appetite-swelling food-package/show-seat/entry-ticket is analysed and re-formed on the basis of greed-cum-received ideas.

And so this Private View. I caught on arrival at the Academy the receding sight of a few kow-towing kimonos (but, the sadness of it, their present hair-does are of stody-thatch, *passé* Western cut, so that the evocative nape of the neck is no more)—and then drifted along within a thinnish gathering of viewers as insignificant as myself—indeed I came upon a strange empty pedestal in the main room: the main exhibit stolen? But no, it was, as I learned later, the stand for the speakers at the opening ceremony, which was over.

So here it is, the private view (paying 'friends' of this or that institution are promised to be invited, but are channelled, along with others less worthy, into the second or third set of guests) is nowadays split into a number of layers, ridden by each guest's humiliating discomfort at being assessed for a lesser group, barred from the uppermost exclusivity—itself impoverished as well by being devoid of contrasts, so that no 'private view' ever fully glitters with all-embracing variety of grand encounters—and may be the SUBJECT for my hoped-for pictorial investigation.

Strangely, the institutionalised superlative promises open the premises not ceremonially, but with the hubbub of a souvenir trade—and this let-down is played up (or down?) at the darkened entrance to Gallery One by the displayers' power and *faux-pas*: the giant photographic image—some 20 feet high—of a pine tree, strikingly brush-drawn but, as mechanical enlargements do, it gives the strokes superhuman thrust (in a printer's sepia) dwarfing two Shogun portraits opposite and everything else in the exhibition. This was the press-view day, the arrangers' job was still being

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completed, and a moment later, when I stood, held up by the impact of this seductive falsity, two display labourers proceeded to place on the left part of the panels, in tasty balance with the tree on the right, a squared-up introductory text; thus the majestic picture became a poster, yet still devaluing preciosities, which followed, by its imposing simplicity-through technology.

Notes on the Margin of the Catalogue*

Why start just here (1568)—the past the same in long continuity, no leap upward at 1600 as promised, but those earlier paintings (and the striking Jimbaori warrior's jacket) seem more virile.

7. *Hawks, pines and rocks, Attributed to Kano Eitoku* (1543-1590)—beautiful and vital—even the cataloguer talks of later *'lack . . . the original energy of . . . Momoyama examples'*.

12. *a) Cherry-blossoms and Peasants; b) Pine-tree, red maples and birds, Anonymous, c.* 1614—Clear decline to tameness, hallowed more and more often with 'Important Cultural Property'; these are artists-servants of a static regime—sweetness of safe sycophantism.

18. *Pine-trees in the four seasons, Kano Tan'yu, c.* 1640-1650—early anticipatory respect stimulated by the first (second?) Gallery dissolves here—dull and timid.

28. *Staying cool under an arbour of 'evening glory', Kusumi Morikage,* 1620-1690—as often many others, it looks impressive in catalogue's colour plates through 'detail'-reproducing trick.

31. *Bodhidharma, with calligraphic inscription, The Priest Hakuin,* 1685-1768—press photographers' joy-image! They by-pass plain calligraphy and go for this.

35. *The narrow ivy road, Fukae Roshu* (1699-1757)—First lovely picture—in this GREAT period—already mid-XVIIIth century.

37. *Waves, Sakai Hoitsu, c.* 1810-20—getting better—rather late: painting entered already the XIXth century.

39. *Sketches of birds, Watanabe Shiko* (1683-1757)—weak—back to the XVIIIth century.

All set in shop-glass-window manner, still further away from the truth—and those centre pieces! The tea-house, the masks!

43. *Camellia, Ogata Korin,* 1652-1716—shame: meticulous tiny roundel of camellia, a modest fan-picture turned by mounting as a hanging scroll into an unworthy museum object.

44c. *Domestic fowl, Ito Jakuchu,* 1716-1800—But so elaborate as against free brush manner.

56. *Views of Kyoto in perspective style, Maruyama Okyo, c.* 1760—'perspective style'—so what? These are unworthy.

57. *Bounding tiger, Nagasawa Rosetsu,* 1787—Impressive because of hugeness and touch of soilness-patina, as against the accumulation of over-restored works.

58. *Scholars riding and walking in the country, Yosa Buson, c.* 1770-1780—Weak thin draughtsmanship colour, surely not art-summit but exhaustion.

64. *Snow, moonlight and flowers, Katsukawa Shunsho, after* 1780—Pompous fossilised stylisation.

65. *The dog-chasing event, Anon., 17th century*—Niceish, but is this the greatest of Japan?

70. *Pines in the snow, Maruyama Okyo, c.* 1780—Over finished and shallow.

71. *Wistaria in blossom, Maruyama Okyo, late* 1776—In China done better.

74. *The Eight Views of the Xiao-xiang Rivers, with accompanying calligraphy, Ikeno Taiga,* 1723-1776—Very, very weak, mocking its grand scroll presentation—in a junk-shop I would reject these at a glance.

78. *Old man singing in the mountain, Uragami Gyokudo, c.* 1819—Large light fun.
82. *Evening view of Matsushima, Tani Buncho,* 1826—scroll decor dominates the inset-picture and rightly.
90. *Five studies for the portrait of Sato Issai, Watanabe Kazan, c.* 1820-1821—Weak, even poorly mounted.
Wood-block prints—Different world and, am sure not because of my prejudice, true energy because of/and response-to-response of the real 'public'; but how meanly shown. Hiroshige/Utamaro/Hokusai boosted up by print-technique; and fishermen's sashiko jackets and fireman's haori—delights.

Obviously the genteel attitude of official presentation kept down this perhaps embarrassingly robust branch. Prints disgustingly framed; diminishing them (deliberately?) against the scrolls, in western standard mount-white metal frames; and all squeezed into small rooms with, for instance, Hokusai shown only in four landscapes—this giant of draughtsmanship.
Wood-block books—tiny polite selection.
Lacquer etc.—Nice but: tame artisan's crafts; Bunraku puppets, surprisingly, in this section of the catalogue. Only this little about the great art? Only three of them?
Armour—acme of craftsmen's toil; and *robes*: vanity of suppressive masters propelled them—but not the painters.
270. *Bronze armillary sphere supported by dragons,* 1669 (*CLOCKS*)—Fine, but these were fine all over the world.
Portable tea-house—mockable that this shack is shown and not a single reconstruction of remarkable (with contents and even live mime—why not?) interiors—exteriors—the *objets d'art* syndrome this time on its head. The 1910 Japanese exhibition was not so bound by polite muscalists.
Sculpture—Here they actually confess to its decline in the Edo period and bring up *No* masks as 'sculpture', while (276) naive carvings, touching as they are, smack of infantile beginnings.
277. *Wooden Masks for No performance*—Supreme accent hall! Central altar, single masks! Overdoing (the dearth of material). But robes (369 etc.) fine.
341. *Kosode with self-coloured figured satin ground tie-dyed and embroidered with plum tree and snow-wheel crest design, early Edo period*—Yes.
349. *Two silk kosode mounted on a two-fold screen, Middle Edo period*—Fine—who mounted them? Now or in period? Two sliced robes linked by heavy lines and framed—why the 'scholars' keep mum here?
357. *Kosode of light yellow crepe with dyed chequers and Yuzen-dyed hawks among maple leaves, Middle Edo period*—Supreme—chessboard pattern top—nature-shapes reach up from the bottom.
363. *Uchikake of indigo silk embroidered with poems, Middle Edo period*—Kosode-uchikake-kimono—whichever, nice idea to embroider with decorative poems.
367. *Uchikake of white ground figured silk tie-dyed and embroidered with bush-clover by a stream, Middle Edo period*—handsome flow of the streams.
368. *Katabira of white hemp with tie-dyed and embroidered plum-blossom trellis and gold characters, Middle Edo period*—Lovely—rarely 3-D.
410. *Fisherman's sashiko jacket of dark blue and lighter blue cotton sewn in white with nanamegoshi, 19th century*—Delights—true taste; rough and lovely cottons—no ostentation.

* *The Great Japan Exhibition: Art of the Edo period* 1600-1886. Edited by William Watson. Royal Academy of Arts and Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

THE COST OF EAST EUROPE TO THE SOVIET ECONOMY

by Michael Kaser

THE Polish economy is close to collapse and the Romanian is moving in the same direction. Their indebtedness to the West precludes borrowing on normal terms and Comecon has, thus far, made no concrete move to help its weaker brethren; from an economic asset, Eastern Europe now proves to be a liability.

The creation in January 1949 of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, popularly but not officially contracted to 'Comecon', furnished assistance to the Soviet Union, but there was no mutuality about it. Three of its members were committed by the 1947 Peace Treaties to paying heavy reparations to the Soviet Union as ex-enemy states (Hungary and Romania were founder members, East Germany joined in 1950) and with a fourth 'ex-enemy', Bulgaria (excused reparations to the USSR) had to tolerate virtual extra-territoriality to 'mixed companies' jointly owned, but in effect wholly managed by Soviet authorities. Even the two countries, Czechoslovakia and Poland, which had been dismembered by Nazi Germany and did not rank as 'ex-enemy', were compelled to accept prices very much below cost of production for materials the USSR keenly needed —Czech uranium and Polish coal were acute examples. Furthermore, East European industry (notably in East Germany and the Czech Lands, but also partly in Poland and Hungary) was technologically more advanced than most branches of Soviet manufacturing. There was hence in any event little help that the USSR could afford to East Europe (as Western European capacities were being helped by American technology and by Marshall Plan dollars), but the assistance went the other way—from East Europe to the USSR; the embargo of the Cold War severely cut technology transfer from the West and drove Comecon still further into a closed network of bilateral trade.

The Polish and Hungarian outbursts of the autumn of 1956 came at a time when the post-Stalin Soviet leadership was reassessing the East/West conflict as it accepted a number of measures to attenuate its exploitation of East Europe. Among these was an agreement to conduct intra-Comecon trade at world market prices, which the East Europeans gradually turned to their advantage by managing to keep the prices of their exports to the USSR, mainly manufactures, close to the upward trend of world prices, while holding down the prices of Soviet counter-deliveries, mainly energy and raw materials. Although the USSR could not continue to accept such disadvantageous terms of trade after the oil price explosion of 1973, neither could it reverse the situation and accepted that for 1976-80 (and later for 1981-5) trade would be priced at a 5-year average of those ruling on world markets. Again, East European negotiators have succeeded in keeping the prices of the goods they import lower than those of the goods they sell to the USSR and on this score the Soviet Union is

doing worse, pricewise, on trade with Comecon partners than it could do if it traded those goods with the West. In 1980, for example, the USSR was selling oil to Czechoslovakia at less than half the world market price.

With over half its trade directed towards other Comecon partners, the cost in price terms is considerable and no more weighty than in oil and petroleum products. Soviet exports by tonnage have recently been approximately equally divided between Comecon and other buyers—some 80 million tonnes to each group, but whereas they generated 56 per cent of Soviet hard-currency earnings, they earned only 26 per cent of receipts from Comecon members. Soviet policy-makers must regard the differential as an acceptable price to pay for East Europe's political alignment and guaranteed at Comecon's 1980 session that the USSR would supply 80 million tonnes annually to 1985. Such an undertaking can only be unprofitable in any commercial sense because Soviet export availabilities will decline during the five years and oil provided to Comecon, at lower prices and for inconvertible currency, abstracts from sales to the West.

Even this is tolerable for political ends—in this case to foster economic integration within Comecon. The USSR, too, shoulders a larger defence burden than any East European country—14 per cent of GNP against 6 per cent on average in its six Warsaw Pact partners—but the reasons are military, for the Soviet High Command wants to keep a tight rein on procurement for the East European forces. There is no such factor behind the higher Soviet commitment to development aid to the three Third World countries in Comecon—Mongolia (which joined in 1962), Cuba (1972) and Vietnam (1978); the other members have simply declined to furnish much aid and have quite squarely left it to the USSR. Cuba and Vietnam receive (according to the World Bank's *World Development Report* 1981), 96 per cent of all their development finance from other Comecon members, who as a group decline to conform to the United Nations target for aid in general (0.70 per cent of GNP). Mongolia gets all its development aid from Comecon, possibly from more of its members than do Cuba and Vietnam. If Mozambique joins Comecon the situation would be different, for East Germany is strongly committed economically and benefits from the coal exports its technical advisers have fostered.

The relationship tilts further against the USSR in the light of the heavy debts which East Europe has incurred in the West. By the beginning of 1981, Comecon's European members and its two international banks had a net hard-currency debt of $72 billion. Of this, $10 billion was accounted for by the USSR, which (thanks largely to the profits it made on oil exports after the 1979 OPEC price increase) has been able to repay some of that modest debt. The remaining six countries (and excluding debts run by the two Comecon banks) had a net indebtedness of $58 billion, or approximately twice their export earnings in hard currencies. Two countries—Poland with a $25 billion net debt and Romania with $9 billion—had to renege on obligations this year. However much the USSR may deny that it holds an 'umbrella' over its Comecon partners (upon which Western bankers lending to them seem to have relied), the twin alliances of Comecon and the Warsaw Pact cannot absolve it of eventual respon-

sibility. In each of the two cases the USSR has had to take economic measures it would not otherwise have done: it has made large unrequited deliveries ($5 billion is spoken of) to Poland and has begun delivering oil to Romania just when its oil availabilities started their downturn.

Prospects for Soviet costs in East Europe are bleaker still. If the recession in Western markets continues, other Comecon states may be forced to delay debt service, through sheer shortage of the hard-currency earnings they and their creditors had confidently earmarked. If the USSR intervenes in Poland in some way (not necessarily as it did in Hungary in 1956 or in Czechoslovakia in 1968) so as to displace a legitimate national government, it cannot avoid taking on responsibility for staving off the economic collapse which is already threatened.

East European economic growth is—save in Poland—still to be positive under the new five-year plans to 1985, but, as the table shows, plans (except the East German) are more modest (the figures given are the midpoints of ranges) than in the previous quinquennium.

	Annual percentage rates of net material product	
	1976-80 actual	1981-85 planned
Bulgaria	6.0	5.0
Czechoslovakia	3.5	2.9
East Germany	4.1	5.3
Hungary	3.2	3.0
Poland	1.6	(no plan)
Romania	7.3	7.1
USSR	4.2	4.3

That growth, in face of continued weakness in Western markets, will have to rely on Soviet support—the provision of subsidised energy and raw materials and the acceptance of East European manufactures which cannot be sold in the West. That support is not excessive, for Soviet exports to Comecon constitute only about 2 per cent of its GNP and its imports of equipment from Comecon only 5 per cent of the machinery component of its aggregate investment. But with food shortage stalking the land after a succession of three poor harvests, a sharpening labour shortage and a fall in capital productivity, it is a burden the USSR continues to shoulder only for political and military ends.

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A WAY OF LIFE

by John Elsom

WHAT infuriates most non-cricket lovers is the seriousness with which the game is treated. Or is it a game? Isn't it some Victorian ritual mysteriously prolonged into the twentieth century as a refuge or a placebo from harsh changes which technology and the Cold War have forced upon us? Most games, it is true, have their fanatical followers, those soccer fans who pursue their clubs round Europe and fight the *gendarmes* in the street to redeem the honour of a missed penalty, the cohorts of psychologists and mathematicians who accompanied Karpov to the World Chess Championship, the national prestige at stake at the Olympic Games. Games have become the universally accepted substitute for the tribal battles which we would like to have but dare not.

But cricket is in another category altogether. When Greg Chappell instructed his brother, Trevor, to bowl the last ball in a limited overs match underarm to a New Zealand batsman, thus denying his opponent the unlikely chance of hitting a winning six, the New Zealand Prime Minister thought fit to accuse the Australians of cowardice, as well as unsportsmanlike behaviour. It was not against the laws of cricket to bowl underarm, but it was against the spirit of the game. Greg Chappell temporarily lost his job as Australia's captain, just as Brian Close, a successful captain of England, lost his for slow play during a county match. Cricket is an unusual game in that national honour is bound up in how a match is won, as well as who wins it, in the whole complicated ethics which have lent phrases like 'keeping a straight bat' and 'playing the game' to the language.

Just how far-reaching this ethical system extends can be judged from one cricketing classic, C. L. James's *Beyond A Boundary*. James was a West Indian and a socialist, a contemporary of Learie Constantine, who, like Constantine, came to settle in Britain and made his mark in league cricket, up North, where all the best league cricket is played. James was an excellent journalist, though prone in an un-modern way to philosophising, and he traced the origins of cricketing honour back to Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Arnold, he suggested, had attempted to transform the rough-and-tumble of boyish punch-ups, the bullyings, and practical jokes which went too far, into something more systematic and controlled—involving such concepts as team-spirit, obedience to rules, accepting umpires' decisions and the like, choosing cricket as his model. 'Fair play' was the key phrase, and for a West Indian in Britain, not in those days suffering so much from racial antagonisms as from the condescension given to the freak black, James discovered that through cricket he, like Constantine, could be accepted into English society and could appeal against prejudice to that strange, cricket-based formula of 'fair play'. It was his love of fair play and the team spirit which drew him to his socialism, which only later acquired the theories of Marxism, the membership of the Labour Party

and the involvement in many good causes to add political substance to what was in his case a sportsman's conversion. For James, the road to Old Trafford was not so very different from the road to Damascus.

But James's conversion came in the days before bodyline bowling, helmeted and visored batsmen, limited-over matches and the other accretions of modern cricket which would no doubt have shocked him as much as Stalinism and the Berlin Wall: for courage, patience, endurance against adversity and the real chance of physical danger were part of the attributes which he assigned to cricket. Politics are politics, tyrants come and go, but cricket was a way of approaching life itself, and of treating it with a civilised respect. If this seems (as no doubt it is) too absurd an inflation of a mere game, let us remember the events preceding the current English tour of India.

Two English batsmen, Boycott and Cook, had played in South Africa, thus breaking the anti-apartheid rules expressed during the Gleneagles agreement. These rules are ambiguously framed, to be interpreted either as advice to sporting authorities or as firm regulations, defined by Third World hard-line countries as meaning that no sportsmen who had played in South Africa could take part in international series between countries who had signed that agreement. The Indian authorities requested that Boycott and Cook be omitted from the England side, a request turned down by London. The Indian tour was thus in jeopardy until ten days before the players were supposed to leave. Mrs. Gandhi, passing through London, was quizzed by British journalists about precisely this question, and this alone. The desperate economic plight of India was forgotten. She was not asked about her views on the Brandt Report or any one of an hundred other more important matters. Would the Indian authorities raise their objections to Boycott and Cook so that the tour could go ahead? Mrs. Gandhi said that she would have to wait until she had consulted her cabinet colleagues before giving any answer.

It might have been a life-or-death matter, something on which no hasty views could be given, a major trade agreement or an arms pact. But it was just about cricket, although any cricket-lover would protest against the insertion of 'just'—for were there not also great issues at stake? No national cricketing authority could allow another authority to choose its team for it; and indeed when South Africa had refused to admit D'Oliveira as a member of the English side, the test series had been called off, resulted eventually in a ban on test cricket in South Africa. This Indian matter, however, was of greater importance—not just the banning of a tour, but the probable split between the black cricketing nations—West Indies, India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka—and the white ones—England, Australia and New Zealand. Such an international apartheid was not to be contemplated. It was not cricket.

But how can a game assume this degree of importance in people's lives? What is so distinctive about cricket that it should acquire this authority? Ben Travers, at the age of 94, was asked into the commentary box at Lord's to talk about his memories of the game to Brian Johnston; and

Travers, a dramatist by trade, an obsessional cricket lover, poured out story after story, clearly remembered, exactly recalled, from his first impression of W. G. Grace, to Jessop's match in 1902, to Botham and Lillee today. His recollections were afterwards published by Elm Tree Books as *94 Declared* (1980). Another playwright, Harold Pinter, contributed to a collection of essays compiled by Michael Meyer, *Summer Days* (Eyre Methuen), a terse, precise study of Arthur Wellard, the Somerset pro, who played for Pinter's own team, the Gaieties, at the age of seventy-two. The literature of cricket is formidable, with its poets ranging from Newbolt and Francis Thompson in the nineteenth century to Alan Ross and Gavin Ewart today, its novelists, its playwrights, its comedians (Herbert Farjeon and Peter Tinniswood), its historians, journalists, statisticians and an endless number of biographers and autobiographers.

When so many people, ranging from A. J. Ayer to Jacky Gillott, write so much about a subject, it suggests that something beyond the mere mechanics of winning and losing has caught their imagination—sometimes the sharp reminder of childhood days, sometimes the vision of a kind of personal utopia or even hell. Cricket is a game which hauls in the past like a trawling net. John Arlott's two books about those post-war cricket seasons—with the Indian tour of 1946 (*Indian Summer*) and the South African in 1947 *(Gone to the Cricket)* bring back my childhood as little else could—I can even remember playing on the boundaries with my father during the tea interval of a match Arlott described, although he missed my first genuine cover drive. And once that particular fragment is dislodged from soot of the chimney, a cascade of irrelevant rubble follows—the fields above Brockhampton where we played as a family with a tennis ball and a stick, the vain searches for lost balls among brambles and nettles, the endless trundling in the back garden to perfect the undetectable googly, the coaching by Trevor Bailey, the superb swathes of light and dark green grass over the school playing fields, the smell of grass, the oil on the bat, the impossible feelings of nervousness when I first played for my school, the embarrassment when, on opening the bowling, I could not get my run or my action right, the triumph of my first 50, the ignominy of a duck at a vital stage in the match. My father came to watch my first game for the school. I let the side down. I let it down and my father was watching.

Every cricketer, on however mediocre a level, must share such memories. But they still do not explain why for many non-cricketers too as for those whose cricketing days are far behind them, the game fascinates—to the extent that my mother will listen to every ball of a test match on the radio and watch the televised match with the sound turned down—to miss as little as possible. The strength of the game, as a pure game, lies, I think, in the way in which it combines team activity with the chance of individual display. A good fielding side is as exciting to watch as a fine football team—the fieldsmen relate to each other, they move as if by instinct into the right positions, knowing the difference that a yard can make to one side or the other in the covers, assessing the speed of the ball from the

pitch to station themselves correctly in the slips. From such exact stationings, the miracles occur—the diving, one-handed catch, the anticipation of a stroke which leads to the efficient run-out, the accurate returns to the wickets, the cutting down of unnecessary runs. By glancing at a fielding side, you can tell whether it has been well captained or led. A bad fielding side looks dispirited and is always taken by surprise. A good one exerts pressure on the batsmen, however well set they may be, however confident.

But it is also a game for individualists and specialists—the fast bowler whose footmarks at the end of a day reveal the exact rhythm of his run, the batsman whose range of shots reveal (as Neville Cardus observed) so much about his character, the slow bowler exploring the limitations of that character, the lack of patience, the fondness for the spectacular display rather than the hard, safe grind. The battle between batsmen and bowlers is fought in the mind, if it is genuinely fought at all, for at a certain level of cricket slight misjudgements lose more battles than outright gaffes. Very rarely are batsmen clean bowled by simply missing the ball. Very often they fail to move far enough across to the ball and thus snick a catch to the wicket-keeper. Very often they aim to drive a ball just beyond good length and thus play over it, to be yorked. Inducing these mistakes is the bowler's game, and to do so he has to guess at the character weakness of a good batsman, as well as his technical flaws; while the batsman, of course, is involved in the same guessing game—sussing out those tricks of the bowler's trade which, if spotted in time, lead to fours, sixes and centuries.

Simon Gray in *Summer Days* explains how his batting confidence was shattered by a despised slow off-break bowler; and year in, year out, as the test series progress, we, the outsiders, watch how the reputations of our heroes are destroyed by fallibilities of character—a timidity against fast bowling, an inability to judge the length of spin bowler, a temptation towards over-caution or exuberance. When confidence has gone, a fast bowler no-balls, a wicket-keeper fumbles catches, a captain delays or hurries a declaration, a batsman plays too soon; and then the international repercussions begin. In addition to the normal pressures surrounding national contests, cricket brings a patriotism of climate and countryside. The physical differences between cricket grounds in Britain, so green and lush, in Australia with short yellow grass, well watered, with tough marl pitches, in India with baking heat and wickets prone to dust and spin, in West Indies, so fast and true; and apart from the grounds, the stadiums and the crowds, the decorous applause at Lord's, the beery good humour of the Hill in Sydney, the violence and the calypsos at Port au Prince; and apart from the grounds and the stadiums, the whole national receptions of the contests—the crowds in Calcutta clustered around a street transistor, the polite marquees at Folkestone or Worcester; all these differences in society, landscape and climate which constitute an awareness of nationhood are focussed upon, cluster around, bear down like swarming bees upon the fifteen men dressed in white scattered across an acre or so of turf.

The most brilliant essay in *Summer Days*, one which clearly evokes the sociology of cricket without losing the descriptive lightness which characterises V. S. Naipaul's style, is simply called *Test*, where Naipaul outlines the five days of one particularly nail-biting Anglo-West Indian Test at Lord's, whose result was still in doubt as the last ball was bowled and was saved with schoolboy heroism by Cowdrey (who came into bat nursing a broken arm). Naipaul writes less about the cricket itself than about the reactions of the West Indian crowds, their switching from hero to hero, their sense of national identity in Britain. It is as precise a human landscape as that provided by so many lesser writers about village cricket in Britain—where the local blacksmith and his son, the vicar, the squire's son down from university all provide a portrait of a place and a time, preserved in an amber which is composed partly of a continuing language and partly of a continuing game.

No other game leaves quite the same impression of the nationalities who are playing it; and not just the nationalities, but the localities, the regions, the districts, the villages. The Indians positively disdain the crudities of fast bowling, just as the West Indians prize speed and strength beyond anything else. The curious dimensions of cricket—the size of the ground, the length of the match or the series—encourage the slow examination of these national differences, allow the animosities to flare up—and die away. And what holds the whole activity in check and good order is the quality which C. L. James most prized—cricketing ethics.

Cricket, like any other game, has its scandals and its bad losers. Lillee kicks Miandad who threatens him with his bat: Jardine instructs Larwood to bowl so that the fast ball kicks up at the batsman's head. Bottles are thrown on to the pitch. Wickets are watered. And yet cricket, unlike any other game, retains a corporate sense of honour which may derive from Dr. Arnold but now spreads across the cricketing world. Frank Worrell, Mike Procter, Kim Hughes, Sunil Gavaskar and Ian Botham all share it, with many thousands of other cricketers. It is the feeling that competitiveness is vitally important, but it is not all-important. Taken to extremes, aggression is not cricket. The order of cricket assumes a social order, akin to rudimentary politeness. It is that which allows national differences to be expressed while curbing the international antagonisms. I genuinely believe that it would be hard to go to war with a country with whom we regularly play cricket, if only because some cultural sixth sense would intervene to warn us that war is just cricket played to unfair rules and without the pleasure which we have grown to appreciate. Cricket symbolises the prevalence of good sense over disorder. It is a hard habit to lose.

THE GAFSA EVENTS IN TUNISIA

by Sharif M. Shuja

NEARLY two years have elapsed since the Gafsa incident in Tunisia. The events affected to a large extent Tunisia's policies both domestic and external and caused sharp reactions in France and America. The Tunisian media gave considerable coverage of the incident, while the government stepped up its campaign against Libya to gain world support, particularly from the fellow-Arab brothers.

It may be useful to examine the events in proper perspective.

On 27th January, 1980 a large group of terrorists attacked the town of Gafsa in southern Tunisia close to Algeria. They captured some government buildings including the Police headquarters and the National Guard headquarters and took 150 trainees and cadets as hostages. They were well-equipped with arms and ammunition, bazookas, grenades, telecommunications material, rocket launchers, machine-guns of kalatchnekov type and other explosives.

The Tunisian Army was called in and after heavy fighting they were able, in the evening of the same day, to wrest control over the town of Gafsa. According to official figures the total casualties were 15 civilians dead and 16 injured; 22 dead and 92 injured amongst the Tunisian Armed Forces; four guerillas killed, three injured and 42 arrested.

The trial of people arrested and involved in the Gafsa affair began during the second week of March 1980. There were many charges brought against them, the most important being (a) attempt to change the form of government, create disorder and carry out murder on Tunisian soil, (b) inciting Tunisians to arm themselves to fight against each other, (c) carrying illegal arms and attacking government forces, (d) attempting to explode government ammunition depots, (e) illegally and clandestinely crossing the frontiers, and (f) membership of a seditious organisation installed outside Tunisia and having links with agents of foreign powers with a purpose of harming the country. The trial was held under the aegis of the Court of State Security.

The verdict of the Court was announced at the end of March. Fifteen of the accused including two in absentia were sentenced to death, ten were given life sentence, five twenty years hard labour and twenty were acquitted.

During the first few days following the attack very little information was forthcoming and it was not until 30th January that the Tunisian Minister of Interior, in a press conference, gave full details. He said that the group of 'mercenaries' had planned to strike at the sovereignty, security and stability of the country. Their main objective was to capture the town of Gafsa, set up a government and then call for reinforcements and aid from a neighbouring foreign country which was ready to supply them with arms and ammunitions, including aircraft.

Regarding the identity of the mercenaries, he said that they were all Tunisian nationals who had been trained abroad and had participated in

fighting in Lebanon and Uganda. Although the Minister did not name the country, it was obvious that he was referring to Libya.

That same evening Prime Minister Hedi Nouira announced that the Tunisian government had decided to recall its Ambassador in Tripoli, adding that the maintenance of relations between Tunisia and Libya at such a high level had become impossible in the present circumstances. The Libyan Ambassador in Tunisia had also been asked to leave. The Libyan authorities retaliated by expelling 10,000 Tunisian workers.

It was obvious that the Tunisian authorities were going out of their way not to associate Algeria in any way with the Gafsa affair although it was commonly believed that Algeria was also deeply involved. Tunisia did not wish to jeopardise relations with its two neighbours at the same time, especially as the Algerian authorities categorically assured the Tunisians that any Algerian involvement was at a lower level, the higher authorities being completely unaware of it.

As the Tunisian forces were able to control the situation within twenty-four hours of the attack on Gafsa, and small pockets of resistance were also overcome during the next few days, the alacrity of the French and American response took everyone by surprise. French helicopters, transport planes and support material arrived in Gafsa within hours of the Tunisian request for help and three French Naval vessels reached the Gulf of Gabes less than three days after the attack. The American government decided to accelerate despatch of helicopters and armoured troop carriers which were originally scheduled for delivery in 1981. The U.S. government also agreed to provide some additional material not originally on the order list. Some units of the American Sixth Fleet, which were scheduled to make a routine visit to Tunis, changed their itinerary slightly and called at the Tunisian port of Sfax, close to Libyan border.

The Tunisian government, stung by the Gafsa attack, sought reassurance from friendly countries, such as France, USA, Morocco and other Arab countries. And their positive response was encouraging.

France is deeply committed to political stability, independence and security of the Mediterranean countries, especially Tunisia. And although relations between them have been, on the whole, very good, a deeper French commitment to Tunisia's economic development and political stability had become a necessity in the wake of the Gafsa incident. For this reason, as noted earlier, France sent military support to Tunisia within hours of the attack on Gafsa and undertook to obtain satisfactory terms for Tunisia after the enlargement of the Common Market, so that Tunisian products should not be excluded from the Community; clearly, France would wish to maintain its dominant position in the economic field in a region which has traditionally been considered as its 'backyard'. The reported oil discoveries in Tunisia are said to have created considerable interest among French companies anxious to beat other foreign competitors.

Keeping in view these interests, France sent military aid to Tunisia during Gafsa attack also in the hope that such help would prevent tension in the region.

Other countries, USA and Morocco, also offered assistance. The American government despatched military reinforcements and both houses of Congress adopted resolutions requesting the US government to take measures to support Tunisia following the Gafsa incident.

King Hassan II of Morocco declared that Tunisia would never be destabilised because 'Tunisians are a people and one cannot destabilise a people. One can destabilise a regime. It could take an atomic bomb or several atomic bombs to obliterate a country completely from the map of the world. Secondly, Tunisia had friends who would be ready to come to its defence.'

Tunisia embarked on a diplomatic offensive to explain the dangers constituted by Libyan policies. Habib Bourguiba Junior, special adviser to the President, visited Paris, Washington, London and Vienna where he was received by Giscard d'Estaing, former President Carter, Mrs. Thatcher and Kriesky, respectively. The President (Speaker) of the National Assembly Dr. Sadok Mokaddam, paid a visit to Morocco, Mauritania and some East European countries. Foreign Minister Fitouri went to Saudi Arabia; Minister for Information and Cultural Affairs, Mr. Fouad Mebaaza, visited Algiers and Mr. Taieb Slim, Ambassador to Canada, was sent to Iran, Pakistan, India, Malaysia and Indonesia.

Tunisia officially called on the Arab League to discuss the serious turn of events and the Organisation of African Unity (OAU) was also approached.

The extraordinary session of the Arab League Council of Ministers was held in Tunis on 27th and 28th February, 1980. The session was called both by Tunisia and Libya, the former to complain about Libyan involvement in the events of Gafsa, and the latter to protest against the French 'invasion' of Tunisia.

The Arab League Council, after two days of debate, adopted a compromise resolution which, as expected, failed to give satisfaction to either side. The operative part of the resolution inter alia states:

> While emphasising the gravity of the problem confronting the two brotherly countries and its effects on the Arab world, and considering that the current situation represents an attrition of Arab forces which detracts them from the principal struggle, the Council decided:
> (a) to reaffirm Article 8 of the Charter of the League of Arab States regarding the right of each state to sovereignty, independence, non-interference in its internal affairs and respect due to the regime in power;
> (b) to invite the Tunisian and Libyan governments to put an end to all campaigns undertaken by them against each other in every field and to make efforts to normalise relations between them;
> (c) to form a committe composed of the Foreign Ministers of Iraq, Syria and Kuwait as well as a representative of the Secretary-General; this committee would be entrusted with the purpose of implementing the present decision;
> (d) the present session remains open and the committee will have full liberty to call for a meeting of the Council in case of non-implementation of this decision and to take any other necessary measures.

While the Tunisians did not expect an outright condemnation of Libya, they would have undoubtedly preferred a more unambiguous or strongly worded resolution. To that extent, as Foreign Minister Fitouri declared

afterwards, they were only half-satisfied.

By calling for the Arab League extraordinary session, Tunisia wished to go beyond the events of Gafsa and their relations with Libya. They took the opportunity to inform the other Arab countries about the dangers of Libya's policies. If the Libyan leader were allowed to get away with it, not only would peace in the Arab world be threatened but the result would be a permanent violation of the principles of the Arab League Charter. The Tunisian Foreign Ministry officials were reported as saying that they had been successful in convincing a number of Arab countries on this issue and that, in this respect, they considered the conference to be a success.

Apart from the decision to halt the propaganda offensive, the Conference did nothing to narrow down Tuniso-Libyan differences. This was apparent from the press conference held by Mr. Ali Triki, leader of the Libyan delegation, just after the end of the Council meeting in which he violently criticised the Tunisian government which was in 'the hands of a minority and not the people'. He accused Prime Minister Hedi Nouira, as being mainly 'responsible for the deterioration of relations between Tunisia and Libya and with most other Arab countries . . . the majority of the brotherly people of Tunisia are opposed to his policies.'

What were the effects of the Gafsa incident upon Tunisia's domestic politics?

One significant political outcome of the Gafsa attack was the unanimous support of all opposition leaders for the government in this hour of national emergency. Mr. Mohammad Masmoudi, the former Foreign Minister and the architect of the abortive Jerba agreement of Tuniso-Libyan merger in 1974, strongly criticised the attack on Tunisian sovereignty and independence and lent his full support to the government. Other leading opposition figures such as Mr. Hassib Ben Ammar and Ahmed Mestiri, leaders of the Social Democrat Movement, were received by Bourguiba. Even the illegal Communist Party of Tunisia condemned the attack on Gafsa and called it an event of extreme gravity. It condemned Libyan interference in the internal affairs of Tunisia but declared that the best way to ensure the sovereignty and independence of the country was not through an appeal for French and American military support but by the real mobilisation of the patriotic energies of Tunisian people. The movement of Popular Unity, led by the former Planning Minister Mr. Ahmed Ben Salah and based in Europe, also condemned the attack on Gafsa. Some of the opposition leaders called upon the government to create a National Council comprising all sections of society to face the present crisis. But the National Council was never launched. Instead, to damp down political in-fighting among the leaders and to win time to manoeuvre President Bourguiba named M. Mzali, the Minister of Education, to serve as Co-ordinator of Government Action and Caretaker premier, replacing M. Nouira who was accused of being responsible for the deterioration of relations between Tunisia and Libya.

Although the entire country, including the opposition leaders, united behind President Bourguiba and the government, there were some pro-

tests, notably a strike by University students protesting against French and American military presence in Tunisia.

It is interesting to note that students' demonstrations in Tunisia are not unusual. In fact, there was a nation-wide revolt by them in 1972; the main causes being unemployment, stiff competition for vocational training etc. Thus they, and the leftist students in particular, found the opportunity during the Gafsa event, to adopt the slogan of popular insurrection. The student community being highly volatile, the government took effective steps to prevent trouble from spilling into the streets by suspending classes at the law faculty and engineering school. However, these sections of the university were reopened at the end of March when the internal situation became more normal.

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RATTIGAN'S RENAISSANCE

by Holly Hill

WHEN Sir Terence Rattigan died in 1977, no major American newspaper or magazine published an appreciation of his work. The arts editor of a prominent national newspaper rejected my proposal for such an article by declaring: 'But Rattigan was not first-rate.' This past spring, a new arts editor at the same newspaper not only assigned me an article about Rattigan, but entitled it 'A First-Rate Playwright's Return to Prominence.'

The appreciation was inspired by a production of *The Winslow Boy* which began in a small Off Broadway theatre last October and is scheduled for the 1981-82 Broadway season. Even Rattigan's most optimistic American admirers did not dream that the first New York mainstream revival of his work would meet with such success.

True, in Britain Rattigan had made a considerable recovery from the derision heaped upon him in the late fifties and the sixties, when young critics seemed to equate the 'New Wave' with the Second Coming. Between 1970 and 1977, there had been critically and commercially successful London revivals of five Rattigan plays. Michael Darlow and Gillian Hodson's thoughtful and sympathetic biography, *Terence Rattigan: The Man and His Work*, appeared in the summer of 1979. The biography was the first published full-length study of Rattigan's work. In view of the length and scope of his career, such serious appraisal was as overdue, but as welcome, as the National Theatre's first Rattigan revival, their 1980 production of *Playbill*.

News of all this filtered across the Atlantic, but the American theatrical community had seldom shown enthusiasm for Rattigan. Though fourteen of his plays were produced on Broadway, only *The Winslow Boy* and *Separate Tables* had been both critical and commercial successes. Few regional or Off Off Broadway theatres revived Rattigan's works, and many critics and scholars held them in contempt. Some of my academic colleagues mocked my choice of Rattigan's plays as the subject of my Ph.D. thesis, and not until after his death did Twayne Publishers assign a Rattigan study for their English Authors series. Rattigan afficionados in America were few.

It seemed as if a decade or more might have to pass before a new generation of critics could view Rattigan's plays from a fresh, unbiased perspective. As late as 1974, when *In Praise of Love* opened on Broadway, Clive Barnes was still sniping at Rattigan for his alleged lack of 'commitment.' When Simon Gray's *Molly* played Off Off Broadway in 1978, Barnes seized the opportunity to declare how superior it was to *Cause Celebre*, Rattigan's play on the same subject. The best that most American critics could say was that Rattigan was a good boulevard playwright—a polished lightweight.

With a stroke as daring and effective as Rattigan's famous second-act

curtain in *The Winslow Boy,* two Off Broadway producers created a fresh perspective for Rattigan's work. In the play, the brilliant barrister Sir Robert Morton savagely questions Ronnie Winslow about his alleged theft, exposing holes in his story and reducing the boy to hysterics in front of his family. Sir Robert's dismissal of the case's merits appears obvious, but then he calmly announces 'The boy is plainly innocent. I accept the brief,' and the curtain falls before an audience whose expectations have been flamboyantly reversed.[1] Gene Feist and Michael Fried, Producing Directors of Off-Broadway's Roundabout Theatre Company, followed in spirit Rattigan's daredevil technique. They scheduled a revival of *The Winslow Boy* to follow their enormously successful revival of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger.* Not only would Rattigan's drama appear just after the very play which had launched the 'New Wave' in 1956 and sent his reputation into prolonged eclipse, it would also have to impress critics and attract audiences on its own, in a modest production without stars, whereas *Look Back in Anger* had boasted Malcolm MacDowell as Jimmy Porter.

The gamble paid off generously. The New York critics gave *The Winslow Boy* much better reviews than *Look Back in Anger.* Even Clive Barnes cheered, just as if he had never written a negative word about Rattigan. New York's toughest critic and most astute play analyst, John Simon, actually apologised for having previously undervalued Rattigan's work. Calling *The Winslow Boy* 'the most rousing and uncheatingly uplifting drama in New York today,' Simon wrote in the 17 November issue of *New York Magazine:*

> It has a plot . . . that moves forward ineluctably yet suspensefully, with exemplary crafted changes of pace; characters that, however peripheral, bulge with foreshortened but three-dimensional palpability; and, loveliest of all, areas of unstated possibility—opened but unfilled-in vistas where the audience's imagination is allowed free, creative play.

The Roundabout production, directed by Douglas Seale and acted by an American cast with heightened sensitivity for the nuances of Rattigan's character relationships and dialogue, played to sold-out houses in New York from October through January. *The Winslow Boy* could have stayed indefinitely in its Off Broadway house. However, Roger Stevens, Chairman of the prestigious Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., needed a play to fill in for an unexpected flop. He chose *The Winslow Boy*—a piquant historical irony, for Rattigan had enjoyed his first success in 1936 when his romantic comedy *French without Tears* was staged in the West End to fill in for a flop, and 'filled in' for nearly three years.

Stevens sent the Roundabout production on a three-month cross-country tour, from which it grossed over a million dollars. The tour ended with a month's engagement at the Kennedy Center and the prospect of a Broadway opening in the Autumn. While this article is being written, a traditional battle is being waged: Roundabout producers Gene Feist and Michael Fried are holding out for their splendid original company, while Broadway backers are demanding stars for the leading roles.

Whatever the outcome, the Rattigan renaissance is under way in

America. It was given a boost in June by the success of the National Theatre's production of *Playbill*, which represented Britain at the first Baltimore International Theatre Festival. It promises to spread to America's regional theatres. At the internationally attended Actors Theatre of Louisville's New American Play Festival in March 1981, the producer of a Seattle, Washington regional theatre admitted to me that he was chagrined when *The Winslow Boy* tour did so well in Seattle. He realised that his theatre should have been doing Rattigan and was upset that the touring company had anticipated him.

What happened to lift Rattigan from boulevard playwright to acknowledged artist? On both sides of the Atlantic, we have endured a quarter-century during which most playwrights have regarded a plot as something they'd be buried in after death. Woolly thinking and sloppy construction have been rampant. Rattigan was seldom guilty of either. Though his twenty-four plays are not flawless, the clarity of conception and construction in the majority are outstanding. They have 'good bones'—a prime requisite for aging well.

The polished surfaces of Rattigan's plays still seem, however, to make critics nervous. Confronted with *The Winslow Boy*, some reviewers showed themselves to be begrudgingly impressed by Rattigan's craftsmanship. Typical was James Lardner of the *Washington Post*. He wrote in his 30 April 1981 review:

> If you pride yourself on having a sensitive meter for old-fashioned dramatic formulas and stratagems, you will have a field day (or field night) counting up all the flimsy ingredients in this stiff-upper-lip British melodrama—the stock characters, the contrived sub-plots and the implausible transitions. But if you're willing to turn the meter off and look at what lies underneath, what you'll find is a splendidly harmonious and often exhilarating production of a play with surprising strength and subtlety.

It will take time and greater familiarity with Rattigan's plays for such critics to shed prejudices against well-made plays, to appreciate Rattigan's meticulous craftsmanship, and to recognise all the levels of meaning within it. *The Winslow Boy*, for example, is about much more than the importance of right and justice being done to individuals by government and society. In Rattigan's study of a broad range of characters—metaphorically extended to the offstage followers of the Winslow case—he examines the psychological relationship of values to action. Each character confronts the case in terms of his or her own moral principles and/or practical concerns. The three principals—Arthur and Catherine Winslow and Sir Robert Morton— are not even in agreement on exactly why and how the battle should be fought. From the conjunction of forces for and against the prolonged struggle, Rattigan crafts a portrait of the kind of human spirit which makes it possible for any righteous ideals to triumph in the world. The polished surfaces of Rattigan's plays are not ends in themselves, but looking-glasses to worlds within.

Some of these inner worlds have already been explored, predominantly by British critics and in the Darlow-Hodson biography. They have commented upon such themes as fear of emotion and of sex, the pain of unequal passion, and the importance of understanding and kindness in

human relationships. They have lauded such accomplishments as the myriad implications of Rattigan's extraordinarily rich, precisely stylised dialogue. Other aspects of Rattigan's work are most perceptively examined in the forthcoming Twayne Publishers book, *Terence Rattigan: His Plays and Their Times,* by Susan Rusinko, a professor of English at a Pennsylvania college. Professor Rusinko points out the deep ambivalences between private need and public conduct in Rattigan's characters, the life-affirming tragic stature of his vision, Rattigan's importance as a social critic and a conscience for the period in which he wrote, and the Chekhovian nature of his craftsmanship. Rattigan, she writes:

> . . . re-ordered the mechanics of the Scribean *piece bien faite* to serve his dramatic purposes. His stories and plots create tensions and climaxes that are emotional rather than contrived and mechanical, resembling much more closely in their individual scene construction, in the overall play structure, and in their taut understatement the plays of Chekhov. . . Like Osborne and Pinter, Rattigan is concerned with deeply personal problems of love, sex, and marriage. In the resolutions of his problems he is Chekhovian in the way in which his characters endure in their lives, without melodramatic endings and without total victimisation by society. . . Polished without being slick, natural without untidiness, Rattigan's art has given firm shape to the mid-twentieth century mainstream of English life, chronicling the sweeping changes in the moods and attitudes of the time, as did Chekhov for his time.[3]

Much remains to be discovered or more closely examined in Rattigan's plays and in his film and television scripts. The profoundity of Rattigan's psychological portraiture, for instance, is attested to by an expert on the subject. New York City psychiatrist Dr. Allan Blumenthal encourages his patients in private and group therapy to study Rattigan's work, particularly *The Browning Version* and *Separate Tables,* for its insight into the mechanism of psychological repression. Dr. Blumenthal comments:

> In the character of Crocker-Harris, protagonist of *The Browning Version,* Terence Rattigan demonstrates the nature of the schoolmaster's inner conflicts, his vulnerability and the subconscious defence-mechanisms of repression. Without explicit psychological explanation, he makes clear the meaning of Crocker-Harris's emotionless external manner and through the events of the story, he demonstrates the breakdown of his defence. To reveal inner conflict clearly through its effects in action and to do it dramatically and convincingly is a formidable artistic task. In this respect, Rattigan is surely a genius.

The most recognisable sign of psychological repression is the 'stiff upper lip.' While Britons acknowledge their stiff upper lips—at least the other fellows'—natives of other countries usually do not. This has led to a blind spot in American critics' reactions to Rattigan. The stiff upper lips of Crocker-Harris and Sir Robert Morton, of Sybil and the Major in *Separate Tables,* T. E. Lawrence in *Ross,* the men in *The Deep Blue Sea,* and numerous other Rattigan characters, have been perceived as exclusively British. Yet, as Dr. Allan Blumenthal points out:

> I believe the issues dramatised by Rattigan are universal. Psychological repression, for example, is hardly confined to the British. Repression leading to muted emotional reactions and buried personal values is tragically widespread. I have seen it in patients from England, but also from the United States, Canada, South America, Europe, Australia, and even Asia.
>
> Many of the other conflicts dramatised by Rattigan are the result of confusions over philosophical issues—issues such as the mind-body dichotomy, free will vs. determinism, the meaning of sex, the role of women, etc. Such philosophical

> questions arise in every culture, and every individual is potentially a victim of irrational and contradictory philosophical attitudes prevalent in his culture. Although Rattigan chooses his characters predominantly from one particular social group, the problems they manifest stem from philosophical questions relevant to all people.[3]

Rattigan's work will be better and more widely appreciated when the universality of the psychological problems he dramatises is acknowledged.

Another point of universality in Rattigan's work went unrecognised not only by most of his critics but by Rattigan himself. He often attacked doctrinaire drama and was critically dismissed—consistently in America and particularly during the 'New Wave' in Britain—as an ideologically empty playwright. Ironically, the body of Rattigan's work is profoundly ideological.

Prejudices based upon sex, race, religion, nationality and class have accounted for incalculable atrocities. But the most oppressed minority throughout history has always been the individual. The underlying theme in Rattigan's work is a passionate defence of the single, unique person. His position was seldom recognised because ideologies are usually thought of as particular systems or sets of principles, such as socialism, capitalism, feminism. In December of 1974, Rattigan told me: 'People should care about people, and I've some doubts that the ideologists do. They may care about the starving millions, but they're not worried too much about those millions' particular concerns.' Rattigan was. When his characters stood up for different systems, Rattigan stood up for his characters.

Beginning with his revelation of the apparently stuffy naval Commander in *French Without Tears* as a sensitive and sensible man, Rattigan's concern for his characters as individuals was evident. By the end of his first decade of playwriting, with *Love in Idleness* and *The Winslow Boy*, it was a hallmark of his work. In *Love in Idleness*, Rattigan exposed an impassioned seventeen-year-old socialist as an unwitting hypocrite; in *The Winslow Boy* he showed his heroine, a sincere socialist and feminist, giving up the man she loves to fight for the principle of right. It is interesting to read the several attacks—most recently in the Darlow biography—upon Rattigan for his characterisation of the young socialist, Michael. It is as masterful a portrait as that of Catherine Winslow, but I suspect that its detractors identify with Michael's socialist principles and youthful ardour for them, and cannot bear to see him revealed—however gently—as a callow boy whose behaviour belies the slogans he spouts.

The Winslow Boy is Rattigan's most explicit defence of the individual. One of his most subtle is *The Deep Blue Sea*. Rattigan's portrayal of Hester Collyer anticipates the women's movement. She is a woman who has tried to live through the men in her life and has found that she cannot. She is confused by her sexual awakening yet hungry for fulfillment, has no job training or career goals, and must develop a sense of her own identity and worth almost at middle age. But *The Deep Blue Sea* is not a narrowly feminist play, and not simply because the word 'feminism' never occurs. Rattigan's characterisations of Hester's husband

and lover, who are threatened, bewildered and wounded by her attitudes and actions, are equally sympathetic, and anticipate the problems men have had adjusting to women's increasing demands.

Rattigan's skill in presenting values from varying characters' points of view has been practically demonstrated to me several times when I have taught *The Winslow Boy* to college classes. The students have been divided almost equally in their sympathies for the characters whose highest values are moral principles and those who cherish everyday comforts. My students' debates have proved to all of us the truth in the exchange between Catherine Winslow and Sir Robert Morton, in which they conclude that only a minority from all political parties is united in its concern for personal liberty, and that one can only hope that this minority will always prevail.

The respect for individuals conveyed in Rattigan's characterisations was extended to his actors and audiences through the trust he placed in both. This trust, which rests upon Rattigan's use of dramatic implication, is proving well-founded with succeeding generations of performers and playgoers. The last scene of *The Winslow Boy* provides an apt illustration. Sir Robert says goodbye to Catherine Winslow and asks 'Shall I see you in the House, then one day?' She replies: 'Yes, Sir Robert. One day. But not in the Gallery. Across the floor.'

In her response, Catherine implies that she means not only to go on fighting for women's suffrage but, once the vote is won, to stand for the Commons and to face Sir Robert as a member of the Opposition. 'Across the floor'—three simple words—is at once a discovery, announcement, challenge, and a flourish of trumpets. In the Roundabout Theatre revival, the actress playing Catherine said 'Across the Floor' and extended her hand to Sir Robert, as an equal. At the performance I saw at the Kennedy Center, the audience broke into applause. The actress completed the line with a gesture, the audience heard the trumpets and answered with its own. Rattigan's ability to challenge actors and to stir audiences lives. With his artistic renaissance moving beyond Britain to America, his recognition as a world-class dramatist approaches.

NOTES

1. *The Collected Plays of Terence Rattigan*, vol. 1 (London; Hamish Hamilton, 1953). All quotations from this edition.
2. Manuscript of *Terence Rattigan: His Plays and Their Times*, by Susan Rusinko. Quotations from pages 5, 65 and 45.
3. Interviews with Dr. Allan Blumenthal in New York City in January, 1975 and May, 1981.

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A REMARKABLE WORK OF REFERENCE

by Paul Rose

AS an 11+ schoolboy I used to take pleasure in poring over two works of reference after finishing my weekly history essay. One of these was the Football Annual. I can still remember Manchester United's cup-winning team of 1948 and the ups and downs of Aston Villa or Arsenal. By contrast I used to study and digest the world's election results in Keesings Contemporary Archives from the four-party Finnish balance to the multi-party complexities of the Netherlands, Italy or Israel. Perhaps therein lies a junior psephologist's penchant for Proportional Representation.

Messrs. Alan Day and W. Degenhardt are senior members of Keesing's admirable team to whom I owe much for useful and useless snippets of information and a tendency to enjoy statistics for their own sake. Now, in 400 pages of neatly bound compressed but thorough research from 150 countries, *'Political Parties of the World'*,* there exists an essential work of reference for the political journalist and a luxury that ought to be indulged in by students of politics, history and sociology and politicians alike.

There is one evident drawback. The fast changing backcloth of so many countries in terms of Parties, personnel, electoral changes and sheer effluxion of time will demand regular supplements and further editions—a financial hazard not unknown to law students as legislation and case law weaves an ever changing pattern. No doubt Keesings and publishers, Longman, will contemplate.

From China to the Isle of Man, Djibouti to Western Samoa all political life is there. Starting with Afghanistan and the Soviet intervention is a quirk of the alphabet. The three first pages go on to Albania and Algeria, painting a sombre picture of the one-Party state before soaring to the dizzy heights of Andorra with its population of 34,000 divided between competing democrats and conservatists albeit both in traditional mould. One has to journey to Australia before reaching the full potential of the book.

This section includes the distribution of Federal seats in the House of Representatives and Senate: the state legislative assemblies; the nine main Parties and five splinter groups. It takes in not only the principal parties but smaller unsuccessful ones in a comprehensive survey. This includes membership, orientation, structure and publications, international affiliations and leading personnel in a gold mine of quickly accesible information.

A short historical background precedes the facts and figures but the writers do not seek to make value judgements. Indeed their attempt at impartiality leads them to rely too much on the aims stated by the Parties themselves. On the other hand a more politically scientific approach investigating behind the facade might invite accusations of bias in what is essentially a work of reference.

The index of names and addresses of each Party invites deeper study to those spurred on to write treatises and theses. This is no text book in depth and does not pretend to attempt a comprehensive historical study of the fluctuating fortunes of the political parties of the World. That would require another 150 volumes. Military coups, dictatorships and sheer instability play a depressing if startling role. Nor can one cover all the underground or guerilla groups on the scale of Richard Gott's work on revolutionary movements in South America.

Astonishingly enough the tangle of political parties in Bangla Desh is rivalled by a further twenty unrecognised Parties and a brave attempt is made to list the most significant. For the outsider accustomed to Western values it is frequently difficult to comprehend their real nature. Schisms may be ideological or personal. Frequently they are religious, tribal or linguistic. However, even a country so central to EEC as Belgium has to twin some parties according to the linguistic divisions of Flemish and French speakers complicated by cosmopolition Brussels so that we have little room to feel superior in our insular not so United Kingdom.

Consequently, even statistical information such as this can provide a key to the social and other tensions that afflict nations in an age where the multi-national companies, fast communications and economic interdependency ought to be making the nation state an anachronism. The paradox is that nationalism, regionalism, linguistic, racial, religious and tribal divisions are reflected in the multiplicity of parties as much as class and ideology. This divisiveness in an age of increased pressure to conform is instructive in itself. Nevertheless, among the fragmentation run the principle threads of Communism, Social democracy, liberalism and conservatism as we understand them or others interpret them. The ingenuity of man's ability to combine with one group in disagreeing with another appears boundless.

It is fitting that this remarkable compilation of international information should be completed by a list of various International Federations and their constituent affiliates. It leaves me breathless but if I over enthuse for once in these pages it is because of those days in the library when a shift of a few percent by the Social Democrats of Sweden was as significant as Liverpool drawing with Leeds last Saturday. League tables and Elections in a multi-party system—and that now includes the UK even with our unfair first past the post system—are still my favourite Sunday morning reading although literary merit may take over later in the day.

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* *Political Parties of The World.* Compiled by Alan J. Day and W. Degenhardt. Keesings Reference Publications. (Longman). £30.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Gor Saga. Maureen Duffy. Eyre Methuen. £6.95. *The Dark Horse.* Rumer Godden. Macmillan. £4.95. *The Temptation of Eileen Hughes.* Brian Moore. Cape. £6.50. *Something Else.* Virginia Fassnidge. Constable. £5.95. *A Breed of Heroes.* Alan Judd. Hodder. £6.95. *A Separate Development.* Christopher Hope. Routledge & Kegan Paul. £6.95. *The Bridge of Arta and Other Stories.* J. L. M. Stewart. Gollancz. £6.95.

For hundreds if not thousands of years the rearing of a human being by animals has exerted a strange fascination. Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli, the French 'wild boy', even Tarzan have contributed to a fantasy which in some cases is founded on fact. A variation on the theme is a creature half-animal, half-human as for instance in David Garnett's famous novel *Lady into Fox,* which in 1922 won him the Hawthornden and James Tait Black prizes. The situation is equally interesting in reverse. If an animal is cared for from birth by loving men and women, can its natural intelligence be developed to their level? Something approaching it, perhaps, as animal lovers will testify, although not to include the skill of speech or aesthetic appreciation.

But now, in the late 20th century, science can play a part in such experiments to an extent undreamed of a few years ago. This is the theme of Maureen Duffy's new novel, *Gor Saga,* in which a baby gorilla owes its existence to the implanting of human sperm in its mother's womb. The female gorilla, Mary, is an emotional, highly volatile creature who understands sign language and is 'in love' with her doctor, Norman Forrester, to the extent of rejecting a gorilla mate. Dr. Forrester conducts genetic experiments in a very 'hush-hush' institute somewhere on Salisbury Plain and either from genuinely scientific motives or a desire to achieve power he uses his own semen; after which he waits impassively for developments. These are certainly dramatic. The resulting 'child', generally known as Gordon or Gor, is sufficiently human to confuse his animal attendants. After being alternately petted and locked in a cage Gor undergoes surgery to make speech possible and so enable him to attend a conventional school. He achieves proficiency in art and even sits for exams. Only his fellow students, with the unerring instinct of children, nick-name him 'monkey'. Shunted from school to 'home', sometimes 'fostered' at others ostracised, Gor is unaware that officially he exists only as an entry in one of the Institute's files. The vicissitudes of his strange situation, together with some finely observed studies of the people within his orbit, make absorbing reading. But as Gor progresses into the adult world the reader's involvement with the story line gives way to doubt. Caught kissing the Forresters' legitimate daughter, Gor flees in terror of reprisals. That he escapes detection for so long is almost incredible—or would have been if Maureen Duffy had not placed her novel well into the future.

In this tawdry Brave New World some districts in UK cities exist as virtually 'no-go' areas, where deprived or rejected people conduct their lives in highly organised camps, disturbed only occasionally by an army routine of 'bashing

up', indicative, perhaps of a possible outcome of events in Northern Ireland. Taking an overall view of *Gor Saga* it does not seem that the inclusion of this 'social' commentary contributes anything of substance to the humanoid's dilemma and is in fact a distraction from it. Even so, Maureen Duffy's fearless presentation of situations and events unfamiliar to most people is deeply thought-provoking.

A very different kind of animal provides the central theme for Rumer Godden's new novel, *The Dark Horse*. 'Darkie' is a race horse who, due to a thoughtless jockey's cruelty, fails to win races after an initial success in his native UK. Fortunately for the horse and its owner, Mr. Levantine, a wealthy business man with racing interests in India, takes a fancy to the Dark Invader and ships him to India, accompanied by a faithful trainer, Ted Mullins. The scene shifts to Calcutta. Mullins and Darkie are in the care of John, a former subaltern in the British Army, now working as a stables manager for Mr. Levantine. Mullins succumbs to drink and as a result the Dork Invader goes missing, eventually finding haven in a convent. Will the horse remain for all his days in the service of these saintly women, which is what they urgently desire? But no, all is eventually sorted out and the nuns are presented with an alternative horse, 'Dark Invader' returns to the race-course to justify Mr. Levantine's faith and confound the denigrators. There are interesting characters and situations, such as John's marriage to a Eurasian, unacceptable to 'white society', but these are not developed. It all has the feel of a colour film shot on location rather than a novel with the depth and perception we have learned to expect from this author.

Brian Moore also disappoints to some extent, at any rate in his final chapters: although there are many compensations in *The Temptation of Eileen Hughes*. In this study of misunderstandings and frustrated passion, he has gone outside his usual Irish setting and placed most of the action in a residential area of London. At the same time Northern Ireland, which is 'home' to most of the characters, somehow contrives to dominate the theme. Eileen is a warm-hearted girl, working as a shop assistant for wealthy Mona and Bernard McAuley. It was his inspiration to take the unsophisticated teenager on holiday to the mainland metropolis and Mona accepts an *á trois* situation stoically. But from the moment of their arrival at the expensive London hotel problems proliferate. Bernard is obsessionally in love with Eileen and it is too much to expect that he will continue to nourish his passion in secret. After his ill judged declaration of love a nightmare period ensues, with Mona departing surreptitiously to seek acquaintance with strange men and Eileen's unsuccessful attempt to book a flight back to Belfast. Driven to despair by a situation he has no means of resolving, Bernard attempts suicide but is saved at the eleventh hour by drastic hospital treatment, yet in the end he succeeds, and the impression given in a somewhat sketchily contrived finale is that without him both Eileen and Mona will come to terms with life in their individual ways. There is much to admire in the novel—the familiar London scene observed through the eyes of a visitor, the modest Irish villa administered by elderly Mrs. Hughes, so naively impressed by her daughter's good fortune and the brittle wealth of the McAuleys—all these and more are brilliantly conveyed. It is just that as the tempo quickens and 'action' takes over from characterisation, the sensation is of remaining too long in a tepid bath.

Virginia Fassnidge possesses a quite exceptional talent for observing essential detail. Her second novel, *Something Else*, concerns only three characters, two

youthful junk dealers, Danny and Edward, and an affluent, though rather colourless young woman, Amanda, believed to be Edward's half-sister, the result of an unregularised union. Edward decides to make contact with his long-lost relative, whether to obtain money to expand his business or from genuine family feeling is not made clear. At any rate, his deepening affection for his newly discovered benefactor seems all set to acquire incestuous undertones. An interesting development is Danny's clandestine passion for Amanda, originally embarked upon to score off Edward. The inevitable crisis builds up between the three of them. Amanda flees to her cottage hide-out in the wilds of Wales and Danny follows her there. Belatedly, they consummate their affair and afterwards set out by car for London in dense fog to break the news to Edward. On the way they are involved in an accident which leaves Amanda dead and Danny seriously injured. It is a strange truth that while the country lanes and motorways continue to take their toll, death on the road seldom convinces in fiction as a means of settling an awkward impasse.

After these major and minor misgivings, it is rewarding to turn to two first novels of quite exceptional achievement. Alan Judd's *A Breed of Heroes* is set in Northern Ireland. On any given day, for an army unit serving in Belfast, the boredom lasts longer than the menace. The central character, Charles Thoroughgood, product of public school and university, is a placid, run-of-the-mill personality, stoically accepting what comes. Even his affair with the girl-friend, Janet, is empty of passion or real mutual involvement. Other characters flit through the pages like grey moths. Everything that happens is conveyed in a tone of flat understatement whether comic, such as sexual acts ingeniously performed at the barracks' gate by frustrated raw recruits, or quietly tragic, as when a group of workmen are accidentally blow to smithereens. Far from being a disadvantage, the unemotional approach adds strength and purpose to Alan Judd's clever handling of a familiar theme.

Christopher Hope has an entirely different approach; effervescent, taut, slipping easily from one farcical situation to the next. *A Separate Development* is the story of Harry Moto, a young South African, trapped in the dreaded dilemma of being a borderline case of 'non-white'. He does strange things to his hair to take out the frizzy look, and he suffers from various adolescent problems, such as over-developed 'breasts' and an inability to maintain personal relationships. When Harry absconds, frightened of being apprehended after making abortive overtures to his white dancing partner, he makes out as best he can in a succession of uninspiring jobs. The humorous report of his progress —or lack of it—builds up to a far more effective judgement on apartheid than any amount of rhetoric; added to which it is a thoroughly effective piece of fiction.

And finally, a volume of short stories by J. I. M. Stewart. The six stories present a very high level of skill and interest. The title story, 'The Bridge of Arta', is about a tour of Greece. Inevitably, there is the group bore who drones on *ad nauseam* about his own particular problems. The intrepid seventy-four-year-old, Lady Cunningham, immediately recognises the dreary raconteur as her discarded husband of half a century ago. Naturally, she is apprehensive about what his reaction to her will be. But when the dreaded confrontation occurs he fails to recognise her. There are several ways in which this curious situation might have been resolved. What actually happens is totally unexpected, and must not be revealed in advance to spoil this polished offering which leaves behind it the flavour of salted almonds.

Also Received:

Midnight's Children. Salman Rushdie. Cape. £6.95.

Born at the beginning of Indian independence the chief character of *Midnight's Children* had exceptional opportunities for shaping his own and even his nation's future. In this mammoth novel, running to nearly five hundred pages, the Indian born author, Salman Rushdie, evokes emerging India in a fiction form which is more or less a documentary account of events which led to the Continent's present status. No doubt that in this, his second novel, Salman Rushdie displays exceptional ability and staying power, justly rewarded in October 1981 with the award of the £10,000 Booker-McConnell prize for fiction and by the £7,500 Arts Council Writers' Bursary.

The Bleaching Yard. Targei Vesaas. Peter Owen. £7.95.

Targei Vesaas, who died just over ten years ago, was one of the best known and respected Scandinavian writers. *The Bleaching Yard* is his most mature achievement. The superficially familiar situation of a middle-aged man in love with his young employee never deteriorates into melodrama, although predictably it ends in tragedy.

Satyrday. Steven Bauer. Souvenir Press. £6.95.

A first novel by an already experienced author and lecturer, *Satyrday* displays a remarkable ability to tackle one of the most difficult forms of fiction—fantasy. Steven Bauer creates a nightmare of evil and apprehension in this fable of the power of an owl wielded over humans and other birds. But it is much more than a fairy story, with serious undertones and oblique comments on the contemporary world.

Unit Pride. John McAleer and Billy Dickson. Blond and Briggs. £7.95.

Yet another enormous novel, and the reader may wish that the minute-by-minute account of a group of men fighting the Korean war might have been shorter. The authors, John McAleer and Billy Dickson, are entirely convincing and *Unit Pride* provides one more example of the effect on ordinary people of being thrown unwillingly into the arena of modern warfare.

The Great Detectives. Julian Symons. Orbis. £7.95.

The Great Detectives is a gracious, imaginative romp by the successful crime-writer, Julian Symons. Sherlock Holmes, Philip Marlowe, Miss Marple, Hercule Poirot and Maigret, among other fictional detectives, are presented as real subjects for biographical research, often from bare bones of information in the original texts. Some are more successful than others. The most satisfactory episode is devoted to Sherlock Holmes, but speculation about the endearing Poirot is also extremely engaging. Equal if not an even greater measure of praise must go to the illustrator, Tom Adams. His many drawings, large and small, are accurate and charming.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

CONTRASTING STUDIES ON INTELLIGENCE

British Intelligence in The Second World War. F. H. Hinsley, E. E. Thomas, C. F. G. Ransom and R. C. Knight. H.M.S.O. £15.95.
The Man from Odessa. Greville Wynne. Hale. £8.95.

At a time when 'spies' and 'Intelligence' are fashionable topics, and the press is having yet another field day *re* Messrs. Burgess, Maclean, Philby, Blunt, Long and whoever is to come next, it is salutary to have these two utterly contrasting studies, reminders of the realities of war and of the actual problems faced by the men used in the spying-game. Both are sharp correctives to the cocktail-party-style traitors of whom we have heard much too much. Professor Hinsley's 850-page and fact-crammed book is volume two of his history of war-time Intelligence; it takes the story from mid-1941 to mid-1943, and its theme is the influence of intelligence on strategy and operations. It is detailed and fascinating, told with much reliance on the alphabet of the agencies; frequent recourse is necessary to the table of abbreviations; we are in the world of GS and CS (Bletchley Park), of Sig. Int. and SIS, and even the German Air Force is constantly (and somewhat unnecessarily) described as GAF and photo-reconnaissance is throughout—confusingly—PR. The codes of chivalry, if not of intelligence, however, are carefully honoured even 40 years after the event: relatively few names of individuals are given and no real information here is of value to potential enemies. Readers hungry for spy gossip will find little here to satisfy them, and if only by indirection one must conclude that we got little out of Germany after 1942 from individuals, and not much from Russia. But what is clear, here, and brilliantly described, is the overwhelming value to the actual conduct of the war and certainly to the day-by-day awareness of what the enemy was up to, of the decipherment of the German Enigma codes. The story of the journey of the PQ 17 convoy to Russia is harrowing, and the account here of Alamein—though not especially kind to the Commander, Eighth Army—makes vivid and in places novel sense to anyone who saw it, and heard it, at the receiving end. Montgomery's style and assurance owed much to his new intelligence team and to the assurance that Enigma gave.

Professor Hinsley admits, of course, that this is a Whitehall view of the War. He admits that he does not know and cannot describe what use was made by field commanders of the knowledge made now so steadily available to them. Battles had still to be fought and won. It was immensely helpful to Montgomery and Alexander to know at Alamein how denuded were Rommel's supplies of fuel—information that came from London, and from PR—but that was an RAF not an Intelligence victory. In the battles by air and sea, as on land, field intelligence mattered, and in the ME as much turned on Y as on GS and CS. Indeed pre 1943 more turned on Y than on anything else. Professor Hinsley is scornful of the quality of much of Y before 1943, and with much justice. He will not need a reminder, but some of his readers might, that to handle Y in the field and to get it back in time to be of use to the commanders then fighting the real war, was far more difficult and, in hour-by-hour terms, more important than the decoding job being done at Bletchley. Nor were there 5,000 people sitting with dictionaries and codebooks in any comfort at Alamein, Tobruk or Marble Arch! But if this is a bureaucrat's picture of the game, it is well drawn, with sharp and welcome detail, and with splendid and nostalgic maps

Greville Wynne's story of his role first in low-level counter-intelligence (MI5) before and during the War (it was, for him, a remarkably comfortable War, be it said) and then as a business man in Eastern Europe used occasionally by MI6, reads as something closer to fiction than to fact. As fiction, however, it is written very tamely, and it would be much stronger if there were some indications of his alleged business acumen as salesman and entrepreneur. Wynne played, he tells us, a key role in the successful rescue of double-agent Major Sergei Kuznov from Odessa in 1959—and had to smash himself up deliberately in order to do so (a physical ordeal curiously underplayed in this telling, as is his account of his stay in the Lubyanka Prison). He was caught in 1962 in seeking to secure the escape, by concealment in a mobile caravan used in a trade fair, of Oleg Penkovsky; given his and Penkovsky's very obvious to-and-froing for some years his capture could have come as no suprise to anyone except himself, for this appears in this telling as the least secret and most innocent of secret agents. Once his cover was blown, he was of course of no further use to anyone, and his career since his release has been that of an unhappy wanderer for 17 years round Mediterranean sunspots, whatever gloss he puts on it here. This is closer to Jim Prideaux's world than George Smiley's. It brings out not only the loneliness of the long-distance operator, but serves as a reminder of the strange and sometimes naive men used since 1945, as during the War itself, in the dirty but essential—and always fascinating—game of espionage.

ESMOND WRIGHT

PER MARE PER TERRAM

Defending the West. Winston S. Churchill. Temple Smith. £7.95.

The Royal Marines. Major-General J. L. Moulton, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E. First published 1972 by Leo Cooper Ltd. Revised edition published by the Royal Marines Museum, Eastney, Southsea, Hampshire PO4 9PX. No price specified.

History never repeats itself precisely. Yet aspects of Winston Churchill's character and incidents in what we may describe by the title of his grandfather's first and most racily written book, 'My Early Life', resemble those of the mighty namesake. Something of a stormy Parliamentary petrel with few intimates at Westminster, sometimes envied, sometimes at odds with the Party, the young Winston of today quit with your reviewer Mrs. Thatcher's Front Bench. We saw no reason to stop voting for the lifting of sanctions against Rhodesia, more especially because a multi-racial Government was in office in Salisbury after a one man one vote election held under difficult and dangerous conditions but acknowledged to have been as fair and free as possible by respected foreign observers. Will the abandonment of Bishop Muzorewa be seen after a decade as a diplomatic triumph or a rearguard action?

Mr. Churchill sees Southern Africa as the crucial region that it is. He devotes a chapter to 'the plundering tiger with its deadly cubs', as President Kaunda of Zambia in 1976 described the Soviet imperialists and their Cuban mercenaries. Useful statistics are included of the minerals necessary to Europe and the West. The danger in which they stand is shown on a world map. Europe can be conquered outside Europe.

This seemingly slender book exhibits both geopolitical breadth and historical

prospective. His grandson quotes Sir Winston's call 'for a final settlement' before 'they get the atom bombs themselves'. The Foreign Office did not like it and Sir Winston fell ill. Had he succeeded, the West would be a different place. His words, however, went for as little in 1950 as any he spoke in the early 1930s. We will do well to study the words of his grandson. We are passing through a dire period of the loss of Western supremacy. Americans and Europeans have retreated from the Afro-Asian land mass. The Bear has trod hard upon their heels, taken to the warm waters—an important chapter is devoted to 'Admiral Gorshkov's Navy'—in vast strength and the client Castro does his bidding in the Middle East and Africa.

Sir Winston Churchill never disliked Chamberlain as much as Baldwin. The present author states that Chamberlain's rearmament programme saved Britain —not from 'the Unnecessary War' but from defeat.

For Britain, 'NATO's Unsinkable Aircraft Carrier', Mr. Churchill demands a strengthening of the Royal Air Force, with American participation, a new reserve for the protection and Civil Defence of the island and a major naval shipbuilding programme to be financed by a switch of resources from 'ailing nationalised industries' and the funds which would no longer be needed for unemployment relief.

From the naval cuts which Mr. Churchill deplores, the Royal Marines have emerged relatively unscathed. Repeatedly in the past they have been mutilated or disbanded from the days when James II who, as Duke of York and Albany and Lord High Admiral, had raised the Admiral's Regiment, lost his throne. Such is the short-sightedness of Governments. However, as Britain's ski troops form the northern flank of NATO or perhaps as part of a rapid deployment force and in other roles besides, a Corps which obtained a distinction 'Royal' because there were too many battle honours for its colours, is still recognised to be what Lord St. Vincent described as 'the country's sheet anchor'. Their badge is still, appropriately, a globe. So is that of the US Marine Corps with whom the Royal Marines fought hand to hand in 1812 but are now on terms of comradeship.

Their service is universal and triphibious. The author was himself a pre-war Fleet Air Arm pilot, Chief Instructor at Eastney when this reviewer was under training, a staff officer and Commando leader. He thus exemplifies the versatility of the Royal Marines. Its Museum has done well to bring out this new and enlarged edition. No student of our maritime and military history should miss either the Museum or its publication.

JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON, M P

CHURCHILL'S LAST MINISTRY

Churchill's Indian Summer. Anthony Seldon. Hodder & Stoughton. £14.95.

Anthony Seldon, a research fellow at L.S.E., is engaged on a three-volume history of the 13 years of Conservative Government from 1951 to 1964, of which this is a first volume. He is, of course, invading the territory protected by the 30-year rule, but believes in fact that when that restriction is lifted the amount of material will be so vast that it will overwhelm anyone rash enough to try to master it. He draws his material from interviews with some 200 surviving politicians and civil servants, and has had access to a host of hitherto unpublished papers and diaries. Since he draws heavily on the records of civil servants, his book has a special richness: each minister's work is set in the

context of his secretaries and aides. This is a piece of history that has the flavour of 'Yes, Minister' about it.

What conclusions emerge? First, Seldon restores the reputation of Winston Churchill. For long it has been held that in these years he was a pathetic, old and ailing figure, a view derived largely from Lord Moran's diary, chronicling his illnesses and his two strokes But it is now clear that he recovered rapidly from them and was fully able to discharge his duties and to guide his Cabinet —at least until the last six months of office. But it is equally clear that the Press treated him gently, and among other things kept the news of his 1953 stroke out of the public prints altogether. Contrast the approach to Sir Alec 10 years later.

Secondly, and even more revealing, is a new and disturbing picture of Eden. He was himself often ill; his relations with Acheson were as awkward as were those after 1953 with Dulles; he was, of course, the heir apparent and there were those elder statesmen—Lord Salisbury, Lord Woolton and Harry Crookshank, the Leader of the Commons—remorselessly pressing on Churchill from 1952 onwards that he should give way to Eden. It is clear now why Churchill held on: there was a basic uncertainty, which Suez would confirm, over his all-round capacity to rise to the job.

And third, far from being a right-wing and backward-looking Administration, the Churchill of these years appears as a friend of the Welfare State, who accepted what he thought was irreversible and who restored Britain's position internationally. Much of this was the result of the acceptance of the conclusions coming from the Conservative Research Department, the triumph perhaps of Butler's influence. Yet, ironically, it is evident now that Rab's aloofness and arrogance were going to be impossible hurdles to his own hopes of ultimately entering No. 10. In the corridors and in the Smoking Room Macmillan was the man of the future.

This is a splendid, vividly-written and fresh treatment of four fascinating years. And it rests on 100 pages of notes and a 20 page bibliography, all of them as valuable to the scholar as the text itself.

ESMOND WRIGHT

A GUIDE TO THE ECONOMY

The Guardian Guide to the Economy. Frances Cairncross and Phil Keeley. Methuen. £2.50.

This book attempts 'an explanation of the main economic problems which Britain appears to face at the start of the 1980s' at a level which bridges the gap between the economic textbook and the intelligent newspaper. In fact, since most of Cairncross's contribution is developed from her work for *The Guardian* it is not surprising that its approach and style is a good deal nearer to the latter than to the former. This is no criticism. There are no doubt many who wish for some further analysis of the present crisis while avoiding the forbidding prospect of the none too relevant, theoretical texts, and Cairncross's lucid and urgent discussion of six controversial topics ranging from the role of money, through public spending, tax and incentives to the price of oil, should suit them well. One might protest that connections between these topics do not survive their being treated in separate chapters: the last, on the price of oil fails to point out, for example, that one of the difficulties the government has faced in controlling the money supply (discussed in chapter 1) is caused by the inflow of foreign funds in response to a balance of payments

surplus and sterling's new found strength as an oil-currency. However, this reviewer has used these columns before to praise the courage of authors prepared to rush into print on contemporary issues and recognises the inevitable cost in certain refinements which might be expected elsewhere. Finally for the general reader, there is an excellent bibliography containing many recent titles (some published last year) and most of them of an accessible level, though general readers may get a nasty shock if they try Posner's *Demand Management.*

The second part of the book contains questions and exercises set by Keeley on the chapters by Cairncross. These are claimed to be helpful to the A-level student rather than to the general reader, and so they may be. Students will not be helped though by Keeley's identification of Treasury Bills as 'gilt-edged securities', which they are not, and having then to complete an exercise on 'credit creation and gilt-edged securities' which works only for the issue of Treasury Bills and not for gilt-edged properly defined. This is not just a quibble about terminological carelessness. To the extent that it obscures the very different consequences that follow from different methods of financing the PSBR, it can encourage in students the quite unhealthy view that all methods are inflationary.

PETER HOWELLS

FRANCOPHONE AFRICA

Francophone Black Africa Since Independence. J. B. Wright. *Conflict in the Maghreb: The Western Sahara.* David Lynn Price. Institute for Conflict Studies, London. £3.50 each.

In Francophone Africa, thirteen states became independent between 1958 and 1960, but these countries still have a special relationship with France. President Giscard continued the Gaullist tradition of determining African policy himself; and the new regime will find it difficult to see an alternative: French standing and commercial interests will dominate the area for some time. And though attempts at a Communauté Francais and an African common market have foundered quickly, co-operative ventures attempting to harmonize economic and industrial policies have had reasonable success.

Some of these countries are poor and coups have been common. In his country-by-country survey, *Francophone Black Africa Since Independence,* however, Mr. J. B. Wright argues that these countries are structurally stable, underpinned as they are by French commitment.

The French Communist Party has historical links in the area, as has Russia and, more recently, China. Libya too helps radicalise the area, while paradoxically strengthening Islamic influence—though the impact of Islamic resurgence seems to have been felt less in Francophone Africa than in practically any other part of the Muslim world.

Mr. David Lynn Price, too, provides a historical overview of the Maghreb conflict, which has grown in the last five years from little more than an intra-Arab dispute to a major regional struggle, important to the strategic designs of the superpowers (his earlier booklet in the same series, *Morocco and the Sahara: Conflict and Development,* brought events up to about 1977). Beginning with Mauritania's withdrawal from the conflict, he draws attention to the change in the situation caused by the death of Algerian President Boumedienne and the improvement of US-Moroccan relations. This has undoubtedly strengthened Moroccan determination to remain in the war, while the Polisario

guerrilla movement, now recognised by twenty-seven countries, had its efforts to become the fifty-first member of the OAU clearly rejected by the 1980 Freetown summit. Mr. Price suggests seven eminently sensible steps towards peace, but these seem unlikely to be implemented in the present climate.

Here, then, are two clear and concise accounts of areas of which the average person knows little.

PRABHU S. GUPTARA

WILLIAM MORRIS: A SOURCE-BOOK

William Morris and Kelmscott. Published by The Design Council, in association with West Surrey College of Art and Design at Farnham. £7.00.

Many hands have gone to the making of this beautifully written and produced book on William Morris and his country home, Kelmscott Manor in Oxfordshire, the focus of his work from 1871 until his death in 1896. In the care of the Society of Antiquaries since 1962, the house and its contents have been a fount of inspiration for students of design. Its relative inaccessibility to the general public led the staff and students of West Surrey College of Art to produce a distinguished exhibition, with the help of the Society of Antiquaries, in their own premises. But the more lasting record and celebration of the Pre-Raphaelite artists and craftsmen is the collection of fourteen authoritative essays, some by writers from the College itself and others such as Asa Briggs commissioned for their special knowledge of period and artefacts. It is an invaluable source-book, a scholarly and readable guide, listing houses and museums where all known work of the Morris circle is to be found, and containing an Appendix of critical notes in Catalogues set under useful subject-headings.

The continuing vigour of Morris's ideals of craftsmanship, his convictions about the kind of man a worthy craftsman should be, are superbly analysed by Asa Briggs. He shows how closely Morris's view of the artist's worth to his society accorded with that of Karl Marx. Morris associated art of all kinds with the welfare and emotional health of the workers and was concerned to effect a social and cultural transformation in their lives. 'Morris above all wanted to belong to a society of equals', says Asa Briggs, but 'the development of twentieth century socialism has followed lines which would not have appealed to him . . . And he did not confuse socialism and welfare measures'. Divisions between the visual arts, crafts and literature were seen as impossible contradictions and in the work of his Utopian community there are supreme examples of the inter-dependence of artist, writer, craftsman, architect and printer. To Rossetti, Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Philip Webb and others working with him, hope for the future lay in dignified labour, not in the profit motive.

A return to the methods and materials of the Middle Ages was one of their less fortunate aspirations. In a lively letter to 'Dear William', Martin Shuttleworth, Librarian at the College, puts into perspective the incongruity of this design whilst recognising that Morris's deepest instinct 'was to attempt to discover the nature of the bonds that might still keep mankind together'. But the master ruled his clients as well as his work-force by a dictatorship oddly at variance with his aim of providing 'Good Citizens' Furniture' for the working man. It hardly reached any but the well-to-do who were honoured to be bullied and came back for more of the same treatment. Helen Snowdon records that Morris 'bitterly concluded that he had wasted this part of his life in "ministering to the swinish luxury of the rich" '. It must, however, be recognised that between the ornate shapes of much Victorian furniture and the

simple lines of the Kelmscott beds, chests and chairs there is an historic divide. The cleanness of covering textiles with their bold traditional motives of bird and leaf have set irreproachable standards to all subsequent designers.

The presentation of books in a form worthy of their contents was, too, one of Morris's prime concerns. *William Morris and Kelmscott* is a worthy successor to that tradition in its typography, printing, photoplates and design.

BETTY ABEL

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Polish August (Allen Lane. £12.50 hardback. Penguin Books. £2.50 paperback). 'The Self-Limiting Revolution' is the sub-title of Neal Acherson's penetrating account of the events leading to the foundation of the free independent trade union, Solidarity in August 1980, and the subsequent developments until the Autumn of 1981. As a visiting foreign correspondent to British national newspapers over many years he knows well the developing situation in Poland. Ever since the massacre of workers by the government in 1970 during a strike at the Gdansk shipyards, there had been growing industrial unrest at the grass roots in the industrial areas, exacerbated by the food shortages and inflation. Opposition had been steadily growing against the weak and corrupt Communist regime, with the Roman Catholic hierarchy playing an increasingly strong, albeit moderate, influence, when, on the 14th August 1980, Lech Walesa climbed over the perimeter fence at the Gdansk shipyard and took over the leadership of the strikers. There followed, of course, the formation of the free union, Solidarity, and the agreement with the government which, *inter alia,* recognised Solidarity and the right to strike. With ten million members, Solidarity became the dominating factor, usually winning its clashes with the communist regime. There was always the fear of Russian intervention. In February 1981, Pinkowski was replaced as Prime Minister by General Jaruzelski, then the Defence Minister. As the author points out, Jaruzelski was then regarded as a moderate who had 'refused to use armed forces against the strikers in the summer'. But 'his appointment had the air of a final chance (as Walesa himself put it). Jaruzelski looked like the last stop before the abyss.' Solidarity, as Mr. Ascherson argues, was conceived and started as a union devoted to the living standards and interests of its members. Inevitably it became drawn into the political field where only its objectives could be achieved, and this involved widespread political reforms. Mr. Ascherson discusses the interventions of the Church, urging moderation although sympathetic to the Union. How will the present crisis end? 'For a stranger, the monument at Gdansk, is the only certainty about Poland's future. But Polish intellectuals, in their steely way, are also certain that there will never be a retreat back down the path travelled since August 1980. The new perceptions about the nature of a free Poland are a priceless and permanent gain, even if they cannot be used for a generation. If the Russians come, they will come too late'.

The Fleet Air Arm (Robert Hale. £9.95). The author of this 'pictorial history', Reginald Longstaff, has served in the Royal Navy for twelve years, is a journalist and has been closely concerned with naval public relations. He starts with the Navy's early interest in kites and balloons in 1903. This developed to airships and then to the airplane. During the First World War the Royal Naval Air Ser-

vice was formed. Mr. Longstaff discusses the merger with the RFC and the RAF. Eventually the Admiralty gained full administrative and operational control of the Fleet Air Arm in 1939. Most of this book is concerned in some detail with the development of the aircraft used by the Navy and the aircraft-carriers and other ships involved. He includes the role of helicopters. He concludes with the Sea Harrier and the ski jump. The book is full of illustrations and diagrams. There is a useful bibliography, but there are no textual annotations to show the specific sources of information.

A History of the Soviet Union 1917-1953 (Longman. Two volumes each £4.95 paperback.) In 1979, Hélène Carrère d'Encausse, Professor of Political Science at the University of Paris, published her erudite and penetrating history in two volumes; the first *(Lenin)* is concerned with Lenin and the course of the Russian Revolution to the emergence of Stalin. The Second Volume *(Stalin)* starting in 1929, is the history of Soviet Russia under the dominance of Stalin. These studies are now translated into English by Valence Ionescu. As such they will be widely welcomed. A feature of each volume is the extensive bibliography.

Western Europe Since 1945 (Longman. £5.95 paperback.) The second edition of this valuable 'short political history' by Professor Derek W. Unwin was published in 1972. In this third edition, Professor Unwin has brought the text up to date and rewritten the last three chapters. The survey now ends early in 1981. It does not cover, for example, the new Socialist government in France. The emphasis in this study is upon the 'core nations' of Western Europe, Britain, France, West Germany and Italy. It also includes, of course, the development of the European Economic Community and the role of Europe in the world context.

The Brecht Commentaries (Eyre Methuen, London. £9.95. Grove Press Inc. New York). Eric Bentley has brought together twenty-five articles and essays on Bertolt Brecht's works written between 1943 and 1979. As a leading authority on and critic of Brecht and his plays, this collection should be widely welcomed. In his preface, Eric Bentley believes that the book 'should serve a pedagogic purpose. It is not an academic handbook, and it fails to cover this or that work by Brecht. At the same time the table of contents does supply signposts to all the major plays, and some of the minor ones.' The volume also contains some extracts from the Brecht-Bentley correspondence not previously published.

In **A Millstone Round My Neck** (Eyre Methuen. £6.95), Norman Thelwell has made good use of the daunting experience of house renovation. The account of how, against seemingly insurmountable obstacles, he adapted a derelict Cornish mill into a habitable cottage makes absorbing reading. A temperamental builder, an undependable spring and constant weather hazards must often have made him feel that the goal was beyond his grasp. Yet moments of despair were mitigated by the joy of fishing for sea-trout in his own deep river pools, or coping with an importunate buzzard. Much interesting local legend and history are interwoven with a practical account of how a water-mill functioned by primitive means: yet one of the main assets of this delightful narrative are the author's numerous illustrations. Norman Thelwell is an inspired and capable artist as well as a very persuasive writer.

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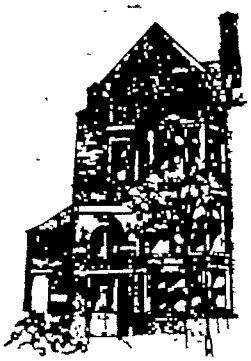

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SINGAPORE: MODERNISATION AND HUMAN RIGHTS

by Keith Suter

SINGAPORE is a city-state which lives by its wits. In 1971, as the British defence forces ended their deployment in Singapore, there were fears for Singapore's economic stability because 50,000 Singaporeans depended directly on the British military presence and another 150,000 indirectly lived off British defence expenditure. But in 1981, the economy was stronger than ever and it is one of the world's fastest growing economies. Its *per capita* gross national product is by far the highest in south-east Asia and the second, after Japan, in the whole of Asia. This amazing economic growth has, however, been at considerable social cost.

Singapore has an area of 226.4 square miles and a population of 2.33 million. About 75 per cent of the people are of Chinese origin, 15 per cent Malay, seven per cent Indian, and the rest mainly European, US and Japanese. It has no natural resources at all—except for its people.

The name Singapore is derived from the Sanskrit *Singapura* or 'Lion City'; this designation being attributed to explorers of Indian descent who came from Sumatra (now Indonesia) in the 13th century. Singapore has long been on the cross road of Asia. Its location was known to Chinese explorers over 2,000 years ago.

It was not, however, until the early 19th century that the foundations of modern Singapore as a trading, and later an administrative centre were laid. Sir Stamford Raffles founded a trading centre on the island in 1819 and within a few years it became the hub of British naval and commercial power in south-east Asia. In 1832 the three Residencies of Singapore, Malacca and Penang were incorporated as the Straits Settlement with a Governor located in Singapore under the control of the East India Company. Authority was transferred to the British Government in 1867, after the Indian Mutiny in 1857.

The population grew rapidly from a few hundred in 1819 to over 300,000 in 1911. A further two million have come along in the last 70 years, though the country is now on a policy of zero population growth and so the population will level out at about 2.6 million. Most of the colony's immigrants came from China and to a lesser extent from peninsular Malaysia and India. The population mixture gives Singapore a unique character.

Singapore was established as a separate Crown Colony on March 27, 1946, and internal self-government was achieved in 1960 following elections in 1959, in which the present ruling party, the People's Action Party (PAP) won 43 of the 51 seats. On August 31, 1963, Singapore merged with the Federation of Malaya to create the wider entity of Malaysia, encompassing the Malay peninsular, Singapore, and the states of Sarawak and Sabah in Borneo. Political tensions arose and the Kuala Lampur Government expelled Singapore—thereby cutting the city off from a market of 10 million, and left it without a currency, national bank or an army. This took place on August 9, 1965 and Singapore became an independent nation and has never looked back. On December 22, 1965 Singapore became a republic within the Commonwealth.

Lee Kuan Yew and his People's Action Party have dominated Singapore for over 20 years. Mr. Lee is one of the world's most remarkable, if controversial, leaders. He was born on September 16, 1923 into a pro-British Chinese middle-class family. He received a Cambridge education and years later he said: 'I speak to Harold Macmillan as an equal. At Cambridge I got two Firsts and a star for distinction. He didn't.' While in England, Mr. Lee was involved with Malayan Forum, set up by Tunku Abdul Rahman, which served as a training ground for some future rulers. He also learned golf—which remains his only relaxation. Back in Singapore, he became a lawyer with an active concern in working for independence. He defended ably various workers and students who fell foul of the British authorities.

As prime minister, Mr. Lee has been a skilful and pragmatic politician. His only concerns are for what he thinks is best for himself and Singapore. He has introduced laws as harsh as, if not worse, than those the young Mr. Lee so adroitly opposed in the 1950s. He has removed all the left-wing elements in the PAP and the opposition parties (including the Barisan Socialis, a PAP faction) are harassed by the police. All of Mr. Lee's major opponents are either in prison or in exile. Although a proclaimed socialist, he has shown himself more at home with capitalist nations and transnational corporations. In May 1976, the PAP quit the Socialist International just prior to the Dutch Labour Party calling for PAP's expulsion because of the Government's detention without trial of 64 political prisoners. Before attaining power, he opposed conscription but he introduced it himself as prime minister (with the Israeli army doing the training—a remarkable event since the country is surrounded by Moslem nations). In European political terms, Mr. Lee's parallel would be Mussolini.

Singapore's economic development has had to be different from that of the surrounding nations since it lacks agricultural land. This has, however, benefited Singapore because its modernisation plans have not been hindered by a tradition-bound conservative peasantry. Singapore, under British influence, started as a trading centre. Its financial strength grew in the 19th century, particularly from the impetus for expansion coming from Malaya's rubber industry. Although the economy suffered a severe setback during the Japanese occupation 1942-45, it rapidly recovered after the war

and received considerable stimulus from the boom in raw materials' prices during the Korean War period.

Towards the end of the 1950s, pending national independence, the PAP launched an industrialisation scheme. PAP feared that as the south-east Asian nations gained independence, they would want to deal directly with the western nations and Japan buying their raw materials, thereby cutting out the Singapore middle-man. Additionally, the problem of unemployment could best be solved by creating factories and enticing foreign companies into Singapore by the promise of a cheap, docile labour force, with low taxes and an authoritarian regime to guarantee stability for investment. It in fact helped set the pattern for what are now called free trade zones, of which there are 42 in Asia out of the total 79 around the world. Singapore has 14 zones: more *per capita* than anywhere else in the world.

Petroleum refining, which is Singapore's largest single industry and contributes one-quarter of the total manufacturing output, is the biggest achievement of the PAP's industrialisation schemes. Although Singapore's oil industry has no indigenous crude oil reserves (and on past exploration evidence is unlikely ever to), it has become the third largest oil refining centre in the world. Most of the crude oil comes from the Middle East. Mr. Lee is the world's only leader who has an Israeli-trained defence force and Arab-oil based economy. The oil industry was built largely on its importance as a port and trading centre; merchant vessels bunkered (or loaded fuel aboard) there and bunkering for ships and aircraft is still important. Singapore is the world's fourth most important port.

Modernisation has also included the development of banking services. The Government has encouraged the development of the Asian dollar market and the banks have had an aggressive approach towards obtaining and keeping investors. In a region with constant unrest, Singapore is an island of tranquility, whose banks are willing to accept some risky investment projects. It is this spirit of enterprise which has helped Singapore become the Switzerland of Asia.

The oil industry stimulated ship-repairing and ship-building. It has continued the habits created in the days of the 19th century Royal Navy. But it now has modern facilities found in few other countries. The 1973 energy crisis was a set-back to Singapore's work on giant oil tankers; but it has concentrated more attention on the expanding area of Pacific rim offshore oil drilling and so moved more into offshore oil rig equipment and small vessel construction.

Singapore is now gearing up for the 'second industrial revolution'. In June 1979, the Government announced some radical policies which are once again altering Singapore's economic structure: from trading centre to manufacturing to 'brain services'.

In a period of deepening international recession, Singapore is ending its policy of keeping wages low. It is changing from a strategy of mass production of consumer goods and provider of services by cheap labour to a high-skill, high-revenue product strategy. At a time when western nations are agonising over the rate of technological change and the impact par-

ticularly of the microprocessor (the 'chip'), Singapore has decided to charge ahead.

Wages in countries seen as Singapore's competitors, notably Hong Kong, Taiwan and South Korea, rose more rapidly in the late 1970s than in Singapore. Singapore's reputation of being a cheap labour market was becoming established. The existence of cheap labour, though beneficial in some respects to the overall economy, was seen by the Government to have long term defects. First, although the Government has refuted allegations of human rights violations, it is aware that the people are—if at all—only reluctantly willing to have limited civil and political rights provided substantial progress is made in the field of economic and social rights. Compared with Singapore's competitors, the people were getting a bad deal: violation of civil and political rights (such as a free press, free speech and the right to have politicians of one's choice) and the erosion of economic and social rights (such as social services, holidays with pay and health facilities). This writer believes that in the long term there cannot be a trade-off between both types of rights and that violations of one type will eventually spill over into the other. However, it has to be recognised that in many developing countries people are willing to forgo civil and political rights in the hope of getting better respect for economic and social rights. The Government was astute enough to realise that it had to improve the general standard of living.

Second, the availability of cheap labour attracted further industrial projects, which in turn increased the need for cheap unskilled labour. The educational institutions, meanwhile, were turning out skilled workers. The demand for labour could only be satisfied by importing unskilled workers from Malaysia, Bangladesh and Sri Lanka. The addition of these people could add to Singapore's social tensions; they would certainly add to the burden on housing and social services.

Third, something had to be done about the growing number of young skilled Singaporeans. It ran contrary to Mr. Lee's puritanism to invest in education and not be able to use the fruit of that investment. Moreover, young talented people would not work indefinitely at menial tasks but would eventually use their intelligence for anti-social activities.

Finally, Singapore's status as a cheap labour market will eventually be undermined (most likely by China and Bangladesh); or else the modern technology in other countries would have undercut Singapore's production costs. Singapore had no alternative but to move forward.

The new policy resulted in a 20 per cent pay increase in 1979, a 19 per cent increase in 1980, and an estimated 20 per cent increase in 1981. The Government is deliberately discouraging the continuation of citizens being used as cheap labour, and is encouraging mechanisation. The shift to 'brain services' (in Mr. Lee's phrase) cannot occur overnight. After all, it took the first industrial revolution two centuries to run its course in Britain. But progress is being made in setting up industries specialising in computer programming and engineering, optics, medicine and car components. The free trade zone concept is still important: the workers are

still docile and there is stability for investment.

This strategy is not without its dangers. Singapore is totally dependent upon international factors over which it has no control. For example, high international interest rates could make the financing of capital equipment too expensive for many companies. Also, other countries could hide behind high tariff walls and prefer to develop their own high technology. On present indications, the Government is not putting all its eggs into the technological basket and there are other industries to help Singapore.

Singapore is a tourist's haven. Tourism is a major industry and Singapore works hard at it. The city is well organised, tidy and efficient. Mr. Lee's puritanism is carried over into a ban on magazines like *Playboy* and some editions of women's magazines. Long hair is actively discouraged (it used to be cut off at the airport). To drop litter incurs a fine equivalent to £100. The Singapore Tourist Promotion Board is always eager for new ideas on how to boost tourism. It also benefits from the stop-over air traffic on the Europe-Asia routes. In few other developing countries, especially with so few natural scenes of great beauty, has there been such progress in creating a tourist industry.

Singapore is also developing as an important international convention centre. The old slums of Bras Basar Road and Stamford Road have been demolished in preparation for the creation of the city within a city—Raffles City. Due for completion in 1986, this will include the world's tallest hotel. It is the largest single commercial property undertaking in south-east Asian history. It will complement the city's wide range of hotels. Singapore provides all the smells, colour and drama of Asia (for tourists) without any of the risks, such as unhealthy food and water, isolation from fellow tourists and political instability.

Mr. Lee has the ability to govern a nation of 230 million people. Since he has only 2.33 million, he has much time to concern himself with details. His presence is felt everywhere. Perhaps in few other non-communist nations does a leader so dominate the everyday life of his citizens. He is involved in planning the nation's high-minded civic campaigns. In March 1980 the Government launched an 'anti-snobbery' campaign, designed to stress the dignity of menial labour and to avoid flaunting one's wealth or status. 1980 also saw round two of a five-year programme on courtesy: being respectful towards older citizens, one's bosses and towards foreigners. The slogans on buildings now concentrate on personal improvement rather than vigilance against communism: 'Don't smoke. Eat carefully. Exercise regularly. Relax.'

Mr. Lee's self-control in his own puritanical lifestyle is reflected in all aspects of Singapore's life. The advantages of control are seen in discipline, hard work and a willingness to experiment with new economic and social patterns. There is an acceptance, for example, of a drastic family planning programme (no hospital benefits and no education assistance for the third or more children). Despite the large ethnic Chinese component in Singapore's life, the Government has decided that English should be the nation's *lingua franca* since this is the language of commerce, science,

tourism and technology. Although this policy has not pleased all the citizens, there is a grudging acceptance of it.

The costs of control are to be found in Singapore's hidden face—the one not seen by tourists. Moon Crescent Detention Centre and Whitley Road Holding Centre are names not found on the tourist maps but they are the main areas for dealing with political prisoners and suspected opponents of the regime. Amnesty International, the human rights organisation which campaigns for the release of political prisoners, has urged the Government to adhere to the two United Nations human rights covenants of 1966 and to adopt other UN human rights treaties. It has called for the abolition of the Internal Security Act and the Banishment Act which permit preventative detention and the removal of citizenship rights. It has called for detainees to have access to lawyers and doctors in accordance with the UN Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners It has also called for a ban on torture, the creation of impartial inquiries into maltreatment of detainees, the establishment of a code of conduct for the police, and the end of the systematic use of solitary confinement and prolonged interrogation.

Free trade unions on the British pattern do not exist. Strikes are virtually illegal. There is no freedom of the press. Even the Government's interest in the teaching of English has an implication for control. It is attracting students away from the Chinese schools that for several decades up to the 1960s were considered as breeding grounds for communist radicals who felt themselves to be part of mainland China rather than Singaporeans.

To the visitor, one of the notable features of the city are the acres of government-built high-rise apartments. A new housing unit is completed every 28 minutes (it used to be 30 minutes). By 1990, three-quarters of the total population will live in these concrete wildernesses, with their cramped conditions and high suicide rates. But they are part of the Government's fetish for control. Housing complexes are integrated into police and military surveillance for security purposes and to combat the growing crime rate—an easier task than when the people were living in old squatter slums.

Singapore has a formidable record for survival. It survived the political crisis after expulsion from Malaysia. Its second crisis was the withdrawal of the British defence presence; its third the 1973 energy chaos. In each case, it came off better than most people would have expected: better, if anything, than before the calamity.

And yet the questions remain. There is the general one encountered in all gambles (though Mr. Lee would never see himself as a gambler): how long can the gambler keep winning? Merely on the law of chance, Singapore must go wrong at some point.

Second, since Singapore is so reliant upon outside events, it is always vulnerable to external changes. Another 1930s-type depression would gravely damage the nation's economy, since it is based on foreign trade and tourists.

Third, there is the unique role played by Mr. Lee. He is very healthy and shows no sign of retiring, though he claims to have cut back a little on his formidable workload. Modern Singapore is derived from his visions. He steered the country through the upsets over the Malaysian expulsion, the Sukarno confrontation of the early 1960s, the trauma of the British defence run down, and so on. Though he has able colleagues, it is unwise to leave so much to one person who might, in the event of sudden death, be irreplaceable. Alternatively, there may be a need to remove him from office (as, for instance, for mental instability) and this would be very difficult to do. Singapore's political system is fine (to some extent) when it works; it will be disastrous if it does not.

Finally, there is the human rights cost of the Lee era. The question normally asked is: could Singapore have made the same progress with modernisation with fewer human rights violations? The implication is that it could have done. But there is another question; for how long can Singapore continue to progress while violating human rights? Human rights violations, experience has shown, cannot continue indefinitely. Either the ruler is overthrown or the system itself collapses. On present showing, Singapore's Government is not going to be invaded by a nation anxious to stop human rights violations. Nor will it be overthrown by its people: if nothing else, the police and military are too well organised.

But the system may collapse in upon itself. The political leadership is a tight elite which enjoys far more control over its citizens' affairs than the regimes in other parts of Asia, which are not as efficient (though in some cases more brutal). Singapore's future depends upon its ability to react to events. This, in turn, requires a free flow of information and, if appropriate, a change in leadership. Otherwise, Singapore will stagnate. To maintain its progress in modernisation, respect for civil and political rights is essential. On current showing, the regime will put its own position ahead of that of the needs of Singapore. With such power to silence critics, restrict the flow of ideas and remove political opponents, Mr. Lee and his colleagues may ultimately undo their achievements. By the end of this century, Singapore could end up as an example quoted by human rights organisations like Amnesty International: a nation which had a difficult beginning but whose rulers made great progress in modernisation, only to have their own success undermined by their excessive human rights violations, which resulted in a decaying nation.

[Keith D. Suter is Dean of Students, Wesley College, University of Sydney.]

THE CANCUN SUMMIT: WHAT DID IT ACHIEVE?

by Evan Luard

THE great North-South meeting at Cancun in Mexico during the autumn of 1981, so long prepared and so anxiously awaited, has come and gone and the question arises: did it achieve anything? Some have greeted the outcome as a ghastly failure, while others (including, surprisingly, some of the third world heads of government who attended) have seen it as a qualified success. It is still perhaps too early to reach any final judgement, since the long-term effects of the meeting cannot yet be known for certain. But a few tentative judgements can be made.

The fact that the meeting occurred at all could be seen as something of an achievement. It was an occasion unique in world history. We have had East-West summit meetings, and summits of the industrialised countries, and meetings of the heads of government of particular groups and regions (such as the Commonwealth and Africa). But there has never been a meeting that brought together the heads of government of over twenty countries, large and small, rich and poor, radical and conservative, representing every continent of the world. They included most of the more important countries from each region, with the single exception of the Soviet Union, and a number of heads of government of unrivalled experience and wisdom (including, for example, such figures as Nyerere, Mrs. Gandhi, Trudeau, to name only a few) and the heads of government of the major western powers. There has never been a meeting of such a high-powered body of people, called to consider the world economy and how it could be made to work better, especially in the interests of those countries and people at present worst off. It could perhaps be an important precedent for the future: some have called for a series of such meetings every two or three years.

Estimates of what were achieved depend, of course, very much on what was hoped for in the first place. Some (perhaps wisely) expected little; and these have been in many cases quite satisfied with the result. They point to the fact that the general atmosphere of the discussions was very good: all the participants in their public statements stressed the friendly but serious nature of the conversations, the frankness and informality with which they were conducted, with free interventions and argument rather than a succession of prepared speeches. This may have at least led to better understanding. At least world leaders got to know each other better and to acquire a better knowledge of the problems and positions of other countries.

This may have been particularly valuable in the case of the US: there can be no doubt that President Reagan, who had previously little knowledge of North-South questions and not much of international problems generally, must have come away with a far better awareness of some of the difficulties facing poor countries than he had before (the question is whether they will remain at the forefront of his mind). It is possible that

this will be reflected in time in US policies showing a better understanding of the third world viewpoint—this will require the abandonment of some of the economic dogma which Reagan brought with him to the meeting (one can hope that our own Prime Minister, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, also may have learnt from the experience).

There were also a few (very few) small steps forward on matters of concern to poor countries. The longest single discussion was about the problems of food production in those countries and there was general agreement about the need for greater concentration of effort in that area (though little in the way of explicit commitment to provide more help—apart from President Reagan's offer of American flying farmers to advise food producers in developing countries). Again there was a great deal of talk about energy problems which are, of course, even worse for most poor countries than they are for the rich; and the great majority of the heads of government represented supported the establishment of a new energy affiliate of the World Bank to help poor countries explore their own energy resources: even the US, which was not willing to come out in favour of that proposal, recognised that some steps were required to achieve the same purpose. One or two countries, including Britain and France, announced their readiness to ratify the Common Fund agreement to help price stabilisation schemes for commodities. There were new pledges to resist protectionism and to ease next year's GATT meeting to ensure that better trading opportunities were made available to poor countries.

None of these is unimportant; and it is possible to argue that the occasion of the Summit stimulated a little progress in these areas which might not otherwise have occurred. But even the most optimistic observer could not pretend that they will make any major difference to the way the world economy works at present or change significantly the economic conditions of most people living in poor countries. Thus those who had higher hopes of the meeting inevitably feel disappointed at the outcome.

By far the most important issue discussed was the future of the 'global negotiations', the series of negotiations on issues of most importance to developing countries, to take place within the specialised agencies responsible, an idea discussed at the UN for the last two years or so. There seemed a real possibility that the Summit might be the occasion for finally resolving the differences that have occurred about these. But again these hopes were disappointed so what is fundamentally at stake here is the precise relationship between the UN on the one hand and the specialised agencies (including the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund) on the other. The developing countries, not surprisingly, would like to see an increased influence for the UN (but not total control) over the agencies, because their numbers give them greater influence within the United Nations itself. But the developed countries, especially the US, are concerned to preserve the autonomy of the specialised agencies, especially the World Bank and the IMF, in which rich countries, under the weighted voting system used, still have a majority.

Agreement proved impossible and eventually it was simply decided that negotiations on the matter should be resumed within the UN framework, in the hope that the difficulty can be resolved there. Some people have seen this as a 'relaunching of the global negotiations'; others see it more reasonably as a decision to pass the buck to a different forum, with little real sign of give on either side.

For the rest there was an agreement on a long declaration, or summing up of the conclusions of the meeting. This contained many admirable sentiments with which all of us could easily agree, covering the whole range of development issues, and mentioning many specific suggestions that had been made—but no specific undertakings about how these great goals were to be achieved. And it is this lack of concrete commitment which is the most disappointing. It is true that only twenty-two governments were represented, so that the rest of the international community could anyway not have been committed to any measures agreed. But if the Cancun Conference had been able to reach an agreement on specific steps to be taken, there can be no real doubt that (since nearly all the most important countries of the world were present) those initiatives would, in fact, have come about.

All that we can do now is to try to ensure that some of those fine phrases are actually put into practice; and in particular, of course, that our own government takes active steps to make them a reality. There were some signs at Cancun that the position of the British government had eased a little. Lord Carrington made a positive statement on arrival; and on the 'energy affiliate' and the Common Fund the British position is now ahead of that of the Americans. This was probably partly a result of the strong pressure from public opinion over the last year, with strong attacks from the development lobby on the government's previous position, the effective mass lobby of Parliament on May 5, and other campaign activities. So it does look as if the British government is concerned at least to *sound* more sympathetic on these issues now. British Government is concerned at least to sound more sympathetic on these issues now.

But that is still a long way from being prepared actually to do more. What the final outcome of the summit turns out to be, therefore, in terms of hard facts and new programmes is not yet certain. And it depends very much on what the public in rich countries may be able to do over the coming months in persuading their governments to do more to adjust their policies in a way that really will help development and reduce poverty in third world countries. In the IMF, GATT and in the multi-fibre negotiations on textile trade restrictions there are many decisions to be reached that will be crucial in determining how much help is given to the poorer countries. It is there that the goodwill expressed by rich countries at Cancun will really be tested.

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ECOLOGICAL POLITICS: THE TRANSATLANTIC DIVIDE

by J. F. Pilat

ECOLOGY, as politics, is predicated upon a highly developed industrial infrastructure, a high standard of living, and liberal democratic institutions. It is a reaction to obvious environmental degradation, and assumes a degree of disillusionment with, and apprehension of, the materialism, rationalism and technologism of advanced industrial society. Thus, ecological, or 'green' politics is an essentially Western phenomenon, and the green movement that arose in the 1970s appeared throughout the Western world.

Although the movement is truly transnational, it is not monolithic. Political traditions and institutions, as well as political, social and economic conditions, diverge significantly in the West. On both national and regional levels, variations appear that are reflected in patterns of ecological politics. American ecologists differ from the French or German greens, who are themselves quite different from the British, the Swiss, or the Swedes. And, if the ecologists in the United States are distinguishable from those in Europe, they are yet more distinct from all others around the world.

Indeed, during the 1970s, the European and American movements shared a single destiny. The ecological movement arose along a transatlantic axis, and its history has largely been enacted in North America and Western Europe. The earliest organizations and actions occurred on either shore of the Atlantic, and cross-fertilization was obvious throughout the 1970s with respect of the dissemination of technical information and the elaboration of political principles and practices. Further, with the dramatic rise of the greens—which climaxed in the international reaction to the Three Mile Island incident in 1979—the differences between the Atlantic movements were insignificant, or so they appeared.

With the apparent decline of the movement in 1980 and 1981—no less dramatic, in light of the expectations created in the post-Harrisburg antinuclear atmosphere—the differences between the Americans and the Europeans were highlighted. This transatlantic divide is of tremendous significance. The forms, indeed the very future, of the ecological movement in the 1980s will depend upon its contours. Let us consider its constituent elements, as well as their implications.

First, the ecologists in Europe are more political and ideological than their American counterparts. It is true that the ecological movement, like the youth movements of the 1960s from which it emerged, and the public interest and consumer activism of the 1970s that has paralleled it, is primarily issue-oriented. And, issues do not necessarily demand ideological or political expression—not even the nuclear issue, which has social, political, economic, and strategic dimensions, and which eclipsed all other ecological issues in the movement in the late seventies. Issues are the

preserve of interest groups, lobbyists and transitory, albeit popular, umbrella organizations. Although the greens have fashioned an ideology (however incoherent) around ecological issues, and embodied it in political forms (however inadequate with respect to organization and leadership), they have only developed the ideological and political dimensions of the movement in Europe.

Ecological politics in Europe has assumed a variety of shapes. European green parties, the starkest and most striking manifestations of the politicisation and ideologisation of the European ecologists, have no parallel in the United States. Although European parliamentary politics are conducive to these growths, only in France and the Federal Republic of Germany have prosperous green parties arisen. To be sure, ecologists have contested the vote over the entire Continent, and the green presence announced in the direct elections to the European Parliament in June 1979 could foreshadow a green electoral force with European dimensions. At present, however, only the French and German greens have been believed capable of playing an electoral role—primarily due to precarious balances in domestic politics, which even modest green tallies could alter. In France, the ecologists have been courted by the established political parties since the municipal elections in 1977, when it was realized that their vote could be decisive in the crucial second round of balloting. In Germany, the green vote was, during the spring and summer of 1980, expected to play a role in last October's *Bundestag* elections.

If the greens, demanding a voice in the environmental and energy decisions that deeply affect their lives, have developed an alternative ecological politics with new political forms, they have also been able to affect traditional politics. In Sweden, Switzerland, and Austria, the nuclear issue has insinuated itself into national politics, either by inspiring initiatives and referenda, or by being drawn into the political mainstream by prominent national parties. Even in the Federal Republic, established political parties have been negatively affected by the nuclear concerns and the anti-nuclear activism of the greens. During the rise of the greens in the seventies, the very existence of the Free Democrats seemed in question; more significantly, the Social Democratic Party (SPD) has been threatened by a potentially divisive conflict over the nuclear issue. Discernible for over a year, tensions within the fragmented party were exacerbated when the Hamburg SPD, in February 1981, voted 198-157 to withdraw their support from the proposed Brokdorf nuclear power plant.

The rise of the greens has, further, had an impact on the regionalist movements that plague Europe. The Bretons in France and the Basques in Spain have both borne the anti-nuclear banner. The anti-nuclear movement offers national-separatists an opportunity to enhance their popularity and publicity; moreover, nuclear construction can be seen as a symbol of control, or as an intolerable intervention by the central authorities.

Initiatives and referenda have occurred on the state and local levels in

the United States, and the nuclear issue was sounded in the early campaigning for the presidential elections in 1980. Nevertheless, ecology has never seriously been introduced into the arena of American electoral politics. The thought that the nuclear issue could divide a major American party is unintelligible, as is the belief that ecological issues could be decisive in a national election. The ecologists themselves tend to be removed from the political sphere. They have not evinced the desire to enter the political mainstream, perhaps because they realize their demands transcend established values and institutions, and there has never been a viable alternative. The Citizen's Party, founded in 1980 to contest the presidential elections, had prominent ecological planks in its platform, but this party proved itself impotent. Regardless, it was truly an anomaly in American politics. Ultimately, the American political system does not allow an avowedly alternative politics, and American activists appear quite incapable of creating one.

Second, the European movement is more radical than the American, and more susceptible to the influence and infiltration of extremists. The ecologists in both Europe and the United States are more radical than the traditional conservationists. They are the radical, rebellious children of the conservationists; unlike their parents, they are not satisfied with fighting for the protection of the environment by lobbying and litigation. The ecologists demand a harmonious human environment and an enhancement of the quality of life. They have transcended conservationism, although its conservative tendencies linger, especially in the United States. Their objectives and their tactics are, to greater or less extent, variations of New Left themes, specifically neo-anarchism, anti-authoritarianism, anti-capitalism, non-violence, and civil disobedience.

These themes are apparent throughout the movement, but they are more pronounced in Europe. The opposition to the powers that be that is discernible in these doctrines is also more obvious in Europe. Furthermore, the ecologists' association with Anarchists, Maoists, Trotskyites, and pro-Moscow Communists in Europe has been more significant, and has had a greater effect on the activity of the movement, than in the United States. We need only witness the importance of the coloured, or red-green, question for the German greens, especially evident in founding *Die Grünen* and contesting the *Bundestag* elections.

Third, the movement in Europe is more violent than in the United States. Though the dominant tendency in both America and European anti-nuclear demonstrations has been non-violent protest and civil disobedience, violence has erupted on various occasions, especially in Europe. Particularly violent demonstrations have occurred in the Federal Republic, France and Spain. Serious violence erupted at Brokdorf and Grohnde, the site of prospective German power plants, in 1976 and 1977. And violence recurred at the Brokdorf site on February 28, 1981, when 6,000 helmeted police, wearing gas masks and carrying shields, struggled to prevent 20,000 anti-nuclear activists from breaching the heavily fortified site. Hundreds of police and demonstrators were injured; hundreds

of demonstrators detained. In France, the 'Battle of Malville', a violent demonstration at the site of the Super-Phénix fast breeder reactor in Creys-Malville, resulted in one death; and, in Spain, Basque demonstrations against the proposed Lemóniz nuclear power plant have been fierce, highly destructive, and even deadly. Violence has occurred at demonstrations in the United States, but it is moderate in relation to European violence.

The terrorism that has surrounded the movement reveals the same pattern. Although anti-nuclear terrorism began as a Franco-American phenomena in the mid-1970s, the French acts were more frequent and serious during these years (1974-1977). Later, American terrorism waned, while incidents of terror in Europe waxed, extending from France to Spain, Switzerland, Sweden, and West Germany. Spectacular and destructive acts of Spanish terrorism, directed against Lemóniz and Iberduero, the utility constructing the installation, have persisted for over three years, and are especially significant.

The greater violence manifested in the European movement is hardly surprising. European history reveals prominent veins of political violence, while the United States, undoubtedly a violent society, has no tradition of political violence. Indeed, Americans were among the earlier proponents of political non-violence, and this legacy affected the birth of the Clamshell Alliance, the archetypal American ecological association, and through the Alliance, the entire movement in the United States.

As a Western phenomenon, the green movement is susceptible to certain tendencies discernible in all industrial democracies. It is threatened by the exigencies of the economic decline and the energy dependence of urban industrial nations, by the effects of international crises on domestic politics in the West, and by the pro-nuclear sentiment that pervades most strata of Western societies. The decline in the activity of the movement in 1980 and 1981 under the concerted impact of inflation and unemployment, rising oil prices, highly volatile international political crises in Afghanistan, Iran, and Poland, and pro-nuclear coalitions of government, industry, and labour clearly illustrates this susceptibility. And, if the Phoenix-like rebirth of the greens appears probable in the near future, it will essentially be limited to the European movement. Europe has not been less affected than the United States by these tendencies, which are eroding the original preconditions of the ecological movement; however, European organizations appear better able to withstand these internal and external pressures.

During the 1980s, the conditions antagonistic to ecological, and especially anti-nuclear, politics will certainly not vanish, nor will they lose their importance. With these conditions prevailing, the movement is virtually certain to be either radicalised or destroyed. In the last year we have witnessed the beginnings of the transformation; its ultimate shape has not yet been revealed.

The movement revolves around the nuclear issue, which can no longer be disregarded by politicians. It is already being digested by established

parties and political institutions. It will probably be assimilated, and either defused or destroyed, in the legislative, administrative, and judicial loci of traditional politics. Although even a democratic resolution of the nuclear conflict would favour nuclear development, or merely express cautious or ambiguous disapproval, anti-nuclear activism has not been in vain. A greater societal sensitivity to the safety and environmental effects of nuclear energy will certainly be forthcoming, and has to some extent already been attained.

Despite occasional rhetoric, the concerned citizens who constitute the moderate majority of the movement have rarely demanded more. For them, once the nuclear issue is defused, especially if it is done through democratic processes, the movement will lose its appeal. Gradually, they will be drawn away, and the movement will lose its mass base and moderation. The decline in the incidence of mass demonstrations during 1980 and 1981 suggests this trend is occurring even now. The movement might in time dissolve, but it will probably be sustained for a considerable period (albeit diminished in size, scope, and power) by frustrated and embittered extremists, who are either devoted to the cause, or associated with it for some ulterior motive. Confrontation will become more extreme: there will be more militant demonstrations, an increase in terrorism, and perhaps open political conflict.

The developing constellation of social, political, and economic conditions in the West could, as has been indicated, result in the radicalisation of ecological politics, or its disappearance. Whichever alternative is ultimately realised, in the milieu of the present, only radical ecological organizations seem capable of rising and surviving. As a consequence, even though extremism will manifest itself on both shores of the Atlantic in the 1980s, it will be ephemeral in America. Not only are European organizations more likely to emerge, or re-emerge; they are also more likely to endure. To be sure, the European movement of the 1980s will not mirror that of the 1970s. Many European organizations have been scarcely more radical than American groups, and appear no more capable of survival. Nevertheless, political forms and forces developing within the European green movement—which emerged from political struggles within a specific European political context—are apparently being forged for the immediate, if not also the more distant, future. Thus, tendencies among the European, and not the American, ecologists reveal the shape of things to come.

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THE RUSSIAN PERSPECTIVE

by Alfred Landor

ON a recent, brief tour in Soviet Russia I was reminded of something which Nietzsche said in 1886: 'a thinker who has the development of Europe on his conscience will take into account the Russians . . . it is an empire that has time and is not of yesterday . . .' As one travels around the big Russian cities such as Moscow, Kiev or Leningrad and observes with amazement vast and widespread complexes of new constructions which house millions upon millions of families in small, two or three-room apartments, one begins to have serious doubts as to whether this is really the sort of country which is determined to risk launching wars of global dimensions. Why all this labour, why these efforts and plans, why the gigantic expenditure, when the next dawn could bring total destruction? No, one's first thought is, this is a state which plans for the future, whereas we, in the West, only plan for today.

An explanation for all this is not too difficult to find. Orthodox Russian thinking points rigidly in the direction of socio-economic progress through expansion of productive forces. However, it is important to remember that in the West the industrial revolution came much earlier than in Russia and, in consequence, the entire infrastructure for manufacture and factory-processing in general was significantly ahead at the time of the October Revolution in 1917. Russian five-year planning is a political method of bypassing some of the technical and natural stages of historical and industrial development. We, on the other hand, believe in the free play of the laws of supply and demand in opposition to an enforced scheme through a centrally planned economy. In short, free markets and short-term planning are often correlated. So-called scientific planning, however, projects at least the promise of a more distanced vision. In the final analysis, perhaps, our political administrations can never free themselves entirely from the menacing spectre of future elections and are therefore restricted in the ready availability of time itself. It is the price one pays for the capitalist version of democracy. The Russian system with its one-party state is not impeded in the same way.

This authoritarian regime, which directs Russian life, is visibly illustrated by some of the countless uniforms to be seen in public places. To some extent it will account, albeit there are more traditional reasons as well, for the general manner of behaviour of the Russian people themselves, which differs so distinctly from what we have been accustomed to in our own cities. This is not to say anything which is not already known, but in this context it must be restated. In Russian cities one looks in vain for evidence of vandalism. Public telephone booths are neither wilfully damaged nor are glass-plated windows senselessly smashed. Streets are free of litter and graffiti does not obscenely disfigure walls. The standard of general cleanliness in public, maintained by armies of street-workers (principally female) is a feature which strikes anyone coming from the West.

It could be argued that the better standards of individual behaviour are but by-products of the aspect of cleaner streets in a more strictly run society. In any case it is a situation of which we are very much aware as our younger generations lurch steadily into a freer, more tolerant and generally permissible (rather than permissive) society. Equality and *laissez-faire* have come to be synonymous in significance. Paradoxically, by contrast, the Russian policy-makers seem determined to cultivate and preserve the very values which by their traditional roots have become (or are becoming) disinherited in our own modern eyes.

For example, young Russians give up their seats quite naturally to old people in buses, trains or trams. Yet how often is this seen in Britain? Loud and boisterous conduct is not approved. Voices are but rarely raised in public and one is not subjected to shoving or pushing in the Metro, even during the worst rush hours. But, admittedly, one must remember that this sort of crowd-discipline represents a form of authoritarian super-structure, imposed from outside. The suspicion that this is not a natural phenomenon cannot be totally overcome.

Scenes of petting, cuddling or pawing in public are equally unusual, going by the experience of a very short trip. Would it be considered counter-productive? Who knows? However, one senses an ambience of single-channelled earnestness and sombre sobriety, much opposed to our own iconoclastic world, so benevolently addicted to the progress of tolerance. Everywhere in the U.S.S.R. there is a slogan-orientated seriousness of which posters, flattened by social realism, are but graphic illustrations. Frivolity is not recognised here and progress is not permitted to pause. As Comrade Brezhnev reminded his countrymen in an address to the 26th Party Congress on the 23rd February 1981, 'the essence of Soviet Democracy lies in concern for the common work.'

Today, the Soviet regime can be likened to a strict, political parenthood, forever engaged in hectoring and moralising sermons. Above all stands the principal commandment that to work is the obligation of everyone. Even sport is partly considered a serious occupation in the context of a physical mass-challenge, rather than merely a matter of individual contest or personal relaxation.

The declared Soviet aim is a secular direction in society. 'The opium of the people' is turned into an embattled war-cry. Thus churches and cathedrals have been converted systematically into holy relics of history—in official jargon they are called museums. Alone, the new Lenin Museums with their paraphernalia of his family portraits, pieces of personal furniture, yellow school books, original scripts and handsome profiles, impressively displayed on every wall, resurrect the institutionalised mystic of a sacred shrine of faith. All over Russia one comes across some of Lenin's dramatic and compelling statues. So that his doctrines will never be forgotten, he has been placed for all times above the Russian nation as the revolutionary teacher, the irresistible orator, the great reformer and founder of the Soviet Union. The thought occurs to one: is this a new cult to replace the former religious orthodoxy? Yet Marx declared that 'morality, religion and

ideologies should ascend from the earth to heaven . . . and not from heaven to earth . . . the forces of *material* production make and change thinking and the products of thinking' ('The German Ideology'). Lenin's permanent presence in Russian towns and villages only confirms that mankind cannot exist forever without some idols. Hope itself, which revitalises every generation under all conditions, would not survive any dehumanised and totally 'reified' process. This would indeed be the ultimate stage of alienation.

That the Soviet regime is well aware of all this, despite a fundamental change in the economic course, cannot be doubted. Commencing with the Great October Socialist Revolution in 1917 (*and before*) the development of Russian history is seen as an epic struggle. Ceaseless constructions of vast, industrial complexes, gigantic housing estates, super-modern Metro stations and colossal sport stadiums are conceived and interpreted as heroic forms of expression. This is also the reason why statues of great men, in particular generals of the last war, dominate some of the main squares in principal cities. The second world war is known as the Great Patriotic War and the millions who perished under Nazi occupation remain the brave and invisible bystanders of the present generation. As a matter of deliberate policy the Russian authorities themselves have transformed the Kingdom of Heaven into a Valhalla of Heroes.

The Russian soul (perhaps a dubious term to apply to a multi-national and multi-racial society) is, nevertheless, fatefully programmed to a quest for salvation despite all the unique advances in technology and significantly improved standards of living. The great Russian literature, the arts and its incomparable music spring from this innate contingency. Yet how does someone who has come for say two weeks from the commercialised, media-fed, capitalist West, react to a world so very different—a world which is prejudged in the West and which prejudges us? Undeniably there is a pull, magnetic and almost irresistible in force, to gravitate towards and be drawn into the great currents of this state-docketed nation. But as one is confronted by the authoritarian image of Lenin's 'block of steel', one may say in the words of Ivan Karamazov 'I accept (this) God, but I do not believe in his World'.

MARINE AND MARINES IN INDIA

by Sir John Biggs-Davison, M.P.

SINCE ancient times soldiers have been embarked to fire and fight from ships of war. Marines, or naval infantry, have formed part of the maritime forces of many powers. Today twenty-nine countries employ sea-soldiers. The mark of a marine is amphibious versatility. He is often also at home in the air.

The Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot, the Admiral's Regiment, was founded in 1664. It is a long haul from the boarding parties of Charles II's Second Dutch War to the helicopter borne Royal Marines of the Suez operation and the withdrawal from Aden. The intervening campaigns and actions yielded too many battle honours to be recorded on the colours of the Corps; so only that of Gibraltar is worn thereon. 'Their record,' said Lord St. Vincent in Nelson's day, 'is second to none. I have been with them on active service, on police service, in daily routine, and in gales of wind. I have had them with me everywhere, and I tell you there is nothing like the Royal Marines.'

Nowadays they and their famous bands may be performing Palace duties or at the Royal Tournament, manning the Royal Yacht, or guarding Royal Naval establishments and Britain's oil and natural gas. There is also the Special Boat Service; and in recent years Royal Marines have been on Antarctic and mountaineering expeditions. Royal Marines Commandos, together with an amphibious combat force of the Royal Netherlands Marine Corps, are assigned to the Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic for the reinforcement of Norway, Denmark and the Atlantic Islands; and Britain's ski-troops are marines.

Besides the Dutch, the American Marines are close friends of the 'Royals'. It was not always so. They fought each other hand to hand when HMS *Shannon* took USS *Chesapeake* in 1813. Founded by decree of the Continental Congress in 1775—the date is on the number plate of the Commandant's car—the United States Marine Corps could trace a descent from the Admiral's Regiment of 1664. General George Washington's half-brother, Lawrence, fought in a colonial Marine Regiment under Admiral Vernon and gave his commander's name to the Washington estates in Virginia as Mount Vernon. The globe badge of the American Marines bears the Western Hemisphere, the other half of the world from that displayed on the Globe and Laurel of the Corps of Royal Marines.

Strangely enough, the naval forces of Commonwealth countries over sea include no marines, although soon after the Second World War there was a short-lived South African Marine Corps.

Rudyard Kipling, bard of empire and in particular the Empire of India, rightly rhapsodised about 'Her Majesty's Jollies, soldiers and sailors too'; but he does not appear to have written anything about marines in the

Indian service. Yet such there were; and they served Company and then Crown with valiant loyalty. Their service took them to lands and seas where Royal Marines too would distinguish themselves, as in Arakan and further east, Oman and the Gulf, or Pakistan where in times of flood Royal Marines in landing craft conveyed relief.

Four years after the formation of the Admiral's Regiment in London, Bombay, which was part of the Portuguese dowry brought by Catherine of Braganza to Charles II, was made over to the Hon. East India Company with authority to enlist officers and men and a local militia and also to call upon the King's troops in Bombay and Madras. The Company's forces were increased in 1683-4 and, as Fortescue records in his *History of the Army,* 'the Company thus strengthened forthwith became ambi tious. Hitherto it had addressed the native princes in terms of humble submission: it now assumed the tone of an equal and independent power, able to command respect by force of arms.'

As in British North America, other parts of Asia and in Africa, the Flag followed Trade and not the other way around. To protect commerce and to extend it, chartered companies waged war, undertook diplomacy and made treaties. Often they imposed order upon chaos and savagery until a normally reluctant England was prevailed upon, or found it necessary, as after the Sepoy Mutiny (or War of Independence, depending on your reading of history), to proclaim the sovereignty, or protection, of the Crown.

The East India Company interest was not confined to the Indian subcontent. Indeed, having received its Charter and monopoly on the last day of 1600, its first voyages were to what are now Malaysia and Indonesia. The Company was to make British power and influence felt from China to the Levant.

In 1613 it formed a naval squadron at Surat to counter the Portuguese and pirates. When Bombay was ceded, small craft were built there for the protection of the Arabian Sea and Persian Gulf traffic. In 1686 the squadron was based on Bombay instead of Surat, an Admiral was appointed and drafts supplied from England. The Indian Navy of today descends, despite naming and re-naming, from the old Bombay (later Indian, and then Royal Indian) Marine.

In the eighteenth century 'John Company' looked uneasily from its Presidencies of Bombay, Madras and Bengal upon a Mogul Empire in dissolution. That Empire nevertheless held the Company responsible for the ravages of European pirates who infested Indian seas after the reduction of the Caribbean buccaneers. The most notorious were Avery and Captain Kidd. British, Dutch and Indian shipping was impartially looted; and at least as bad as the European freebooters were the Angrias and the other Mahratta pirates of the Coast of Malabar and the Sidis of Janjira, an island south of Bombay.

In 1769 a temporary Marine Battalion of topasses (Indian Christians with Portuguese names but no claim to Portuguese ancestry) was sanc-

tioned but does not seem to have been raised. However on 3rd January, 1777,

> The Honourable the President and Council have been pleased to order that five hundred Sepoys should be raised as a corps for the service of the Marine, and the same encouragement given to them as the other Sepoys in the establishment. This corps to consist of five companies, and each company to consist of one subadar, two jemadars, one European sergeant, six havildars, six naiques, one fifer, two drummers, and eighty-five pirates.

A Captain James Jameson was put in command with Lieutenant William Husdon as Adjutant. Also provided for were:

> a black commandant, a European sergeant, a black adjutant (to be one of the jemadars), a black drummer, a fife-major (one of the fifers), a drum-major (one of the drummers), a head sub-assistant apothecary, and two other sub-assistants.

This Bombay Marine Battalion provided detachments, in the manner of Royal Marines, to Bombay Marine vessels, including the schooner *Betsy* and sundry galivats and other craft. In January 1778 the President and Council ordered an increase

> to eight companies of a hundred private men each, with the same number of black officers as are at present allotted to each company, and no increase of European officers.

The privates (Sepoys) were Coast Muslims or Hindu Parwaris.

The Marine Battalion acquitted itself well in the campaign against Haidar Ali, a Muslim adventurer who had usurped the Hindu kingdom of Mysore and embarked on a policy of expansion at the expense of rulers on the Malabar coast and of the Nizam of Hyderabad, a friend of the British. In 1779 detachments were embarked in Bombay Marine vessels operating against Haidar Ali's subordinate, Sirdar Khan. A landing was made at Tellichery under Captain Jameson for a combined operation with the British troops. Many casualties were sustained. Later detachments afloat were employed to intercept merchants retreating with goods down the creek of Calicut, where the British forces were besieging the fort.

In 1783 the Battalion took part in the defence of Mangalore against Haidar Ali's son and successor, Tipu Sultan, the 'Tiger of Mysore'.

By 1788 the strength was eight companies, each consisting of one subadar, two jemadars, five havildars, five naiques, two drummers and fifers, one waterman and a hundred sepoys. In November the marines were ordered to wear a black plume with blue 'angricks' and an anchor badge. In 1791 each company was strengthened by an additional havildar and naique and seventeen more sepoys. Each recruit approved by the Deputy Adjutant-General received a bounty of three rupees. The corps was mainly recruited at Bancoot and Surat where non-commissioned officers and men were found for a newly-raised Local Battalion. In 1796 the Battalion became a major's command.

In 1797-98 the detachments in the Honourable East India Company's Ships *Vigilant* and *Viper* earned approbation, promotions and gratuities for gallantry. Havildar Sheikh Gunny, commanding the marines in *Viper* against pirates in the Gulf, was awarded a silver chain and badge worth

a hundred rupees, 'the badge to be engraved with the figure of a ship and a viper's head, and inscribed with the words 'the reward of fidelity and valour'.

The Arab pirates were a constant scourge. In 1808 Havildar Sheikh Ebram who commanded the detachment in *Fury*, which was attacked, was promoted by direction of the Governor in Council. Again, in 1809 a detail of the Marine Corps under Captain Egan was commended by Colonel Lionel Smith for its conduct in operations against the Joasmi pirates in the Gulf. In 1819 the detachment there serving consisted of two captains, four lieutenants, four Native Officers, ten havildars and 180 rank-and-file. At Ras-al-Khaymah (now one of the United Arab Emirates), the marines landed and joined troops on shore in a so-called Provisional Battalion under Captain Deschamps. Major-General Sir W. Grant-Kerr, who was in higher command, took a marine Subadar, Sheikh Nathoo, as his *aide-de-camp*.

The Marine Battalion was also conspicuous in the capture of the Indian Ocean islands of Rodriguez and Bourbon from the France of Bonaparte. Captive in HMS *Bellerophon* in 1815, Napoleon inspected the guard of Royal Marines. He had first encountered that Corps at Toulon in 1793. The fallen Emperor's words might have been justly applied to 'John Company's' duskier marines: 'Much might be done by a hundred thousand such as these.' Time and again they were thanked for their bravery by the Governor in Council.

Less congenial no doubt was the disciplinary order from Bombay Castle on the 28th April, 1810, laying down that offending privates, but not NCOs, could be punished in the presence of their comrades with a rattan cane wielded by a drummer or fifer, or condemned to pick oakum or knot yarn.

The Bombay Marine Battalion also resembled their Royal counterparts in the changes of name and other vicissitudes they underwent. Thus, in 1818 it was converted into a regular regiment of the line as the 1st Battalion of the 11th Regiment. Its facings were dark green, epaulettes gold and buttons yellow. The anchor continued to be worn as a device under the number XI. In 1824 the Battalion was transformed into the 21st (Marine) Battalion of Bombay Native Infantry. In 1903 it became the 121st Bombay Grenadiers and in 1922 the 10th Battalion the 2nd Bombay Pioneers. As such it was disbanded in 1933. These units have their history; but it is part of the history of the Indian Land Forces.

After the China War of 1860 the Bombay Marine (so re-named in 1863) was seldom employed in a fighting role. In 1877 the duties of the Indian Marine were defined as trooping and various functions in Burma, the Andamans, Aden, the Gulf and on the Irawadi and Euphrates. For a time there was a naval Defence Squadron until in 1903 the Royal Navy took over the maritime defence of the Indian Empire.

As for the sea-soldiers of Bombay and India, of Company and Crown, they wrote a glorious page of the Imperial story. Had Earl St. Vincent met the men of the Bombay Marine Battalion he might have adapted in

their praise his description of the Royal Marines as 'the country's sheet anchor.' Undoubtedly the Company's sheet anchor, their deeds and endurance helped to unify and secure a sub-continent and its surrounding seas for Britain and therefore for Britain's sovereign successors, a significant achievement in the light of contemporary developments.

NOTES

1 Office Crown Vol. II BR VIII C.I.

2 Subadar and Jemadar (then called Native Officers, are still junior commissioned officers in the successive armies of the sub-continent, hasildar (sergeant and naik (corporal).)

[Sir John Biggs-Davison is Conservative Member of Parliament for Epping Forest. He held a war-time commission in the Royal Marines and later served in India and Pakistan.]

The March issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Afghanistan* by Lord Bethell, *Whither S.D.P.?* by Paul Rose, *The Teaching of Asian Languages* by Satyendra Srivastava and *Herbert Spencer and the Social Science* by Betty Abel.

UNIVERSITIES IN CRISIS

by R. L. C. Hunter

DURING the autumn of 1981 the governing bodies of British universities were grappling with financial problems compared with which the worries of the late 1970s pale into insignificance. Because most of their expenditure is on wages and salaries, the savage cuts suddenly imposed by the government, coming on top of several years of stringency and uncertainty, have forced university planning committees to consider making very large numbers of staff redundant. At Aberdeen, for example, the prospect of a deficit of around £3 million has led to a proposal to dismiss over 260 people. Though the situation may be familiar to Consett steelworkers, it is unprecedented in universities, and raises for them and for the Government questions of political and social morality, as well as practical difficulty, with which they have not had to cope before.

There is, first of all, the question of academic tenure. Scholarly privileges of one sort or another have existed since the early middle ages, but the battle for the freedom of professors from lay and ecclesiastical control was not won in Scotland until the 18th century. As a result of that victory, however, the nineteenth century accepted that professors held office *aut vitam aut culpam*, rather like judges. If it was decided after careful consideration that a university post had to be abolished, the displaced incumbent was understood to have a right to suitable compensation. This happened, for example, at Aberdeen, when King's and Marischal Colleges were united in 1860. In those days, however, the income of universities was derived mainly from endowments and fees, and the numbers of staff and students were by modern standards tiny. Complaints were sometimes voiced that particular professors were incompetent or lazy or irreligious, but not that there were too many of them or that they were an insufferable charge on the public purse. Now, however, the staff of British universities number several thousand, and the bill for their salaries, which is paid almost entirely out of a recurrent grant provided by the Treasury and the fees of grant-aided students, therefore runs into millions. What price academic tenure now?

It must be admitted that in terms of political and social morality, there is nothing especially sacred about academic tenure. Everyone needs effective protection from unfair and unreasonable dismissal from employment, and the values upon which the security of university teachers is based apply also to others. Those who seek, in however small a way, to advance or disseminate knowledge, must be shielded from harassment by those who love ignorance or have an interest in falsehood. The journalist investigating a company fraud or a case of official corruption needs protection just as much as the academic criminologist studying white-collar crime; and the worker who informs the factory inspectorate of the unsafe practices of his employer needs it just as much as the academic engineer upon whose tests and calculations safety standards are (or should be) based. If (as is

not unlikely) the dismissal of some university teachers leads to litigation, the legal arguments will no doubt concentrate on rules of law, charters, and contractual terms which are peculiar to academic employment, but this should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the underlying principles are of general application. Academic tenure is a special case only because it has symbolic significance.

The reason why university teachers' jobs are presently under threat is not, of course, because many dons are vociferous and well-informed critics of the government of the day—though the unusual severity and suddenness of the cuts suggests that ministers and civil servants rather relish what they are doing. It is merely that the Treasury, in pursuance of its policy of reducing public expenditure, has induced the Secretary of State for Education and Science to impose a greater reduction in expenditure on universities than elsewhere. In this context it would be very difficult to argue that academics have any greater right not to be dismissed for redundancy than, say, scientists in the civil service or ecologists employed by oil companies. So long as universities are not run down so far that their capacity for thorough and relatively objective research and teaching, especially about the assumptions and effects of the policies of the government and other powerful public and private institutions, is gravely impaired, the dismissal for redundancy of a university teacher is no more (and no less) important than that of any other worker. But though resistance to redundancy is in universities as elsewhere largely motivated by a natural desire for self-protection, dons may properly regard themselves as engaged along with others in different walks of life in a struggle to banish the looming prospect of a society deeply divided between those who are lucky enough to have gainful work, and those who are not.

If present policies continue to be pursued, three classes or strata of society will become established, each fearful of the others: a small, wealthy and ruthless managerial elite; a narrow-minded and unimaginative middle class of people working as employees or in small businesses; and a volcanic core of miserable and desperate unemployed. It is, of course, the prerogative of a democratically elected government—even one elected on the basis of a voting system as flawed as ours—to determine the economic and social policy of the country so long as it commits no breach of fundamental human rights. But this does not mean that there is no right of resistance to injustice and stupidity, provided that those who employ disruptive tactics demonstrate their integrity by refraining from all forms of violence and dishonesty, and by accepting any penalties imposed after due process of law. And since in this case there is an attack on a right enshrined in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, namely the right to work, resistance has a moral justification which goes beyond mere self-protection. It is regrettable that the immediate targets for such resistance will be those responsible for university government. Those unfortunate individuals presently find themselves at the point (to use the metaphor of the German industrial pastor Horst Szymanowski) where the twisted bamboo splits. On the one hand they have the threat

of institutional bankruptcy, and on the other the rage of their colleagues. But sympathy for their plight does not justify refusal to oppose a redundancy policy which is caused by a government apparently intent on creating the nastiest social conditions we have seen in Britain since Mrs. Gaskell wrote *North and South*.

There is, of course, a case for the view that the threat of impending redundancy, like hanging, concentrates the mind wonderfully. Since the list of staff cuts was published, economies that would have been considered unthinkable are now being accepted and even welcomed as helpful in the struggle to reduce the number of dismissals. Telephones are being taken out, heating turned down, building maintenance further reduced, library opening hours and book purchases cut, student study materials discontinued, and early retirement of older staff encouraged. Some senior academics have already quietly arranged substantial cuts in their personal salaries and this practice may spread. Perhaps most serious of all, the recruitment of new young scholars, which was already at a very low level, is now virtually at an end. The bitterness of those about to be made redundant without any prospect of future employment is great, but it is as nothing to the frustration of those who have never had a job at all. Indeed, it is arguable that many of these worthy economy measures will be very damaging in the long term, and some of them—like the reduction of building maintenance—may be counter-productive.

It can also be argued that universities need reshaping in accordance with the needs and constraints of our times. This has been done before, in Scotland by a series of 19th century Royal Commissions, and in Britain in recent times by the Robbins Committee. These bodies may not always have been right, but they were at least painstaking and rational. Those who disagreed with their recommendations had good reason to feel that at least all the arguments had had a fair hearing and the results must be accepted. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est.* But the present situation is not the result of careful thought and consideration about the future of higher education and research. The present Government do not appear to have any serious and considered policy on this matter at all, let alone one to which reasonable people might feel obliged to defer. The moral restraints on resistance will therefore be extremely weak.

But what is even more startling than the absence of any policy for higher education and research is that the financial implications of imposing such draconian cuts on universities so suddenly do not appear to have been thought through. It is admittedly far cheaper to pay out welfare benefits than academic salaries, especially as the earnings related supplement to unemployment benefit (for which those presently in post have already paid through their national insurance contributions) is being withdrawn in 1982. But the terms of the charters and statutes of many universities, and of certain sections of the Universities (Scotland) Acts is such that the dismissal of many university teachers on grounds of financial stringency will mean that universities will be obliged to pay not only statutory redundancy payments but also substantial damages, not to men-

tion legal fees. Estimates of the sums involved vary, but they are so large that given present levels of Government funding some universities will be unable to pay and will become insolvent. The Government in that situation will have three options—to step in and pay the damages itself, which would make nonsense of the cuts as a short-term financial measure; to allow some universities to go bankrupt, which means requiring their creditors to pay for government policy; or to pass retroactive legislation to deprive individuals of their legal rights, a practice which comes oddly from a government which is fond of lecturing others on the supremacy of the Rule of Law. Though Mrs. Thatcher seems to place much value on consistency, retroactive legislation seems the most likely outcome. It is, after all, very cheap and she will not expect that many of the dismissed dons would have voted Conservative at the next election anyway.

Will there be united resistance among university staffs to redundancies? There are a number of reasons why this is unlikely. There is firstly a natural reluctance among scholars to take united action of any kind. The fact that everyone agrees that something is right or true is, for them, a good reason to suspect it. Only very strong self-interest would override that tendency. Now it is nowhere suggested that all, or even an absolute majority, of university staff should be dismissed. It is therefore obvious that those who think it unlikely that they will themselves get the sack will have powerful motives for approving of cuts which fall mainly on other people. Secondly, unless the Government reverses its present policy, many of them would have to accept very substantial cuts in salary to prevent their institution becoming insolvent. In Aberdeen, for example, if every person of the grade of senior lecturer and above stepped back in salary terms to the level of the top of the grade below, this would produce a saving of some £1,750,000 annually—more than half way to meet the expected deficit for 1981/82. With the other economies now being planned, and some contribution from at least those lower-paid staff without families to support, it would be possible to avoid redundancies pending a serious inquiry into the future of higher education and research and its funding. However, this would cost the senior staff on average some £5,000 per annum each before tax. To make that kind of sacrifice would require them all to feel a very strong loyalty beyond their department to the ideal of a university *juste et solidaire*, and so far there is little evidence of such a thing. Thirdly, outright resistance to the Thatcher Government and its perverted ideals could have some chance of being effective only if it were part of a wide and idealistic popular movement. An organisation framework exists in the Labour movement, but the recent history of that body does not suggest that it has at its core the values of social justice, co-operation, mutual respect and realism which its founders cherished, and which alone could form the focus for an alliance of workers and intellectuals on something like the Polish model.

The chances are therefore that in the coming sessions the following events will occur in many of our universities. There will be widespread and inconclusive discussions in departments, faculties and Senatus, dur-

THE CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT REGIME IN ITALY: A FORM OF BONAPARTISM?

by Percy Allum

Bonapartism is after all the real religion of the modern bourgeoisie.
—Engels, letter of 13 April, 1866 to Marx.

THERE is no denying the dramatic nature of Italy's present situation: 20% inflation, 10% unemployment, zero growth, endless political scandals and sporadic political terrorism. Hence, the foreign observer who takes a look at the country's history in the last ten years is almost forced to conclude that what the country really lacks is a ruling class. This is certainly true in the sense that there is no class with a coherent project of society and practical resources for achieving it. However, having said that, it must be admitted that there are, in fact, few historical examples of societies that have ever had such a class. Without wishing to enter into the question of definitions—often a pretty sterile exercise in politics—it seems sufficient for our discussion of the Italian situation that we are dealing with a country in which, despite everything, a specific stratum has been able to remain in power and secure the survival of the existing social and constitutional order for close on forty years. Indeed, to many observers, the capacity of the ruling Christian Democrats to hold on to power borders on the miraculous.

This said, it is worth stressing our original observation, i.e. the lack of a real centre of co-ordination and stable leadership of Italian society in the 1970s. It is all the more important because, in conjunction with Italy's apparently boundless capacity to survive endless crises, it has led Rusconi and Scamuzzi[1] to employ recently the expression 'eccentric society' to define it. What is, we may ask, this 'eccentric' nature of Italian society? It lies, in our opinion, in certain particularities of the Italian situation when this is compared with that of other advanced industrial countries, particularities resulting from its geopolitical situation, from its social structure, etc. To understand the importance of these particularities—some of which Rusconi and Scamuzzi mention, others which they do not—and their consequences on the nature of the Italian ruling class and the organisation of power in Italy, it is quite useful to isolate certain aspects or dimensions of the Italian case.

The first dimension arises from the country's geographical position: Italy is, at one and the same time, part of the Western bloc and part of the periphery of European capitalist development. This means, quite simply, that Italy found herself at the end of the War, and remains today, in a dependent position in international strategic relations (the lack of an autonomous post-war Italian Foreign Policy is the proof) *and* in a subordinate position in the international division of labour. This geopolitical situation has a number of consequences that are worth spelling out. Firstly, Italy's place in the Western alliance acts as a guarantor of the existing social formation. The United States not only supplies (in the

NATO framework) the means of defence (military bases, nuclear missiles, etc.) against possible external attack (hypothesised as coming from the East), but also gives itself an informal (and not always wholly informal, at that) *droit de regard* over Italian political life (infiltration of Italian Secret Services from the end of the War, financing of government parties (DC and small lay parties),[3] Trade Union split of 1948, President Carter's veto of PCI government participation in January 1978, etc., etc.).

It is no coincidence, then, if this particular situation was theorised by all Christian Democrat leaders from Alcide De Gasperi to the late Aldo Moro. Italy, they claimed, is a special kind of democracy; alternation in power is not possible because the coming to power of the Communist opposition would, by definition, mean the end of democracy. In consequence, the DC is condemned to remain, despite itself, permanently in power and the PCI permanently in opposition. In an interview in 1972,[4] Aldo Moro went even further: he did not limit himself to stating quite categorically that the DC's permanence in office was the fundamental characteristic of Italian democracy, but complained that many sincere Italian democrats refused to accept such an obvious and self-evident truth; and he concluded by observing that the PCI's role in the Italian political system was that of aiding the DC to remain in power by remaining permanently in opposition. That so long as they did just that, the Communists were behaving as good democrats, but the moment that they attempted to win power they shewed their true totalitarian colours.

Secondly, the position of Italy in the international division of labour was responsible not only for the model of economic development that Italy adopted after the War, i.e. the export-led growth model, based on low wages and labour-intensive products with a low technological content, but the modality of growth itself as well. Thus, it favoured the big private and public groups (FIAT, Olivetti, Pirelli, Montecatini, IRI, ENI, etc.) in the boom years; and decentralised and peripheral small firms in the crisis years, with the consequent spatial and territorial differentiation of the Italian economy. Thirdly, so-called Western solidarity (Marshall Plan, IMF credit facilities, etc.) together with the importance of the Italian market for other Western European countries (principally West Germany and France) have meant that Italy has not had to face the full consequences of a rigorous financial policy and this, in turn, has permitted the uncontrolled growth of both a parasitic public sector and of financial intermediation.

The second dimension is historical: the structural weakness of the Italian bourgeoisie, and more specifically of 'modern' elements. Italy was a latecomer to industrialisation, and the Italian capitalist bourgeoisie was forced to seek state support if it was to succeed in its endeavour to create a process of viable industrialisation. This situation instituted, not by coincidence, a close relationship between bourgeoisie and politicians (cemented by special measures in return for social and financial support). It is worth bearing in mind that before Fascism, the Italian State was manipulated by a small oligarchy of largely agrarian origin, through its

chosen instruments, the so-called repressive apparatuses; administration, police, army and judiciary. The capitalist bourgeoisie was co-opted into this oligarchy only during the First World War.

The First World War, in provoking a general mobilisation of the population that ended in Fascism, can be held responsible for three developments that were to be important in the organisation of the power system in Italy after the Second World War. The first was the growth in the number of state employees that was an integral part of Fascist policy to keep the support of the middle classes, particularly when *squadrismo* (militia mobilisation) declined. In this connection, it is worth repeating perhaps that Fascism was not, as many on the left still claim today, a simple instrument for promoting Italian capitalist bourgeois interests.[4] The regime had its own social base, the petty bourgeoisie, and Mussolini was well aware that he had to reward it if he wished to stay in power. Economically, such a policy was a serious obstacle to industrialisation, if only because of the pressures it placed on the state budget; politically, it created, as it was intended to, a privileged group that was used to being given priority satisfaction. It was an inheritance that made its presence felt in the post-war period thanks, above all, to the limits (imposed by De Gasperi) on the purge of fascists.

The second was the integration of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in the traditional power centres, most importantly in the provinces: this was Mussolini's *quid pro quo* to the Catholic Church for facilitating his conquest of power and the consolidation of his regime.[5] Moreover, the Church's support (or, at least, the appearance of it) was necessary to him to secure a form of general consensus, above all in the countryside. The third was the failure of the national banks in 1932 and the consequent creation of IRI that gave the state, through the formula of state-holdings, control of the major credit institutions and about one-third of industry (particularly, in the steel, shipbuilding, engineering, armaments and electrical supply sectors).[6] While it is true that the fascists did not use their control to pursue an autonomous industrial policy (except in the case of armaments in view of the wars in Ethiopia and Spain, etc.), it is equally true that they had created an instrument that another political stratum could use, if it had a mind to.

The third dimension is regional: the relatively late political unification of the country resulted in the great regional differences, whether economic or social, cultural or of custom, being felt well into the 20th century. This was a consequence of the fact that Italy's political unification was not accompanied by a policy of economic and social unification of the country.[7] In fact, it has been claimed that before the Fascist period, the Italian regions were only integrated politically through, on the one hand, the politicians (which gave rise to the *combinazione* and *trasformismo* as basic processes of Italian Parliamentarism) and, on the other, the administrative structure (the basis of the bitter 19th century political resentment between the *paese reale* and *paese legale*). Furthermore, the integration of the regions when it began to occur, far from leading to a

growing economic, social and cultural homogenisation of the country, led to an intensification of the pre-existing differences. This was seen, for example, in the uneven development of North and South as well as the development of regionally distinct sub-cultures.[9] Today, Italy is distinguished among advanced capitalist countries for the co-existence on its territory of at least three distinct models of economic organisation (Bagnasco),[9] social formations (Gallino)[10] and political participation (Parise and Pasquino).[11]

It is possible, combining schematically these three models, to suggest that there are three basic socio-economic realities in the country that are localised *grosso modo* in specific areas of the country. Thus, the so-called 'central' economy, based on capital-intensive activity, organised in large industrial and financial groups, oriented towards world markets, coincides more or less with the social formation called 'contemporary', which is characterised by an extremely differentiated and bureaucratised society, and with a consumer culture sensitive to the mass-media and scientific and technological developments. Political participation appears to be based on so-called 'rational calculation', i.e. the vote of opinion combined with collective mobilisation of the sectorial or social category type. It is located territorially in the great metropolises and the urban centres of the 'industrial triangle' (Turin, Milan and Genoa). The so-called 'peripheral' economy, on the contrary, is based on traditional labour-intensive activities, organised in small firms operating on very low technology but high artisinal skills, and coincides more or less with the social formation termed 'modern' which is also characterised by differentiated social institutions and a dynamic and acquisitive culture. Political participation is expressed through territorial sub-cultures, i.e. in the vote of identity and collective mobilisation of an ideological nature. It is found in the small towns, and principally in the North-Eastern and Central regions (The Venetias, Emilia-Romagna, Tuscany, etc.). Finally, the so-called 'marginal' economy is constituted by subsistence agriculture and local, often state-assisted, activities, while the social formation that sustains it is characterised by undifferentiated primary institutions based on static values with local and community integration tendencies; political participation is 'clientelist', i.e. consisting of the personal-exchange vote and clientelistic mobilisation. It is localised in the countryside and above all in the South and Islands.

Confirmation of this regional diversity, at least politically, and, therefore, of the fundamental role of mediation, can be inferred from the fact that, from the 1950s—i.e. from the moment that the great post-war mobilisation (Liberation, Cold War, etc.) declined—the DC has been organised on a territorial basis, often in hermetic provincial fiefs, as a kind of syndicate or federation of political bosses, without a supreme national leader after De Gasperi's death. Every region had its own leader: Rumor in the Veneto, Piccoli in Trento, Taviani in Liguria, Fanfani in Tuscany, Andreotti in Latium, Moro in Apulia, Colombo in Basilicata, Mattarella in Sicily, Segni in Sardinia, etc. The so-called *dorotelismo* (after the name

of the largest internal faction) of the 1960s was the high-summer of what became the Christian Democrat system, i.e. of the logic of the closed system in a country of great regional diversity.[12] Political mediation on socio-territorial bases was the only way to keep so many different elements together. One must also add that economic growth not only promoted regional and territorial diversification but sectorial diversification as well; it was further responsible for the appearance on the national scene of new political protagonists, the Student Movement, Dissident Catholicism, Feminism, the Youth Revolt and, finally, Political Terrorism. It is no surprise, therefore, that the necessary political mediation to keep all the vital components of Italian society together became increasingly difficult, not to say problematical. This furnishes a first answer, even if a very schematic one, to our original observation, i.e. the lack of a coherent political leadership during the 1970s, and the sudden changes of political direction, the contradictory policies, etc.

It is almost a tautology to observe that the ruling class in a capitalist country is identified with the capitalist bourgeoisie. But to govern, above all in parliamentary democratic regimes, a ruling class must ally itself with other classes, otherwise it will fail to command general support. In such a situation, the kinds of question that are normally posed in political analysis of capitalist countries concern the type of alliances the ruling class makes and the effects on the decisions it takes from time to time. There is no doubt that the DC governments of the past thirty years have enjoyed the support of a bloc of social forces that included the capitalist bourgeoisie, the overwhelming majority of the middle classes, the peasantry (organised in the *Coldiretti*—the Catholic National Confederation of Small Farmers) and a small section of the working class (the Catholics). The event that gave rise to this bloc was the Cold War and the ideological cement that bound it together was 'visceral anti-Communism'; finally, its numerical strength has varied over the years, but has tended to decline in the last decade.

Despite all this, our brief and somewhat partial account of the principal dimension of the Italian case seems to place some doubt on the notion that the Italian bourgeoisie is effectively the ruling class of contemporary Italy. In any event, it has underlined the importance of state activity and the role of the political stratum in the reproduction of Italian society. In these circumstances, it is useful to consider the social origins of the political stratum, if only because they condition to a significant degree the way it sees the world. All the studies[13] undertaken are agreed, despite some differences of detail, that the overwhelming majority of the political stratum, defined in the widest sense, has been recruited in the post-war period from the middle classes, and above all from the so-called 'new middle classes'. This is just as true of the upper civil servants and top managers of the public and semi-public agencies as of the parliamentarians, regional and local councillors and leading party cadres. There has been, quite correctly, talk of the monopolisation of power by the 'tertiary population' which began under Fascism and which has increased since

the war with the passing of the years. Today, one can estimate that some 80% of the political stratum have such a social background. Moreover, it is a fact of considerable importance because the 'tertiary population' comprises people who, it has been observed,[14] are, by education and training, 'licensed more or less directly to convert power into money'. Since they lack, as individuals, a stable position in society, they are pressurised into exploiting their temporary positions of power. They rapidly become, therefore, professionals of politics, i.e. they live 'off' politics and not 'for' politics in the famous Weberian distinction. From this point of view, the political stratum will have the tendency, as a group, to erect its own survival as the supreme goal and, as individuals, their own career. Such an orientation helps to explain the endless round of political scandals.

At this point it is worth considering, at least briefly, a thesis that was very fashionable during the 1970s, i.e. that the so-called 'state bourgeoisie' had become the new ruling class[15] or, in its Western neo-marxist version,[16] the hegemonic fraction of the power bloc. In the case of Italy, it was based on the growth of the public sector which, it was claimed, furnished the leaders of the state and para-state, industrial and financial institutions and agencies (state bourgeoisie) with its own autonomous economic base, and had also separated them from the political stratum, the latter defined in a restricted sense as the elected politicians. It was accepted that the state bourgeoisie was subordinate to the constitutional political leadership, but it was argued, using managerial arguments of burnhamite origins, that the former dominated the latter. Such a situation can certainly arise, but I do not believe that it was the case of post-war Italy, except very rarely for very brief moments;[17] and this for a number of reasons. Firstly, the political managers have never really constituted a separate stratum in Italy, with a coherent alternative ideology and an *esprit de corps* of their own. Secondly, appointments were made by the elected political leadership and, given the contingent nature of political alliances (factional struggles inside the DC and PSI), they were often made for immediate goals (as, for example, the financing of a specific faction). Thirdly, many appointments (above all to the Credit Institutions) were made from inside the elected political personnel (i.e. from among defeated MPs and party cadres). Fourthly, given the socio-political role attributed to the public sector, the state bourgeoisie continually needed the support of the elected political personnel for the approval of their endowment funds, budgets and investment programmes, etc. Fifthly, for the state bourgeoisie to constitute a ruling class or hegemonic fraction, it would have had to forge class alliances; and there is little evidence that it ever contemplated such action, let alone attempted it.

It seems pretty clear, therefore, that it was the elected political leadership, legitimated by the liberal democratic political formula to take the fundamental decision, which took them. In any case, the public managers owed their positions to the elected leaders and could hope to conserve them so long as the DC succeeded in maintaining its electoral consensus. Finally, to conclude discussion on this point, the class structure of Italian

society being, as has already been indicated, extremely complex, it placed a premium on mediation as a form of political action; and mediation is the function, *par excellence*, of Parliamentarians in a parliamentary democracy. A function, moreover, that it could not hope to fulfil without the full support of all the other components of the political stratum. It is for this reason that it is necessary, in our view, for an understanding of Italian politics, to define, and conceive of, the political stratum in the widest sense, i.e. as including not only the elected political personnel, but also the upper cadres of the state apparatuses and semi-public bodies. It was the activity of this extended stratum, under the auspices of the DC, that finished by appropriating the Italian state from the inside, and thus permitted the construction of the Christian Democrat regime.[18]

All the points evoked so far suggest that the present domination of the DC political stratum was as much due to the lack of hegemony of one social formation over the others, and so of one class over the others, as to any positive political qualities of its own. I believe that it can be usefully defined as a form of leaderless Bonapartism which is unstable by nature. It should perhaps be added that it has only been possible because of the 'particularities' of the Italian situation, and principally to Italy's geopolitical position and its international consequences that have succeeded in preventing any change of political leadership up to now. But, having said this, it is necessary to stress that the Italian situation has not remained static in the post-war period, far from it! Thus, pointing up some of the key-moments might throw light on the reality of our definition, if only because a political stratum in a capitalist society cannot, despite its autonomy, ignore too long the interests of those classes that support it.

The Cold War permitted the establishment of a decade's hegemony of the capitalist bourgeoisie, even if on very special foundations: division of labour between economic operators, organising the productive process, and political personnel, responsible for the organisation of social consensus. This hegemony was achieved only with the assistance of the Catholic Church. In ten years, the model of economic growth, based on low wages, succeeded in suscitating the 'economic miracle'; and the DC succeeded in consolidating its power bloc through a judicious use of a combination of repression and clientelism.[19] Moreover, it was only in the mid 1950s that Fanfani's faction inside the DC felt the need of a greater autonomy *vis-a-vis* private capital to introduce a reformist policy and began to reinforce and extend the public sector. This extension of the public sector was contested, often violently (Confintesa of 1956, ENI affair, Creation of Ministry of State Holdings, etc.); and required the espousal of neo-capitalist ideological justification (such as the accent on productivism, etc.). But the entrepreneurial capacity of much of the newly expanded public sector quickly revealed itself to be so poor that a great part of its activity became mere welfare mediation.

The situation radically changed during the 1960s: the labour struggles posed yet again for the political stratum the problem of creating new

conditions of socio-economic stability. It attempted to solve it politically with a swing to the right (Tambroni government of 1960), followed by one to the left (*apertura a sinistra* 1962-4 to divide the working class); and economically by provoking two recessions (1963-5 and 1968-70), but also with the hope that the very generous compensation for the nationalisation of the electrical supply industry would stimulate a second wave of productive investments.[20] This did not happen because, on the one hand, of the fall in the rate of profit of productive investment and, on the other, the rise of financial intermediation profitability, this latter sustained by the importance of the middle classes in the DC power bloc. These were the years of the DC's occupation of power and its progressive *doroteizzazione*.[21]

The 'Hot Autumn of '69' undermined the precarious equilibria of the Centre-left coalition (DC, PSI, PSDI and PRI) because the working-class claimed its part of the rising Italian prosperity, and this fact rendered a large part of Italian industry uncompetitive overnight. In addition, the labour organisations demanded a direct participation in decisions affecting them. The political stratum reacted to these developments in the traditional way: first with a new attempt to re-establish the *status quo ante* favourable to capitali (1969-72); when this failed in face of the strength of the labour struggles, it turned to introducing a series of measures favourable to labour (1974-6).[22] Industry, in the meantime, operated a policy of spontaneous decentralisation to escape trade union control. After the 1976 election, a period of relative stability was achieved, thanks mainly to trade union wage moderation and Communist government support. But, once the worst of the economic situation had been overcome, the respite was broken and the PCI edged back into opposition.

Today, the DC political stratum finds itself between Caribdis and Scylla, proposing first this policy then that one, while all the time the supporting groups and factions are demanding a 'cut' for their support. The government has a choice between two strategies, but each implies a different, if not opposing, type of alliance: one is corporatist (social pact between capital, labour and the government for a collective management of the economy) but it depends, on the one hand, on the self-discipline of organised labour and, on the other, of Communist government participation (something which Italy's Western partners—USA and West Germany above all—reject); the other is a direct confrontation between capital and labour to defeat the labour movement and its economic, social and political pretensions.[23] In the meantime, the politicians have finally begun to talk publicly about the need for a number of constitutional changes[24] while the government temporises, placing its immediate hopes in the spontaneous reaction of self-preservation of the population; and all the while inflation—the tribute of a weak and divided executive for some form of national consensus—rages almost uncontrolled.

Thus, we can conclude this brief survey with a forced paradox: if the Christian Democrats have failed to create the *civitas dei* of the Holy Roman Church to which it might have been thought that they aspired,

class must be ranked . . . churchmen, lawyers, physicians, men of letters of all kinds; players, buffoons, musicians, opera-singers, opera-dancers, etc.'

Marx comments:

'This is the language of the still revolutionary bourgeoisie which has not yet subjected to itself the whole of society, the state, etc. All these illustrious and time-honoured occupations—sovereign, judge, officer, priest, etc.,—with all the old ideological professions to which they give rise, their men of letters, their teachers and priests, are *from an economic standpoint* put on the same level as the swarm of their own lackeys and jesters maintained by the bourgeoisie and by idle wealth —the landed nobility and idle capitalists. They are mere servants of the public, just as the others are their servants. They live on the produce of other people's industry, therefore they must be reduced to the smallest possible number.'[10]

The substance of this clear revolutionary standpoint is contained in Ricardo's later exhortation to develop the forces of production whatever the cost. It is modified once the ideologists of the bourgeoisie have acquired power, or at least a decisive influence on the government, usually on the basis of significant compromises. This is the beginning of that 'educated' outlook which attempts to justify all the activities the bourgeoisie finds useful or desirable by extending the concept of productivity to them, i.e. by regarding the labour involved in them as somehow productive in an economic sense. For this attitude in which we can see the clean and strict principles of classical economies being transformed into an apologia for the bourgeoisie, Marx has unrelieved contempt. He quotes this statement by Nassau Senior:

'According to Smith, the lawgiver of the Hebrews was an unproductive labourer.'

And he comments:

'Was it Moses of Egypt or Moses Mendelssohn? Moses would have been very grateful to Mr. Senior for calling him a "productive labourer" in the Smithian sense. These people are so dominated by their fixed bourgeois ideas that they would think they were insulting Aristotle or Julius Caesar if they called them "unproductive labourers". Aristotle and Caesar would have regarded even the title "labourers" as an insult.'[11]

Hegel's view seems to be directed against both Smith and his detractors. In reality there is only a gulf between him and these 'educated'

apologists of the bourgeoisie. It did not occur to him for a moment to justify the existence of the universal class by describing its members as productive workers in some figurative sense of the term. On the contrary, in all the writings where he is concerned to define the different estates he emphasized that the 'universal class' is economically inactive and lives on the fruits of the labours of the second and third estates. In fact it can only be held to be a universal class in Hegel's eyes because it is unproductive.

Now, when Hegel distributes all the light on the side of unproductive activities and the shadows on the side of the bourgeoisie, he poses a problem that did not even occur to Smith and Ricardo, since they, and especially Ricardo, had their attention focused above all on the development of productive forces and the consequent advancement of humanity. (This is not to imply that either of them was blind to the human and cultural consequences of e.g. the capitalist division of labour. On the contrary, both men saw the problems very clearly and Smith especially who was not a disciple of Ferguson devoted much thought to them. But all this was secondary in their eyes to the great question of the development of the material forces of production.)

The hard core of Hegel's conception of 'tragedy in the realm of the ethical' is that he is wholeheartedly in agreement with Adam Smith's view that the development of the material forces of production is progressive and necessary, even in respect to culture since, as we have repeatedly maintained, the higher, more developed and spiritual form of individuality of the modern world goes hand in hand with the growth in the productive forces. He is as forceful as Smith and Ricardo in his strictures on the complaints of the Romantics about the modern world and he heaps scorn on their sentimentality which fixes on particulars while ignoring the overall situation. But at the same time, he also sees—and this brings him closer to the interests and preoccupations of Balzac and Fourier—that the type of man produced by this material advance in and through capitalism is the practical negation of everything great, significant and sublime that humanity had created in the course of its history up to then. The contradiction of two necessarily connected phenomena, the indissoluble bond between progress and the debasement of mankind, the purchase of progress at the cost of that debasement—that is the heart of the 'tragedy in the realm of the ethical'.

Thus Hegel articulates one of the great contradictions of capitalist society (and with certain reservations, of all class societies). The opaque, mystificatory form and the illusory solution of the Jena period should not blind us to the fact that Hegel has hit upon a crucial contradiction in the history of bourgeois society, a contradiction that the founders of Marxism always acknowledged and which only the Menshevik opportunists and the vulgar sociology that followed them continually obscured in

but instead a variation of that bourgeois religion of which Engels wrote, i.e. a form of leaderless Bonapartism, it still leaves open the question, made more acute by the deepening world recession, of just how long the present regime can survive.[24]

NOTES

[1] G-E. Rusconi and S. Scamuzzi, 'Italy Today: An Eccentric Society' in *Current Sociology/La Sociologie contemporaine*, vol. 29, n. 1, Spring 1981, pp. 204.
[2] According to the Church and Pike Reports of the US Congress, 1975-6; for the latter, see *CIA, The Pike Report*, Nottingham, 1977, Spokesman Books, pp. 192-5.
[3] In *Panorama* of 31 August, 1972.
[4] See M. Vajda, *Fascism as a Mass Movement*, London, 1976, Allison & Busby.
[5] See G-F. Poggi, 'The Church in Italian Politics 1945-50' in S. J. Woolf (ed.) *The Rebirth of Italy*, 1943-50, London 1972, Longman, pp. 136-7.
[6] See A. Mutti and P. Segatti, *La borghesia di stato*, Milan, 1977, Marzotta, Chap. 2.
[7] See P. Saraceno, 'La mancata unificazione economica' in AAVV., *L'economia italiana dal* 1861 *al* 1961, Milan, 1961, Giuffre, p. 694.
[8] See C. Trigilia, *le subculture politiche territoriali*, Milan 1981, Fondazione Feltrinelli, Quaderni n. 16.
[9] A. Bagnasco, *Tre Italie, la problematica territoriale dello sviluppo italiano*, Bologna, 1977, Il Mulino, pp. 255.
[10] L. Gallino, 'Italy' in M. S. Archer and S. Giner (eds.), *Contemporary Europe: Class, Status, Power*, London, 1971, Weidenfeld & Nicolson.
[11] A. Parise and G-F. Pasquino (eds.), *Coninuità e mutamento elettorale in Italia*, Bologna, 1977, Il Mulino.
[12] See P. Allum, *L'Italia tra crisi ed emergenza, Napoli*, 1979, Guida, pp. 79-85.
[13] See the bibliography quoted in Rusconi and Scamuzzi, *op. cit.* Sections 4, 5 and 6, but most significantly 6.2.
[14] C. Barberis, *La classe politica municipale*, Milan, 1978, F. Angeli, p. 40.
[15] See E. Scalfari and G. Turani, *Razza padrone*, Milan, 1974, Feltrinelli; and G. Galli and A. Nannei, *Il capitalismo assistenziale*, Milan, 1976, Sugar Co.
[16] See N. Poulantzas, *Les classes sociales dans le capitalisme d'aujourd'hui*, Paris, 1974, Seuil (English translation: *Classes in Contemporary Capitalism*, London, 1975, NLB, pp. 336).
[17] At the beginning of the 1970s, Cefis, Chairman of ENI and later of Montedison, thought that the public managers were a new ruling class, but he was wrong as his subsequent career demonstrated; see his famous speech at the Modena Military Academy in 1971, quoted by M. Vittorini, *Petrolio e potere*, Venice, 1974, Marsilio.
[18] See L. Gallino, *'Sociologia dello stato'* in *Quaderni di sociologia*, a. XXVI, n. 3, December 1977, p. 361.
[19] See A. Pizzorno, 'The Middle Classes in the Mechanism of Consensus' in D. Pinto (ed.), *Contemporary Italian Sociology*, Cambridge, 1981, C.U.P.
[20] See E. Scalfari and G. Turani, *op. cit.*
[21] See R. Orfei, *L'occupazione del potere, I democristiani*, '45-'75, Milan, 1976, Longanesi.
[22] See M. Salvati, *Alle origine dell'inflazione italiana*, Bologna, 1980, Il Mulino.
[23] See P. Allum, *op. cit., pp.* 188-90.
[24] See the special number of *Pouvoirs*, n. 18, 1981, dedicated to the political and constitutional problems of Italy; in English, D. Hine, 'Thirty Years of the Italian Republic: Governability and Constitutional Reform' in *Parliamentary Affairs*, vol. XXXIV, n. 1, Winter 1981, pp. 63-80.
[25] One might add that the celebrated *Loggia P2* has much of the appearance of a latter-day 'Society of December 10'.

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POEM

WINTER 81/82

It is a long winter full of snowing
On the hungry people
Whom the frost is biting
Finger and toe
As they labour through November's turning;
It is a long winter
Where comes the bitter black nights descending
With hail and ice,
And then the closing
Of the rivers
When the final sounding
Of the tide is halted and frozen dumb;
It is a long winter snowing
Over the neglected city and the urban wasteland,
Forever falling
On the metropolitan miscellany
Which hour by hour are slowly disappearing
The grey sandstone, the bus-stop, the parked car:
Smothered shops, roads and bridges dripping
Like nondescript ornaments;
Forever falling—
On my window ledge and glaciate pane
Till I no longer am aware or listening;
Till I no longer can see
The uniform snow still falling
On the unfamiliar panorama;
It is a long winter full of snowing.

JON WATSON, JNR.

PICTURES ON BLACK GLASS

by Adrian Rendle

NOAH was a sprightly young Ugandan who had visited America and been educated at a University there. He had fine features, the fact being slightly distorted beneath large heavy glasses and a scrub beard that seemed glued theatrically to his chin. Short and delicate, he compensated a rather bookish appearance with a blazing *kitengi* shirt in dazzling blue and white and a silver bracelet on his small-boned wrist.

'You have seen nothing of Africa here in this jumped up city and the old University Campus', he said. 'All you have seen is black people—and that isn't our one and only product. I'll take you out to the villages and show you just how black we really are; then you can be as prejudiced as hell'. He laughed with relish at this thought.

In the political climate of 1972 Uganda was tasting the first fruits of the Idi Amin régime with its military overtones and its cruelties. The police were secretly active enough to instill a fear of being overheard. Noah's remarks would have just passed within the boundary of unsuspicious comment had a listening government official been around. But like him there were many who noted the crumbling walls of an educational system that was being regarded as too colonial for independent comfort. As a University Lecturer in English, Noah realised that he was probably being looked on as a luxury.

'Here I speak English and teach it. In my village where I will take you for the week-end no one will understand you but me. But tribal languages are basically useless; you can't participate in the world on small private languages'.

The morning was very hot and we drove only a short distance before finding ourselves already requiring cold drinks in the shade of wattle huts beside Lake Victoria. Running away from the Lake's edge, the lush vegetation looked like a cool umbrella and we were soon glad to be driving along the thin road that fled in and out of heavy tree shadow, keeping the taste of our beer as cool as a well within us; the taste and the sting remained moist in the mouth.

'Be prepared—that's the last of the bottled booze for a while', said Noah as we drove off towards the deserted bush country. Along the road were a few *shambas* thick with the wide matoke banana leaves that sprouted all round the living quarters in abundant fortification. Outside some of the homes small doll figures were perched on a pole bearing a large rag head—like a sunflower. Warriors against evil, the old traditions looked odd under the occasional television aerial. Our bright blue car attracted attention along the road and children could be seen staring and waving, the juice of the beetle nut red on their teeth.

'Here they will wave to you; later in the forest they will eat you. That's tradition', said Noah in heavy African.

The signs of any life thinned down as we continued for some miles. The road became less obvious until eventually we turned off along a

track approaching thick plantation and strong dark trees. A small collection of mud huts revealed itself set out at equal paces from each other. The sound of our car had brought dozens of children and young adults out of the huts and from nearby gardens of fruit and maize. Their faces were happy and they clearly recognised the car as they ran towards us shouting.

'I have friends here and they built me a new mud hut specially for the week-ends. My country cottage—so to speak', said Noah.

The children round the car stared at me with disbelief and apprehension; *'musungu'* they repeated, pointing their fingers with curiosity.

'Here white is peculiar; for them you are a real specimen.' Noah talked with them as we got out of the car and soon they had dropped their awkwardness or sense of disbelief. They wanted to touch me just to see if I was real.

The village chief was thickset and old, wearing baggy trousers of calf length and many bracelets round his arms, mostly of copper. He was a russet, coffee colour, with whitened hair, large eyes and a pot belly that protruded as hard as a canonball. He was very talkative with Noah and insisted that we should visit his hut immediately to eat something with him. Clapping his large hands he signalled to the villagers and wicker chairs were pulled outside his home. The Chief had decided that some fresh white ants would be the most hospitable gesture he could make for Noah and his 'friend'.

The women began this ceremony by bringing out large pots—some were earthenware while others were simply old well-cleaned instant coffee tins from the town. Hollow reeds were produced and tested for their suppleness, then blown through to make sure the reed was clear.

On the ground I could see many tiny holes. The reeds were pushed into these holes with the other end returning to the mouth of one of the pots. Then it was ready for the drumming to start.

Hands, feet, fingers began subtly to tap the ground, a pattering rhythm that simulated the rainfall and within a few minutes the white ants began to respond. Like blind commuters on an escalator they climbed to the top of the reed and plopped into the pot where they squirmed about on top of each other in their dozens. All African eyes watched with pleasure until, with a satisfactory harvest, the drumming ceased and the reeds were taken up.

The Chief rose and invited us into his hut with some ceremony and the largest pot went with him. Once inside we sat ourselves in a circle and the pot began to circulate. A kind of lucky dip. Everyone ate them like a handful of peanuts.

Noah told me with a quick smile, knowing how I must be feeling, to take two or three. 'It will be enough to make your friendship last.'

'What do they taste of?' I whispered to him.

'They are sweet', was all he would say.

They *were* sweet. Trying to think of liquorice allsorts, I put my hand into the pot and managed two white ants that were whizzing round the side of the pot in a frenzy of self-survival. The distance between hand

and mouth had never seemed so long. Once I had chewed them at cannibalistic speed I managed to smile and the effect on everyone was instantaneous. They said nothing—but nodded quietly as if to themselves. Taking the pot from me, manfully, Noah spoke. 'Good'.

The *pombe* that followed in calabashes was warm and dark. A heavy sticky beer that came from the pounding of bananas. It did not do to think of it as beer but after the ants it was refreshing. We finished the drink and thanked the Chief for his kindness, leaving the darkness of the hut to fetch some things from the car before making our way to Noah's own mud hut at the end of the village. Several children helped us carry the things along, making a small safari of bags and one or two basic cooking utensils.

Noah's hut was spacious and there was a strong smell of pine essence from the beautifully polished floor made from cow dung beaten flat and then glazed over like an advertisement for a modern bathroom. There were no windows but it was cool. The light from the sun reflected through the entrance showed up two beds, two chairs and a small table on which stood a tilly lamp and some matches. It felt like a ship's cabin that had somehow been magically transplanted to a central African forest where the sea sounded only in dreams.

A young woman peeped round the door as we were rolling out the bedding and offered Noah a large calabash in both of her hands. 'Not more beer', I said. 'No, this is cool water. It's really cool and quite safe. Try it'.

He handed me the gourd and it was heavy with the fullness of the clear water I could see in the neck and I drank it gratefully and with great trust—for the whole feeling was one of trust now. The calabash was large and orange coloured, holding a good two pints of this beautiful water and the slight roughness of the texture as you gripped it was pleasant. Calabash, water and peace came together as we lay down on our beds and smoked a cigarette while we talked. Later, I had drifted into a sound sleep and when I woke the tilly lamp was burning and Noah had just come into the hut.

'What's the time?', I asked, almost guiltily.

'You slept well after the *pombe'*, said Noah. 'Don't apologise for sleeping. That is a white man's neuroticism. You people never think you can drop off to sleep naturally. Time here is unimportant—here we are creating time'. He liked to speak like this about Africa: with pride and mystical understanding. 'We create it', he emphasised, wagging a lecturer's finger at me. 'That, my friend, is an art—quite apart from being bloody lazy', and he hooted into laughter as he exploded his own argument.

The early evening was cool and Noah wanted to visit a bar which was along the road outside the village.

'This is a real black bar. I used to go there a lot; you'll like it and the beer, my friend, is straight from the bottle'.

Leaving the village by car in the dark seemed eerie. Again the young men and girls came out of their homes because the car was starting. It

had become their chariot, their car and its journeys mattered to them. The young looked critical—they knew cars were important, not just pieces of fancy work. I asked Noah if this village was part of his family life.

'Yes', he said. 'I have relations here and they are very proud of my teaching at a University. They spoil me and I have to protest because they think of me as a big success. Of course to them I am. But I wish they would understand the car and the University for what they are'.

We drove to the road that was red with murram dust, now looking grey under the night sky and bumped our way along the rough surface. Soon we were out onto the Jinga road and passing the broken-down shanty settlements where sparkling new cars were parked outside corrugated iron shacks and where transistors screeched the 'high life' dance. There were bars open here with clusters of men in brightly coloured shirts, holding bottled beer and watching the road with interest, even envy.

The shanty town seemed like a paper thin film set as we sped past it—pretentious and unreal where the mud huts of the village had been well ordered and clean. At last the ragged backdrop gave way to a few buildings and dark streets where people were walking. On the outskirts of the town electric light flowered in abundance; dance halls built like open hangars and a red electric sign with a jumping arrow that had several faulty bulbs.

The bar was crowded. Noah greeted several men who acknowledged him with nods and quick looks at myself. There were no women to be seen. We found a corner table and Noah brought the drinks. He sat beside me and began talking.

'This is all part of my pre-pre-educational existence. I feel like a bum coming back here sometimes because I know I don't like it now—and I should like it. The old Africa is changing too fast, that's the trouble with us all. This is part of the thing that happened to me. Somehow it's good to have you here—a white passport. Something that puts up my stock. It's all wrong but don't worry: the natives are definitely friendly but they'll just think it more peculiar that I'm here like this, I suppose. Oh, shit, shit.'

I noticed he wasn't smiling any more. He was not carefree as he had been in the village. I could sense a feeling of shame. Coming here with him had been part of his own 'work-out'; I was definitely the other side on view with him; a piece of bravado.

A leathery man of middle years joined us and greeted me in good English. 'Getting the local colour', he winked. Noah interjected. 'He's working with me'. The man nodded politely. Then he sat down with Noah and spoke in the Baganda language quietly.

While I sat at the table with them, there was a distinct feeling of uneasiness created round us by the faces and whispers that clearly showed this man as someone important. The men were in awe of his presence and they took care not to touch him accidentally as they passed with bottles of beer. Noah listened and I was totally excluded until finally the man rose from our table and winked again at me. 'You will excuse us not talking English all the time', he said.

When we came out from the bar two soldiers were lounging outside, their light-weight khaki and green uniforms rumpled above their dusty boots. They carried ill-kempt Lee-Enfield rifles slung over their shoulders carelessly. We crossed over to the car where a well-built sergeant was waiting. He looked a good deal neater and better fed than his two men. His boots were shining and he wore a black beret and a gun holster. His thin brown leather gloves added a final touch of dandyism. The sergeant was not inquisitive but leant against the car casually and without aggression, straightening up as Noah approached.

He was a West Niler, blacker than Noah and broad shouldered. He spoke English in a bass voice that was easy and without tension as he held out his hand, revealing a bunch of keys.

'We noticed you left these in the car. What's your name?' Noah told him and he looked at the keys and the name tag. ' "Professor" eh? I'll have to make out a chit', he said. 'Your identity and the car number'.

'Isn't that for the police?' Noah asked.

'*We* saw the car. No police here, we're doing you a favour'.

The sergeant laboriously took the details and the two soldiers had come up beside us to stand around, their cigarettes out and their hats straight.

'Right', said the sergeant, finally. 'You be careful with your car, "Professor".' He added the title again with slight derision.

Noah laughed good naturedly and the soldiers moved off to a jeep that was parked a little ahead of us. 'I didn't notice them when we arrived', said Noah. 'Just as well they saw the keys'. He switched on and we began to follow the jeep that had just moved. In the back the two soldiers sat with their rifles over their knees and as we picked up speed the sergeant driver swept us on with a grandiose gesture of his gloved hand.

Noah seemed relieved as we drove off to the village again. 'I'm sorry about the bar,' he said. 'There are a lot of soldiers around there. I hadn't realised just how many we have in the army these days. It seems as though the army is becoming a number one occupation and if you do a job they know who you are. You know what they call the University—the Ivory Tower. That's what we are, you see—an ivory tower waiting to be pulled down or punctured.'

It was late into the morning when we finally woke in the hut and packed the few things ready to return to Kampala on the Sunday. By nine it was already hot and our village was alive, there being no difference to week-end life. The day is the day and night the night. Even with the occasional newspaper and radio coming into the village, there was no impression of people being anything other than belonging entirely to themselves.

We had decided to get into Kampala for lunch. Along the road we picked up the radio news for the day: coffee prices, smuggling and military manoeuvres going on: the President would be making another speech at an athletics meeting re-stating the need for the country to rid itself of the Asian-Indian commercial domination, and there was to be a performance of a play called *Queen Elizabeth Slept Here* at the National Theatre acted by the local whites.

In Kampala we felt like eating curry. In the restaurant on the main square there was already quite a party in progress at a table occupied by three Sikhs who were celebrating their imminent departure from the country by eating an enormous meal. Their flamboyant manners were deliberate in the face of a city that had grown hostile to them. Their white turbans flashed as they turned their heads and laughed to each other with an abandon that smacked of desperation. In the final reckoning of their bill they abused the African waiter with a superiority of demeanour that was immensely studied and as we sat quietly eating, Noah remarked that they were foolish to behave in this way. He understood their anxiety but resented their manners and expansive gestures. Suddenly one of the Indians rose from his banquet and came to our table and spoke with quiet, silky indifference in English.

'Excuse me, but you are British are you not?' he asked. 'Tomorrow we take the plane to London, so we have plenty of blankets. In fact we have purchased all the blankets that are left in the shops from our fellow Indian tradesmen. We will leave nothing here that is useful to the Kaffir.' He glanced at Noah and then leaned across the table towards me. 'Tonight we are eating again. You are invited as someone from a land we visit but do not know even though we have British passports' and he thrust a deckle-edged visiting card into my hand, continuing quickly, 'We shall have a bonfire', his eyes brightened; 'we are burning a million pounds in bank notes'.

Noah went on eating his curry for a moment and then said quietly, 'You should go this evening. A million pounds is a lot of money to burn. I can't offer you as much'.

'If he wants to burn his money he's entitled to do so', I said.

'Yes, of course— he's making sure no one else gets it. But you can be sure he'll get the gold out. I don't believe the Asians deserve the rough treatment they're getting from our military but they were not good to us. As a boy I can remember how they thought every African was a thief in their shops. They treated us like dirt'.

I went to the Indian party. That evening the sky was black velvet and the stars seemed to hang lower than before. The Indian family were in their best clothes and served chili-pot and champagne to about seventy guests. In the centre of the garden stood a large oil drum and some sacks containing the money. It was almost nine-thirty when the first sackful was burnt. It was an hysterical gesture and the family laughed a good deal.

'Money burns quickly', someone said, as the second sackful was being fed into the drum.

An old Sikh sat on a low chair facing the blaze and looked beyond the smoke—as though seeing his already twice-told fortune. I could see his lips moving and his fingers slightly pinching his well-creased white trousers.

'My wife is afraid for her ears', someone said to me. 'She is wearing gold pierced earrings and she is afraid they will cut off her ears.'

Leaving this gathering I felt a mixture of sadness and repugnance. The greed of people was deplorable yet understandable in the face of a

Government that were amateur in their thuggery yet brutal enough to cut off a few fingers if the mood was right.

As soon as I got back to my flat the telephone rang and it was Noah, who had apparently already rung several times.

'How was the bonfire party?', he asked.

'Sickening in every way', I said.

'Good. I have a Princess with me and you must meet her. She's real and will take the taste away.'

There was a clear moon and when I came round to below the concrete balcony of Noah's 'on campus' rooms I could see two candles burning on the balustrade. Noah looked down, leaning on his elbows, sipping a drink. Beside him I could make out the coffee-coloured skin of a beautiful girl who was standing a few feet back. The night was so still I could hear their voices whispering together as I approached.

Once in his flat it was easy to see how beautiful the girl was. She was dressed in a long red skirt and top and moved exquisitely on bare feet. She was in every way a 'Princess'. Her eyes were soft and her features finely constructed without a plane of coarseness and the thick lips were well proportioned and delicately sensuous. With a gladness of innocent joy she served me with thin biscuits and whisky.

With his African girl beside him Noah had changed. His confidence and sexual esteem gave him a breadth and he wanted to leave me in no doubt about his virility. The girl was clearly wanting to sleep with him and was wide awake to his every move.

We talked of the long day we had had in the village and the feast of white ants, with Noah reliving my behaviour and laughing while she sat close to him brushing his knee with her hand and assuming a suitably shocked surprise at our mud hut week-end. It was all very relaxed and innocent.

When I left them they were both beautiful and polite; Noah pressing the half empty whisky bottle on me as a memento. He had wanted me to see the girl and approve rather than to show off. They were young and tender in the night: joyous in their celebration of each other and in their generous inclusion of myself.

I returned to Britain. Within three months there was an abortive attempt by Tanzania to invade Uganda and topple the buffalo of Bomba —as Amin had been satirised in some quarters. 'All he needs to go with his uniform is a top hat and a feather', one of Noah's fellow lecturers had remarked.

A solitary postcard arrived from this man in Kenya, telling me the news succinctly, on the reverse side of a wild-life picture.

'We are all getting away when and where we can. Noah is dead: slain.' (The medieval word seemed out of place, yet at the same time up to date.) 'The army has been busy up at the "Ivory Tower," as he sometimes called it.' There was no mention of the princess—but then you can't say everything on a postcard.

MEANWHILE . . . BACK IN PARIS

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by James Morton

PERHAPS the most enduring of the *nouvelle vague* directors has been François Truffaut. Claude Chabrol has not surfaced, at least in England, since *Violette Nozière* and Louis Malle seems firmly entrenched in America. Truffaut stays behind to fly the tricolour and this he does in what is certainly his most accessible and popular film of recent years, *Le Dernier Metro*. It is easy to see why the film is so popular. France is having one of its periodical reassessments of life under the Hun, and the film stars Catherine Deneuve and Gerard Depardieu are two of the country's most popular players. The film itself is a story of a theatre in Montmartre, kept alive during the Occupation, by the absent manager's wife and a young actor fresh from *Grand Guignol*. The absent manager is thought to have escaped from Paris but in fact is hidden in the cellars under the theatre from which he directs a play acceptable to the German censors but which has a hidden series of allegories.

The film is a mishmash of styles and theatrical and cinematic jokes. Truffaut's other film about the cinema, *La Nuit Americaine*, was also full of tricks and it too was a great success. In *Le Dernier Metro* Truffaut uses the dialogue first from the play being rehearsed, *Disappearance*, and later from Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* to confuse and point up the issue. Indeed the last sequence is a direct trick on the audience. In the film occupied Paris is something of a never-never land. The film opens with a Movietone News sequence of Paris under the Germans, having to get home before the curfew—hence the title of the film, and it continues with Depardieu trying to accost a woman as she goes to the Theatre Montmartre; and so he does, where Catherine Deneuve, as Madame Steiner, sets about saving the family fortunes with what seems to be a very dull play. As with *La Nuit Americaine* nothing is quite what it seems; the girl he has tried to pick up is the stage designer but she rejects him because she is lesbian, not because of the initial insulting suggestion that she is easy prey; the dialogue we hear, and which seems to bear on the action turns out to be nothing more than rehearsed speeches from the play. All is in a world of theatricality. Even the theatre and the square in which it stands is clearly a stage set, rather like the Moulin Rouge and its environs in Renoir's *French Can-Can*. Such tension as there is in the film is whether Steiner, lurking in the bowels of the theatre like the *Phantom of the Opera*, will be discovered, and whether Depardieu's behaviour towards the Germans will lead to the discovery of his sketchily shown adherence to the Resistance. The film is always watchable, particularly in the sequences with the collaborator critic Daxiat, loathsomely well played by Jean-Louis Richard, but eventually I thought it was all a little too jokey for its own good.

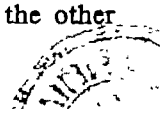
Twenty years or so earlier Alan Bates and Maggie Smith could be

found living in a very louche Paris in *Quartet* directed by James Ivory and based on the novel by Jean Rhys. This is a Paris whose atmosphere is tangible as Bates and Smith adopt and outact a young girl played by Isabelle Adjani. Poor Miss Adjani playing the role of Marya Zelli, based on Jean Rhys herself, just isn't in the same class as Bates, Smith or for that matter Anthony Higgins playing her expatriate Polish con-man husband. Eventually Higgins is sent to prison for some fraud and Adjani is taken up by Bates and his wife. The film, as is the book, is based on the love affair between Jean Rhys and Ford Maddox Ford. Adjani moves in with Bates and his complaisant wife who accepts the need he has for young and foolish mistresses and whose only fear is of a fully-fledged scandal. Ivory has always been strong on party sequences and there are two in this film which point and counterpoint the progress of the affair. The first in a nightclub is a masterly shot sequence of nuance and innuendo and the second at Ford's house resembles the middle stages of the party in Ivory's *The Wild Party* in which James Coco went rather more publicly deranged than does Alan Bates in this film. Indeed the one false note of Bates' otherwise impeccable performance is when he has a momentary breakdown following an outraged attack by Miss Adjani.

There is no doubt that Miss Adjani's acting has come some way following her debut in Truffaut's *L'Histoire de Adèle H* and her wooden performance in Walter Hill's *Driver* but the truth is that however beautiful she may be—and she certainly is—she is not in the same class as the three British principals in this film. She was awarded the Best Actress prize at the Cannes Film Festival for her part in *Quartet* but it must surely have been for effort rather than achievement.

John Boorman has been trying to put together the finance to make a film about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table and *Excalibur* is the result of years of work. Filmed in Ireland with some truly stunning photography this is a fair old mess which is doing very well in America. The level it attains is that of a very superior animated cartoon with dialogue to match. It is not helped by Nicol Williamson, an actor I have almost always admired, who plays Merlin rather in the style of Jimmy Hill introducing Match of the Day. Helen Mirren is Morgan LeFay and Nigel Terry the hapless Arthur. The best moment of the film is when the beautiful Cherry Lunghi as Guinevere first claps eyes on Lancelot who has come to escort her to Camelot. It is a moment of beautiful acting which is not helped by the intrusion of the *Liebestod* from *Tristan* on the soundtrack. The music is perhaps one of the most aggravating bits of the film with Wagner and Orff working, or being worked overtime as the Knights ride hither and thither. Sadly the trick photography isn't up to much. The true heroes are the members of the Irish Stuntmen's Guild who lumber through mud and blood lopping at each other. It is all a bit pretentious as well as being a comic strip.

Some people might say that Richard Rush's *The Stunt Man* is pretentious as well. It is, but it is enormously good fun. On the one hand there is Peter O'Toole hamming it up as the half-mad film director making an impossible statement about World War I and on the other



is the delightful Barbara Hershey. Now I know that Barbara Hershey cannot act very well either under her name or her *alter ego* of Barbara Seagull, but she has a most beautiful smile. She is everyone's idea of a flower child and although she must be ageing she does retain a total innocence. It may be her private life which keeps her young. She took the name Seagull when she accidentally killed one of those birds and decided to expiate her crime. Given that sort of philosophy she is entitled to be the eternal ingenue and this she does with endless charm. O'Toole is really the eccentric Head of Pop who takes in tow a younger boy and moulds him to his ways. On this occasion the younger boy is an ex-Vietnam soldier who has hit a cop and is on the run. Accidentally he stumbles into the shooting of O'Toole's film and in fact causes the death of the stuntman whose work he takes over. Nothing is quite as it seems. Is O'Toole mad and trying to kill him? Is he in love with Ms Hershey or is she in love with O'Toole? Will his next stunt be his last? The stunts themselves are excellently done. The suspense keeps on coming until the last frames and if you disregard any nonsense about the Director as Good and Evil and having power of life and death and all that rubbish about power corrupting it's as good a film as you can wish for an undemanding evening out.

True Confessions is a multi-layered film. On the surface it is the story of an investigation into the death of a prostitute. On the next level it is, rather like the earlier *Chinatown,* about corruption, and then on other levels it is about pride, family relationships, and so forth. Robert De Niro, who still seems to retain some of the weight he put on for *Raging Bull,* is the smooth influential priest in 1940's Los Angeles, destined at least to be a Bishop even if not a Cardinal. His brother Tom, played absolutely beautifully by Robert Duvall, is the honest grafting detective investigating the mutilation of the girl. The trail leads inexorably back to the Irish Catholic community and De Niro's relatively innocent involvement in the matter. Duvall destroys De Niro along with the others involved.

The acting throughout the long list of principal characters is handsome but it is the playing of the two principals which commands the most attention. De Niro now adds the urbane middle-aged priest to his lengthening gallery of characters. It was only a few years ago that the Hollywood star merely acted in a role which suited him and which was easily both recognisable and interchangeable for most of his others. Look at John Wayne or Charlton Heston for example. Even the roles of William Holden were fairly standard—that of the cynical hero. The current crop of stars is different and we should be grateful for that. Duvall, who was last seen as the young officer sent to destroy Marlon Brando in *Apocalypse Now,* is unrecognisable from that picture. It is rare for De Niro to be outacted but in this rewarding and entertaining film Duvall seems always to have the edge on him.

All in all it is a most satisfying film. In America there were complaints that the film was set up for a final confrontation between the brothers but it never came. This seems to me to be one of its strengths.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

RED BUT GALLANT

Ellen Wilkinson (1891-1947). Betty Vernon. Groom Helm Ltd. £14.95.

'To write a good biography,' Sir Philip Magnus once said, 'the author must think well of his subject.' On this test Betty Vernon must be awarded very high marks. She is obviously devoted to the memory of *Red Ellen* and to her *isms*, for Ellen was a Pacifist, Socialist, Feminist and, like so many other Labour leaders, nurtured in Methodism. The book is well researched with copious notes at the end of each chapter, a long bibliography, and a Dedication to Dame Margaret Cole. But the book is also fair, as I will try to explain.

Ellen Wilkinson was one of four children, daughter of a Lancashire cotton operative turned insurance clerk, who lived in a respectable street of long terraced houses in Ardwick. *Little Miss Perky, The Pocket Passionaria* were some of the many nicknames she earned during her climb from being a member of the I.L.P. at the age of 16 to her final and last post as The Rt. Hon. Ellen Wilkinson, P.C., M.P., M.A., LL.D. (Hon), Minister of Education. She served many apprenticeships, Manchester City Councillor; woman organiser of N.U.D.A.W. (Nat. Union of Distributive & Allied Workers); Anti-Sweating League & Trade Boards; Journalist, particularly on Time & Tide under Lady Rhondda; Women's Sufferage organiser; dedicated anti-Fascist in Germany and the Spanish Civil War; Parliamentary Secretary of Home Security in Winston's war-time Government.

The life of Ellen Wilkinson illustrates the history of the Labour Party over the last 50 years. True, she won a scholarship to Manchester University, but she had a base in the Trade Union Movement, which was evolving among unskilled workers including women. She was always on the Left, in fact she was originally a Communist; but little by little she was forced to face the facts of life, never more than as Minister of Education. She was bitterly attacked by a certain Welsh M.P., W. G. Cove, in 1946; so was I eleven years earlier by the same Welsh teacher-M.P. The facts are that no Minister of Education could carry out the grandiose schemes of school re-organisation, because the tools were not there. Housing had to take priority, hence the Nissen huts. Ellen worked herself to death in a most difficult job. Here the author Betty Vernon is most fair.

Ellen Wilkinson, the Ellen of the Jarrow March, had plenty of courage. In my opinion, and other things being agreed, she was the Wedgwood Benn of her day. She believed that society must be changed into a socialist Utopia, certainly not by force, but by capturing the citadel of capitalism—words, words, words. Whether Ellen Wilkinson was an ambitious opportunist or an impatient idealist seems to me an idle and unimportant controversy. There is, however, a decisive slant in the book—perhaps inevitable with such a mercurial personality—which covers a coterie of left-wing advocates within the much broader *church* of the Labour movement. However, Ellen was a long-time member of the Fabian Society, a very close friend of the moderate Herbert Morrison and intrigued to make him Prime Minister instead of Attlee. If she was Red she was also a gallant fighter.

KENNETH LINDSAY

PATTERN OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR

Love, Sex, Marriage and Divorce. Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy. Jonathan Cape. £8.50.

This book is mainly concerned with changes in the pattern of sexual behaviour throughout the ages. Its scope is daunting. The themes dealt with are of the utmost complexity and it is to the author's credit that he has been able to encompass such a wide territory in a reasonably coherent, enlightened and sometimes highly entertaining manner.

Early chapters are devoted to sexual mores and laws in bygone civilisations. It is noted, for example, that the Babylonian, Greek and Hebraic legal systems all recognised divorce as a solution to marital breakdown. In the full flush of the Roman Empire marriage, although distinctly male dominated, was taken very seriously and often constituted a 'long devoted compassionate union'. But as the Roman civilisation disintegrated and finally collapsed divorce ran rampant, adultery was commonplace, sexual indulgence particularly with slaves became pervasive and the whole 'moral' fibre of the society was progressively undermined.

Moving to more modern times the author traces the saga of the women's liberation movement over the past thirty years. There is, of course, already a vast literature on this theme and one can find little of originality in the presentation apart from some useful speculation as to how massive joblessness spearheaded by microelectronics will affect women's roles in society. The conclusions are drawn, rightly in my opinion, that women will be the main sufferers from this change, that their employment prospects will be adversely affected and that *pari passu* their dissatisfactions and frustrations will increase significantly. A useful section on the Kinsey report is included. Its dominant influence in pioneering knowledge in this general area is stressed and there is an interesting pen portrait of the man himself stressing his obsessive and competitive character, his unbounded enthusiasm and the thoroughness of his approach.

The chapter on romantic love concludes that this is still a major goal in our society. Yet within marriage it seldom lives up to expectations and may soon become a divisive and destructive force resulting in much mental conflict. Divorce is painted in sombre terms, the tone possibly mirroring the author's own experience. The swift and steady increase in divorce rates in the Western World over the last 30 years is no trivial occurrence; instead it is causing untold pain and mental suffering in the great majority of cases. Rejection, guilt, loneliness, feelings of failure and depressive episodes flow from it; the mental traumata associated with divorce can reduce libido; the suicide rate is three times higher in divorced women and four times higher in divorced men than in their married counterparts. Children of divorced parents suffer inordinately with a much higher incidence of delinquency, alcoholism and almost every other variety of social malaise. There is, of course, nothing new in these comments about divorce, a topic which in recent years has dominated the sociological literature. Yet emanating as they do from one whose views on sexual habits can scarcely be dubbed reactionary they automatically carry additional weight.

Later chapters deal with topics as varied as sexual life in communes, with the unique problems encountered by the one parent family, with the current status of open marriage, with promiscuity as a *modus vivendi* and with the genesis and progress of the gay liberation movement. In general, I found the

material in this section of the book somewhat less convincing based as it is mainly on anecdotal evidence and lacking a firm scientific basis. The same criticism can be levelled at the chapter dealing with solutions to the issues raised. Here the emphasis is strongly mechanistic concentrating mainly on the findings of Masters and Johnson in relation to sexual intercourse and paying scant attention to the deeper societal issues.

The value of the book lies in the skill of the author in synthesising and explaining in relatively simple language areas of great intricacy and difficulty. Although it is unlikely to become a classic in the field it will nevertheless prove most useful to those wishing to obtain a broad overview of some of the most pressing problems facing contemporary society.

JOHN A LORAINE

A SCIENCE OF MYTHOLOGY

The Naked Man by Claude Lévi-Strauss, translated from the French by John and Doreen Weightman. Jonathan Cape. £17.50.

The Naked Man is the fourth and final volume of the *Introduction to a Science of Mythology*, written by the most influential and probably the most controversial anthropologist of our time. Originally a professional philosopher, Claude Lévi-Strauss became increasingly convinced of the superior importance of the life-sciences, seeing an understanding of the history of the human race as inextricably bound up with man's apprehension of phenomena in the world he saw around him. It is not, he thinks, through the exact sciences alone that we realise our role in the universe but also through community relationships and kinship. This awareness was achieved in pre-scientific times by means of the creation of myths. These were made in forms pre-determined by the kind of creature man was (and is), for they recur in different ways, though structurally similar, all over the New World. Kinship myths predominate, since family and tribal concerns are amongst our most immediate realities. Myths from North and South America are set side by side to show their transformations: in passing from person to person and place to place, a myth can change its content and yet retain its structural principles. The many forms of dominant myths are not to be understood by individual interpretation or metaphysical speculation. Transcendental deductions about life-styles and particular ways of thinking are irrelevant; the mathematical stringency of de-structuring elements in different manifestations of the same myth is the basic mode of deciphering its meaning, and it varies only in the emphasis laid on the various constant factors.

This is a hard theory to prove, and for its validation Lévi-Strauss does not rely entirely on mathematical equations, relations and inversions. He must, too, consider ecological constraints, psychological variants and many other features of the conditions in which a particular community found it possible to survive. So far-reaching a unity raises enormous theoretical and methodological problems for the interpreter. It involves ideas about the history of the New World, reflections on the nature of thinking about myths in general and an analysis of their significance in language and music. It also bears heavily on the position of structuralism in relation to contemporary philosophy; and here the author specifically questions the existentialist stress on the self in isolation which leaves man alone to face his moral dilemmas.

Apart from the complicated transformations discovered and the fascinating constructions placed on these, the stories themselves provide a feast. A story

about a lewd, murderous grandmother can change into the fall of stars or the origin of fire. Carried along from one bizarre story to another, Lévi-Strauss does not stop to explain why any one myth grew up as it did. He merely shows that they are all related. His links themselves seem to require a basic act of faith. But his method allows him to make historical connections between places as different as the Amazon Basin and Oregon, to show how myths from the two areas are transformations of one another and, above all, to wonder why people need myth at all. For him, they are not long-dead stories about the racial past, nor rationalisations of beliefs, nor moral tales. They are more akin to poetic reflections on the human predicament; and they could, indeed, lead back to the origin of Greek scientific thought. Promethean fire, for instance, is a promising notion. Winter patterns can be transformed into summer ones; nakedness can replace raw food, the wearing of clothes can be a substitute for cooking; war in heaven and earth can stand for family conflict.

These ideas are expressed in the three earlier volumes but in the fourth book the author is led to new conclusions. In particular, he outlines a new and controversial theory of ritual, unlike that of most anthropologists for whom myth and ritual are linked to form religion. He sees them as different activities of the same minds: myth divides the external world into categories, re-arranging the categories in various patterns, as a tool of intellectual speculation. Ritual, however, glosses over the disjunctions and makes the self appear at one with the universe by a rationalising process. Ritual, then, creates apparent unity by ignoring contradictions in experience, thus by-passing the problems faced by myth. It has a comforting and healing quality which myth does not possess, emphasising the role of the individual in determining his own destiny. Such a view could, however, be a refinement of the more customary presentation of the place of ritual in religion and the challenge is perhaps rather one of emphasis than of radical distinction.

That man is the carrier of a culture handed down to him will scarcely be doubted. But many social scientists will find other, more speculative conclusions lacking in rigour. In Lévi-Strauss's book, the implications are clear from the course of the argument and the evidence cited, certainly at least establishing that the study of American Indian mythology has a broader application than was formerly supposed. And the author's strictures on the arcane uses to which some literary critics have put his structuralist theories will find an echo in many hearts. *The Naked Man* does explain and justify the growing importance of anthropology in the theoretical bases of social studies and the humanities. The translators of the book merit especial commendation for making it accessible in a notably faithful, direct version and for their careful footnotes on literary allusions not easily rendered into English.

BETTY ABEL

CO-OPERATION: A THIRD SECTOR?

The Political Economy of Co-operation and Participation. A third sector. Edited by Alasdair Clayre. Oxford University Press. £4.95.

This book stemmed from a conference held in late 1978 to examine the practical workings of co-operation, participation, and profit-sharing; in particular, the question of whether co-operation could develop in the west as a third sector interposed between the forces of private capitalism and state capitalism, was a recurring theme. To attempt to answer such a question is a difficult undertaking and while most of the contributors believed in co-

operative solutions to some of the endemic problems facing Britain and other Western European countries, there was much disagreement as to how this might occur.

The book is divided into seven parts. The first comprises a succinct introduction by Alasdair Clayre; there is also a most useful note on terminology included. Part two contains three essays on a co-operative economy by Peter Jay, a co-operative sector in a mixed economy by Robert Oakeshott and the comparative advantages of participation combined with profit-sharing by Felix FitzRoy. In essence both Jay and Oakeshott viewed a co-operative solution to the problem of industry in Britain as appropriate; FitzRoy preferred the solution to rest on a combination of employee participation in decision making, and profit sharing or value added sharing.

Ljubo Sirc provides the only essay critical to the idea of co-operation as the remedy for our industrial ills although Brian Chiplin and John Coyne, in a rigorous paper, question the viability of worker management. Nobel laureate, James Meade, also came to the conclusion that forms of partnership in which both capital and labour shared risks of success and failure was more promising than workers co-operatives in which all the risks were borne by labour.

More questions are raised than answers provided in this volume and the lack of a consensus would be disconcerting to those readers who like cut-and-dried solutions to problems. What does emerge from this work is the strong probability that there are no easy answers to Britain's industrial problems; workers co-operatives may have a role to play but they are no panacea.

RAYMOND J. G WELLS

THE PROBLEM OF CONSERVATION IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

Valley of the Kings. John Romer. Michael Joseph & Rainbird. £12.50.

John Romer, a widely experienced researcher in the field of Egyptology, has provided in this copiously illustrated book a virtually complete and compellingly interesting history of what is arguably the world's greatest archaeological graveyard, the Valley of the Kings. It is really two books in one: a careful account of his predecessors in the Valley, the pilgrims, conquerors, travellers and scholars who down the centuries have visited, excavated and studied the royal tombs, and a detailed survey of the tombs themselves, their landscape, their builders and their occupants. Himself an unconventional scholar, Mr. Romer, like Howard Carter whom he in many respects resembles, first approached Egyptology through art. That was sixteen years ago, and he has since come to know with rare intimacy the forty-acre site wherein are scattered all the known tombs of the pharaohs of the Egyptian New Kingdom (1570-1085 B.C.).

Picking his way through the debris of the past, from the first surviving record of the Valley—an account in his massive *Bibliotheca Historica* by the Greek historian Diodorus Siculus, who lived in the time of Caesar and Augustus—to the dazzling meridian days of Howard Carter and that culminant discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, Mr. Romer has 'excavated' the diaries, personal papers, fragmentary maps and faded sepia photographs of those who trudged before him through the broiling sands of *'Biban el-Muluk'* and tells through their reconstructed stories the broader story of the development of Egyptology. It is a story which, so far as the Valley of the Kings is concerned, reaches a splendid crescendo in 1922 with the revelation of the treasure-banked

chambers of Tutankhamen, and then, abruptly, stops. For since, in 1932, Howard Carter closed down the laboratories in the tomb of Seti II there has been scant archaeological activity in the Valley, and only one tomb—that cut for Rameses XI, a ruler of the XXth Dynasty (1200-1085 B.C.), but never finished or occupied by the king—has been scientifically cleared, and that by Mr. Romer's expedition during the 1978-9 season.

Interest in the Valley has, however, been revived by two scholars to whose work Mr. Romer pays grateful and graceful tribute. In 1966 the American Egyptologist, Elizabeth Thomas, published a volume, privately printed in New Jersey, which for the first time gathered together all the known information concerning the Valley and essayed also the first detailed analysis of the entire range and scope of the ancient necropolis. At the same time, Eric Hornung, in Basle, was carrying out a new and exhaustive study of the texts of the royal tombs which has not only resulted in a better understanding of the religious subtleties of their creators, but has proved of immense inspirational value.

But Mr. Romer's excellent volume is more than a guide book, archaeological, geographical and biographical; it is, perhaps most importantly, an impassioned plea for timely conservation, for while working in the royal tombs he was horrified to see clear signs of slow deterioration. Moreover, threats of flooding and concomitant rock slides are putting many of the Valley's ancient monuments at risk. This is all the more worrying because, with one or two notable exceptions, the tombs of the Valley—some 62 are known—have not as yet been properly examined and recorded, and during the past fifty years one-third of them have been reburied in the loose debris of the Valley floor. There is now an urgent need for programmes of documentation. At least six of the tombs require excavation; ten more stand in need of major restoration and protective installations. Mr. Romer is convinced that the Valley and its tombs still contain much unknown or unrecognised material that will help to elucidate presently unresolved problems of New Kingdom chronology. Unless conservation is undertaken, and *soon*, that opportunity will be lost for ever, for in the course of the last decade fresh dangers to the Valley have become apparent. Mr. Romer's book may be seen as the present's most urgent message directed from the fading past to the threatened future.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

BUCKINGHAM REDEEMED

Buçkingham. Roger Lockyer. Longman. £14.95.

George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham (1592-1628) is one of the exciting figures of British history. Son of Sir George Villiers, a Leicestershire squire, he had the most meteoric rise to fame and power as the favourite of King James I. During the 1620s he was able to establish his political supremacy at home and at the same time play a significant part in foreign affairs. In so doing he made many enemies; favourites normally do, but had he been simply a play-boy favourite, he might have been tolerated. He was not, however, that sort of favourite; he had tremendous political power even before James died and assuredly during Charles' reign. He was indeed no empty-headed courtier and his critics knew it which is why they hated him. This adverse verdict of his contemporaries has continued till the present era; clearly there was need for a reappraisal of Buckingham and Roger Lockyer has supplied it in this latest biography. The traditional view is no longer tenable; Buckingham was not an adventurer without principles. Indeed he was a man of sterling qualities with

an immense capacity for hard work and capable of performing miracles of organisation.

Buckingham became inextricably involved in the Spanish and French marriage negotiations. James I's foreign policy aimed at the prevention of religious strife in Europe by a system of marriages. Thus the marriage took place of his daughter Elizabeth to Frederick, Elector Palatine, one of the important Protestant princes of Germany. His ambition went further—to effect a marriage with a Roman Catholic state—hence the idea of his son, Charles, marrying the Spanish Infanta. Negotiations dragged on for several years until in 1623 Charles, accompanied by Buckingham, decided to travel incognito to Spain. They were well received at first by King Philip IV and his chief minister, Olivares, but after several months of futile wrangling they returned home with the mission unaccomplished. Buckingham's sojourn in Spain made him realise that the Spanish could not be trusted; thereafter he was against the Spanish match, adopting an anti-Habsburg policy and winning over the King and parliament to his point of view. All further discussions were broken off with Spain, and treaties were signed with France and the Dutch.

Buckingham now advocated intervention in the Thirty Years War and by 1624 James had declared war on Spain. Prince Charles was betrothed to Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII, and in 1625 they were married. Despite this dynastic marriage, relations between England and France deteriorated, largely because Louis XIII refused to join in the anti-Habsburg League, doubtless at the instigation of Richelieu, the greatest statesman of the age, who effectively wrecked Buckingham's career in Europe. Yet in 1635 Richelieu did precisely what Buckingham hoped he would do in 1625—joined in the war on the Protestant side. There were many rumours during the summer of 1628 that Buckingham would meet a violent end—and so it was. On 23rd August he was stabbed to death in the Greyhound Inn, Portsmouth by the fanatical John Felton who had served under him in the Ré Campaign and bore him a grudge. The King was overwhelmed with grief because of 'the loss he had of an excellent servant and the horrid manner he had been deprived of him.'

Mr. Lockyer has written a most detailed and penetrating analysis of the early Stuart period, bringing into clear perspective not only Buckingham but a multitude of his contemporaries; moreover, he has displayed a profound understanding of the complex character of Buckingham who, with all his flaws, was a man of outstanding ability and statesmanlike qualities. The biography is indeed a lengthy treatise but eminently readable.

S. F. WOOLLEY

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Tradition of Polish Ideals (Orbis Books. £6.90). Professor W. J. Stankiewicz has edited these 'Essays in History and Literature' drawn from lectures delivered at the University of British Columbia to celebrate Poland's millennium and its acceptance of Christianity. 'Polish history' writes Professor Stankiewicz in his Introduction, 'is undoubtedly best seen as the story of a search for liberty'. That certainly is the background to many of the ten contributions. The first, by Professor Peter Brook on *The Polish Identity* provides a general historical survey. Francoise Le Moal writes on *Tolerance in Poland: Political Choice and Tradition.* Professor Hans Roos discusses *The Polish Nobility in Prerevolutionary Europe. Jadwiga, Poland's great Queen, and her world*

of the late fourteenth century is contributed by Professor Oskar Ualecki. Professor John Norris writes on the significance of the Polish citizen. *Copernicus: science versus theology? Frederic Chopin and the Polish Ideal* is contributed by Carol Wootton. Professor Roy Daniells is particularly concerned with Henryk Sienkiewicz's historical novel *Krzyzacy* and to the author's pointing the way for Canadians 'to a realisation of our origins, sources of strength, our possibilities of renewal'. Professor Jan Karski has a very impressive account of *The Warsaw Uprising* of 1944. Professor Marketa Goetz-Stankiewicz writes on the Polish playwright, Slawomir Mrozek; and the post-war Polish poets are discussed by Professor Bogdan Czaykowski.

An Unfinished History of the World (Pan Books. £3.95). Professor Hugh Thomas's 'short history of the world arranged on thematic, rather than chronological, lines, was first published in 1979 by Hamish Hamilton. It has now been revised and brought up to date in this paperback edition. It is a remarkable and stimulating survey grounded on Professor Thomas's erudition and scholarship. In this second edition he carries his history to early 1981, and includes mention of the Polish Solidarity movement. 'Demands for free trade unions in Poland have graduated into demands for free parties, and in effect for an end of the Communist state'. He would probably accept that the martial law clampdown became inevitable. No doubt in due course, in a third edition, we will have Professor Thomas's evaluation of the struggle.

Too Much Too Young? (Pan Books. £1.25). The authors, Susie Fisher and Susan Holder are very young market researchers for a research company specialising in work with kids, 'so we were keen to do a basic study to see how they view their own lives. We wanted to understand their priorities'. This Pan Original is the result. It is based upon a sample of 520 teenagers drawn from middle and working class homes, aged between eleven and sixteen and spread over the country. The method adopted was to hold very informal discussion groups in which the teenagers expressed themselves without inhibitions on almost every aspect of their lives. The results are not unexpected in the main. Clearly, permissiveness greatly influences their behaviour. On the other hand, the study does little to show the sense of social responsibility and caring existing among many young people. Maybe this study should not have stopped at the age of sixteen.

The Guinness Guide to Ballet (Guinness Superlatives. £11.95). In this coffee table style book, the ballet critic Oleg Kerensky has produced a popular comprehensive guide which 'introduces ballet to those who do not know it and tries to help those who already love it to extend their knowledge and appreciation'. It is superbly illustrated, with a vast amount of information in the text.

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AID AND AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT

by Guy Arnold

POLITICS demands that people meet internationally to discuss their problems; yet such meetings do not often provide solutions which are found, if at all, under rather different circumstances. There has been much discussion of Africa's development problems inside and outside the continent. The problems are legion: inflation, declining export earnings, standstill rather than economic growth in most cases, deteriorating terms of trade.

At the end of 1981 the total of long-term debts of the developing world as a whole amounted to $425 billion and generally these countries were using 20% of export earnings to service their debts while often borrowing with little or no prospect of repayment. One argument in justification of aid is that since individual countries subsidise their own least developed regions or, for example, their farming communities why should they not also subsidise other countries? The logic is impeccable; the results of such a policy far less clear. On the other side it has become a feature of African political rhetoric to blame the continent's woes upon outside forces: colonialism in the past, neo-colonialism in the present, adverse terms of trade, the unfair policies pursued by the World Bank or the IMF and so on—the list is a long one. Reiterating it does little to produce solutions.

Back in 1950 when the Colombo Plan was launched we might be said to have embarked upon the aid age yet in the thirty years which have passed since that more optimistic era how many developing countries have managed to free themselves from aid dependence? In most of the cases where developing countries have done well this has had little enough to do with aid. Today, something of immense political and economic importance for Africa is the simple fact that Africa south of the Sahara (barring South Africa) is of no more than peripheral importance or value to the advanced economies. As a consequence western countries will only make marginal efforts to help development in sub-Saharan Africa. Between 1970 and 1979, for example, per caput GNP in the region actually declined by one per cent.

At the time of the OAU annual summit at Monrovia in 1979 there were signs that Africa collectively was coming to realise that its development had to be primarily an internal matter: the stress was upon intra-African activity. In April 1980 the Lagos Plan of Action laid down some

guidelines for a new approach to development. These included: self-reliance, self-sustaining development, horizontal trade links, an attack upon energy to include wood as well as oil, and a return to food self-sufficiency which is regarded as the key to continental development.

Talk of self-reliance, however, does not prevent Africa or the rest of the so-called developing world from constantly looking to the 'North' to bail it out. The CANCUN Summit once more raised ill-judged expectations that some miracle was in the offing.

The CANCUN summit was a modest and basically dishonest political manoeuvre to pretend that something might be done. As Brandt had pointed out: 'We recognise that leaders at a summit cannot commit those present. But they could change the international climate and enlarge the prospects for global agreement.' CANCUN manifestly failed to do this and yet both politicians and media deluded themselves or, more accurately, deluded the hopeful after the event with statements such as 'coming to a deeper understanding of the issues' or 'educating President Reagan' about Third World problems. Such statements distort; they are also untrue. The problems are so well known that deeper understanding of issues is hardly required; action is needed. President Reagan went away from Mexico as opposed to measures which might move the world towards a new international economic order as he was on arrival. Endless meetings on aid issues have produced minimal progress. CANCUN was a disaster but the pretences are maintained.

Demands for a New International Economic Order have now become part of the regular aid dialogue conducted between North and South; the idea dates from the Sixth Special Session of the UN held in Algiers in 1974. In essence what the Third World argues for is a radical reorganisation of the principal economic institutions such as the World Bank or the IMF and changes in the mechanisms which, for example, control commodity prices in order that weaker economies may do better. At present such institutions are all effectively controlled by the major economic powers of the West.

In realistic terms a New International Economic Order is a non-starter since it presupposes the destruction of the existing order which is overwhelmingly geared to work to the advantage of the most advanced industrial powers. It is unrealistic to imagine that these powers will willingly either initiate or preside over changes that work to their disadvantage. It is possible that the World Bank or other institutions will be marginally reformed so as to make some concessions to the demands of the South. That, however, will be the limit.

The North-South dialogue is about changing the world's existing financial system, redressing the balance in the favour of the South at the expense of the North. The North will not agree. It is argued that if nothing is done then the increasing misery and poverty of the South will produce revolution which will be a direct threat to the North. Even if this thesis is valid the North will do little until such revolutions occur for in economic matters the advanced economies have shown themselves to be notoriously short-sighted and there is little reason to expect any

change of attitude in the 1980s which in any case are likely to continue depressed.

None of this is very encouraging. Typical of recent developments has been the establishment of SADCC in southern Africa. The nine countries on the periphery of South Africa—Angola, Botswana, Lesotho, Malawi, Mozambique, Swaziland, Tanzania, Zambia and Zimbabwe (with SWAPO of Namibia represented as well) have established the Southern African Development Co-ordination Committee (SADCC) to find ways in which to lessen their economic dependence upon South Africa which in some cases (Lesotho, Zimbabwe) is very great indeed while more generally it is far too much for comfort even if political considerations such as opposition to apartheid are put to one side. In a series of meetings (1979-1981) the SADCC countries have worked out a number of ways—communications, trade, agricultural co-operation—whereby their economies can lessen and in time perhaps end their dependence upon the Republic.

The group then turned to western aid donors for the bulk of the funds needed to carry out the programme. Some aid was forthcoming but the West will never provide enough aid to enable these countries successfully to break away from the Republic's economic dominance because this does not suit western economic interests. If SADCC is to succeed it must be through its own efforts. Western aid for SADCC is provided largely to demonstrate that the West is 'liberal' and does not approve of apartheid. As a general principle aid recipients should understand that the West is prepared to provide enough assistance to maintain recipient economies as extensions of the western economic system; the West will never provide sufficient to enable them to break away from its control. If that fact could be clearly appreciated then the approach to aid might undergo a significant reappraisal on the part of those who seek it so avidly in the hope it will solve development problems.

There is constant criticism of the West's aid performance from Africa and the rest of the Third World. It may be justified on moral grounds or in terms of long-sighted politics but only if it is accepted that we are working towards a one world society. On the other hand despite endless criticisms the West alters its ways very little yet the lesson of this intransigence is neither read properly nor understood: it is simply that the West is uninterested in the general propositions advanced by those who want a new international economic order. The West does not. It is one thing to criticise President Reagan's performance at CANCUN. It is something quite different to imagine that as a result of such criticisms he will change American policies. A true appreciation in Africa of what constitute real western interests and intentions is the surest framework for the beginnings of a policy of self-reliance.

Self-reliance in any absolute sense is an illusion: everyone depends for something upon others. But self-reliance in the more narrow sense that a country's development decisions are fundamentally its own and not dependent upon inputs or advice from outside is a practical possibility but an exceptionally hard one to pursue for any state which has a small and weak economic base from which to start. At present, despite brave

political and economic rhetoric, hardly a country in Africa does not hold out the aid begging bowl. They may get the aid they seek; they will certainly also have to accept the strings which go with it and these mitigate against real self-reliance.

Arguments are advanced on behalf of former British colonies in Africa —Tanzania or Zimbabwe, for example—that British aid is too little and ungenerous. One of the assumptions behind such arguments is that as the former colonial power which exploited their economies Britain has some special responsibility to compensate. Now this is a very dangerous argument. Even if it is true that the poor are poor because of the policies of the rich—such as colonialism—to advance this argument in the expectation that it will produce retroactive compensatory aid is not only counterproductive (for it is most likely to irritate donors into giving even less) but also to misunderstand past and present motives. Colonialism was exploitative. The colonial powers conceded independence not from a change of heart but because political conditions forced their hands. They would still like to exploit those weaker than themselves and therefore the one form of aid they are not likely to provide is aid which will enable small politically independent countries (their former colonies, for example) to become genuinely economically independent: and that is what much of the North-South argument is about.

In recent years the World Bank has moved increasingly to the centre of the aid stage: its pronouncements upon development and its approval of developmental approaches have become of ever greater importance to the Third World despite the fact that the basic World Bank development philosophy—to maximise the private sphere—is often the antithesis of much that developing countries are trying to achieve. The Bank may be seen as the chief spokesman of western capitalist development interests, although it will no doubt vigorously deny such an allegation.

In its 1981 Report the World Bank shows that 19 East African countries received $2,500m in 1978—equivalent to 28% of the value of merchandise imports; and that in 1979 the aid figure had increased to $3,400m or 37%. This is a degree of dependence which, whether justified or not, hardly argues for much self-reliance in that part of the continent.

It is a long time since President Nyerere's Arusha Declaration was published in 1967. One sub-section of it is headed: *Gifts and Loans Will Endanger Our Independence.* 'Independence means self-reliance . . . [Nyerere then argued and] Independence cannot be real if a nation depends upon gifts and loans from another for its development.' No one has enunciated more clearly than Nyerere the principles of self-reliance. Yet in recent years there has been a running public quarrel between President Nyerere on the one hand and the World Bank and IMF on the other. It is, indeed, ironical that Nyerere has become one of the severest critics of the World Bank and IMF. The World Bank, he said recently, provides too little too late. It is even more ironical that the new President of the World Bank, A. W. Clausen, has seen fit to reject the Nyerere criticism of the Bank's role in the following terms: 'I strongly believe that help starts at home, and an individual country has its ability to move

its development forward or sideways.' At the heart of this argument is the fact that the World Bank basically believes in private enterprise and is therefore reluctant to finance projects in socialist societies or projects of a purely state rather than private enterprise kind. In these circumstances it is unrealistic for Nyerere to argue for help as he does.

It is easy for Clausen to say that every country must accept responsibility for its own economic policies: of course, but what if the country is tiny in size, lacking in resources, over-populated and tied into a world economic system which it can neither control nor break away from? In such circumstances it is obliged to behave in the fashion dictated by the major economies of that system—or their instruments. And this fact, once again, goes to the heart of the North-South dialogue or the demand for a new international economic order.

What did emerge at CANCUN was a hard western attitude of dictation: behave in a way we approve and we may help you to survive economically (and only may); do otherwise and we are not interested. In terms of *realpolitik* there is nothing surprising about this. It is time the developing countries accepted that this is the way in which aid is primarily used by donors. Thus there is no logic in Tanzania on the one hand pursuing its policy of self-reliance yet asking western countries or institutions to finance it.

A recent World Bank report, *Accelerated Development in Sub-Saharan Africa: An Agenda for Action*, put forward a number of proposals which included: reform of agricultural policy; currency devaluations; cut backs in public sector activity; and better technical aid. All these, except for better technical aid, can be carried out as a result of internal decisions unconnected (at least in theory) with aid inputs. They are primarily political decisions. The Report goes on to argue for large-scale western aid to help such policies which are designed to keep the recipients within the western economic system.

There is nothing immoral in this: the West presents Africa with a choice. If African states wish to change the basis of their economic development away from their largely inherited western oriented systems to something else (usually called socialism) then they must not really expect a great deal of help from the West and certainly not enough help in itself to make such a change effective. Under President Reagan, indeed, the USA now appears to be arguing that first the developing world should carry out reforms and then ask for further aid

The World Bank puts its emphasis upon sound management in the financial sense but too often this ignores crucial political problems. The same report quoted above says: African governments should be 'willing to accept the proposition that without policy reform higher aid will be difficult to mobilise.' Few statements could be clearer: do what we instruct you to do or little aid will be available. It is a direct threat but it is also, pre-eminently, what aid is now about.

Most development problems are cumulative and one decision at once limits other possibilities.

Not untypical of the dilemma in which African countries find them-

selves is the commodity food export trap. Many African countries export crops such as sugar or coffee in order to earn the foreign exchange deemed essential for the purchase of manufactured inputs for industrial or infra-structural development. A majority of countries on the continent possess only two kinds of export potential: export crops; or minerals. As a result of their need for foreign exchange they concentrate upon crops for export to the neglect of food production for home consumption. They earn the foreign exchange but become less self-sufficient in the process. Moreover, an increasing proportion of the foreign exchange earned is not used to purchase machinery and equipment for development but has to go instead to purchase food no longer grown at home.

A quite different example of development traps may be seen in the case of Mauritania. Its economic prospects were apparently transformed during the 1970s with the exploitation of iron ore and copper deposits. As its iron ore at Zouerate began to run down it sought to open up new reserves at Guelb. To do so it required an investment capital of $500m, a sum quite beyond the capacity of Mauritania to find herself. So a funding operation was mounted by Arab interests, the World Bank, the EIB, the ADB, France and Japan and the money was raised. But the price Mauritania will have to pay is high. In 1974 debt servicing was only 3.8% of foreign exchange earnings but two years later with a rapid increase of foreign debt to $632.2m, 33% of foreign earnings then had to be used to service such debts and by 1978 debts were up to $732m, although higher iron ore sales and some concessionary aid had reduced the debt servicing ratio to 20% of foreign exchange earnings. At the end of that year, foreign debt at just over $800m was equivalent to one and a half times GNP.

This was not the only price Mauritania had to pay. The government was also obliged to open up SNIM *(Societé Nationale Industrielle et Miniere)*, its mineral prospecting company to private (external) participation with Arab money accounting for 49% of the capital. The real question mark over this expensive operation lies in the future: when, in about a decade's time, all the iron ore has been extracted, how much better off will the people be and what will the country have to show for those present operations and huge debts? The answer is likely to be: not very much. The theoretical temptation must be for such countries to leave their minerals in the ground until they are better able to exploit them more obviously to their own advantage. Few can or dare do anything of the sort because their economic margins are so small and tight. So instead they exploit what western interests want them to exploit and willy-nilly remain part of a system they have no hope of controlling.

The Brandt Report talks of interdependence; on present performance there is little evidence to show that the West believes in the concept. Current aid cut backs by the USA or Britain simply emphasise lack of western interest in such theories. The argument for mutual interest between North and South, despite lip-service to it, is simply not understood in the North.

What aid consistently does do is encourage dependence rather than

assist any move towards self-reliance. It also helps maintain corrupt or at least indifferent political regimes in being while distorting development and undermining self-confidence. Most aid in fact helps the politicians at the recipient end, hence whatever their political pronouncements and rhetoric they all continue to seek more of it. As Professor Bauer has argued for a generation, aid helps neither donor nor recipient and too often it positively harms the recipient. Many politicians and observers of the African scene will accept most of these arguments about aid. Despite doing so, however, they continue to seek aid, mesmerised by a connection they dare not break. As long as this remains the case much development will be distorted.

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The April issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Kissinger and the Structure of US Foreign Policy* by Adam Roberts, *Policing by Consent* by Edgar O'Ballance, *Krushchev* by Margaret Rooke and *Meyerhold Alone* by Charles Marovitz.
The Quarterly Record Review by David Fingleton has been held over and will appear in the June issue. *Herbert Spencer and the Social Science* by Betty Abel, announced for March, will be published in May.

GREEK SOCIALISTS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS

by Mladen Gavrilovic

THE victory of socialist Papandreou shocked the optimists of the right, who were sure of the triumph of New Democracy, to a lesser extent than the defeat of conservative Rallis surprised members of the left. The elections have confirmed the old Greek saying—forecasts in politics are always unpredictable.

The Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) achieved a brilliant victory at the elections. Out of a total of 5.6 million voters, PASOK won the confidence of 2.7 million Greeks which amounts to 48.06 per cent of the electorate. Rallis's New Democracy suffered a defeat by scarcely gathering two million votes, i.e. 35.86 per cent of all participants in the elections. The Communist Party of Greece (external) found itself in third place with 10.92 per cent of votes or 619,292 voters.

The remaining fourteen political parties and movements participating in the elections, including the Communist Party of Greece (internal), failed to enter Parliament having been left without a single seat under the complex proportional system of parliamentary elections in Greece. As a consolation, some of these parties obtained representatives in the European Parliament. The results of the voting for the Parliament in Strasbourg were as follows: the leading PASOK obtained 10 seats, New Democracy 8, the Communist Party of Greece (external) 3, while the Communist Party of Greece (internal), Joannis Pesmazoglou's Democratic Socialist Movement and Joannis Markenizis's nationalists obtained one seat each.

However, the battle for the Greek Parliament ended in heavy defeat for many, including George Rallis's New Democracy which had been in power until the election. The deputies of three political movements only —of PASOK (174 seats), New Democracy (115) and the Communist Party of Greece (external) (13)—will meet in the new Greek Parliament which convened on November 17, 1981. Such polarisation is without precedent in the history of the Greek parliamentary system. It will no doubt enable Andreas Papandreou to carry out, with his followers, the Programme of announced changes in the social, political, economic as well as cultural life of the country.

Papandreou achieved success because he had learnt a lesson from the 1977 elections which he lost, at that time, to New Democracy, but when he actually achieved the extraordinary feat of increasing the number of votes obtained by him, (in comparison with the 1974 elections) by almost one hundred per cent. As early as 1977, Papandreou drew up his Programme of changes to which the leader of New Democracy, Rallis, opposed the achievements of his own Government. However, the Greeks could not be satisfied with such solutions as the return of the country to the military structure of NATO; the status of US military bases on Greek territory; and the country's admission to the European Economic Com-

munity, with all the ensuing consequences for Greek agriculture and economy as a whole.

It is said of the head of New Democracy, and now leader of the opposition, George Rallis, that he was confronted during the election campaign by a conflicting situation within his own party and that this was bound to have negative consequences. Also, Rallis failed to find a correct answer to the programmatic challenge of Greek socialists. In fact, Rallis did not know what he wanted—but he knew what he did not want: socialism and social changes in Greece.

When the computer in the Ministry of the Interior in Athens announced the first results from a dozen electoral districts only, the former Prime Minister, George Rallis, hurried to the Press Centre to tell foreign correspondents and domestic journalists that he had been defeated and that his New Democracy party would form the opposition.

Although many people had foreseen the defeat of New Democracy, Rallis's appearance at the Press Centre before the announcement of detailed election results—from half of electoral districts at least—indicated an unexpectedly heavy defeat of the right and triumph of socialists. Up to that moment, many journalists and analysts had speculated about the possibility of a coalition as they were convinced that the elections would end without a victor, i.e. that none of the leading parties would obtain the necessary majority for forming a stable government. However, the contrary happened. Andreas Papandreou defeated Rallis's conservatives so convincingly that it will take them some time to recover from the shock.

Five days after the elections, Rallis convened a meeting of the parliamentary group of New Democracy to draw up a strategic plan for future activity in Parliament from opposition benches. According to eye-witnesses it was a rather sad gathering. The former Vice-Premier, Minister of Defence and member of the leadership of New Democracy, Evangelos Averof, did not attend the meeting. He revealed thereby his disagreement with Rallis. Others came to the meeting not so much to be acquainted with the future orientation of the party, but rather to hear a little more about the policies that had failed to materialise during Rallis's rule.

The majority of Rallis's followers placed all the blame on Averof for the defeat at the elections. The authoritative Athens weekly *Politika Temata* maintains that all went downhill within the ranks of New Democracy from the moment when Averof, at the extraordinary congress of the party in June 1981, pressed the leadership to move to the right—even to the extreme right—with a view to uniting all the opponents of Greek socialists and those yearning for changes in Greek society. And Rallis yielded to Averof's demands. This was a signal to nationalist Theodokis and other followers of the extreme right that they could now join New Democracy.

Papandreou made clever use of this moment accusing the Government of dealing with those who had brought about the military dictatorship in Greece in 1967.

From his post of Head of State Karamanlis could not and did not wish to interfere in the affairs of New Democracy which he had founded immediately after the overthrow of the military junta in 1974. Even when he was leader of New Democracy, he initiated a plan of drawing the Centre within the fold of the governing party. Karamanlis publicly announced his plan at the congress of New Democracy held in 1977 in Chalcidice, in the town of Cassandra. Although he did not agree with the chief of the party, Averof voted in favour of Karamanlis's strategic plan. Nevertheless, Averof's stand did not remain unknown to Karamanlis. He repaid the debt to his collaborator when relinquishing the posts of Premier and leader of New Democracy. Karamanlis, as the new Head of State, could not take part in the vote, but his wish that Rallis should become Premier and leader of New Democracy was fulfilled, to the great disappointment of Averof who had expected to get at least one of these two posts. It was the proper answer to someone who had disturbed the unity of the right.

Even today, when New Democracy has found itself in opposition and when settlements of accounts within party ranks are assuming an ever sharper tone before the eyes of the public, Averof abstains and does not take part in the work of the parliamentary group, thus raising not only suspicion but also speculations about his possible withdrawal with a group of right-wing deputies, with a view to forming a new political group in the Greek Parliament. But these are still only conjectures based on the confirmed fact of conflict between the two leaders of New Democracy —Averof and Rallis.

The leader of PASOK, Papandreou, proved to be a great visionary because, during the election campaign at a mass meeting in Salonica, he prophesied that New Democracy would disintegrate after defeat at the parliamentary elections. Do not these squabbles signal the beginning of that process?

As a consolation to his followers, Rallis stated at the first meeting of the group of deputies of New Democracy: 'Defeat at the elections should not cause us concern, because the phenomenon of changes of government can also be observed in West European countries and even in the USA'.

Having a majority of deputies in the new Parliament, Papandreou holds in his hands all these strings for carrying out changes in the political, social and economic life of the country. The opposition, which is in the minority, will not be able to resort to obstruction. This is undoubtedly an advantage for the party in power, as was also the case in the past when the right held all the cards.

Recently one of the officials of PASOK stated the following: 'The most important thing is that the Greek people want to see changes in all structures of life'. The new Government is now faced with the question of ensuring the continuity of institutions during the first months of its rule; because the moment is drawing near when changes in the State administration will have to take place. The reform of the State apparatus will go hand in hand with measures aimed at stabilising the economy, strengthening the drachma, checking inflation and liquidating the debt

inherited from the right-wing government.

When announcing to the public the names of the members of the new Council of Ministers, Papandreou stated: 'Let us forget all electoral confrontations and set to work in order to fulfil the tasks involving the revival and rehabilitation of the country. Something new is expected from us—actual deeds and not a mere announcement of a programme of changes. A great and responsible task has been entrusted to us and we must not disappoint the Greek people'.

What characterises the Government of Papandreou is his decision to rely completely on the cadres of his own party. He did not wish to bring outside politicians into his Cabinet. Even such a distinguished personality as the leader of the Centre, George Mavros, who supported PASOK during the elections, did not get a seat in the Council of Ministers.

Immediately after taking the oath before the Head of State, Karamanlis, the new ministers hurried to their offices to take over their duties and to issue, on the very first day, orders for the drawing up of new regulations and provisions on system-related changes in the country.

During the first forty-eight hours of assuming power, Premier Papandreou formed two Consultative Councils attached to the Presidency of the Government: one for questions of defence, foreign affairs and security services and the other for economic issues. Beside experts, ministers in charge of the respective departments also participate in the work of these bodies.

One of the first steps in the field of diplomacy was the recognition of the Palestine Liberation Movement as the only representative of the Palestinian people. In this connection, Papandreou declared that the Information Centre of the PLO in Athens would soon be raised to the rank of diplomatic mission, while the leader of the Palestine Liberation Organisation, Yasser Arafat, was invited to visit Greece.

The Minister of the Interior has prepared many innovations amounting to a radical reform of the life of the country: one of the more important ones is the decision to recognise all the Resistance Movements that fought in Greece during the Second World War. This decision was met with indignation by the defeated right which, during its rule over three and a half decades, pursued a discriminatory policy with regard to the fighters of EAM (People's Front) and ELAS (National Liberation Army). In this respect the organ of the Communist Party of Greece (internal), *Avgi*, wrote: 'Forty years after the epic resistance of the whole people, EAM and ELAS will take the place that belongs to them in the history of the struggle of the Greek people'.

It is also worth mentioning that regulations are being prepared for abolishing records on the political affiliation of people, which are kept in police archives. The free activity of trade unions will be guaranteed, also the equality of men and women.

A law on civil marriage is also in preparation. The church is to be separated from the State. Thus, a nightmare will have been lifted from existing illegal marriages of people to whom the church had refused to grant divorce, although they had been living within newly-formed families

for decades. Local self-government will replace the present centralised power of regional prefectures.

The Ministry for the Co-ordination of Economic Departments, in collaboration with the Presidency of the Government, will prepare a law on the nationalisation of key industries and capital.

The essential purpose of the Programme is to lead an effective fight against inflation and low productivity; for full employment and reforms aimed at socialisation in Greek conditions.

Some of these changes will be enacted immediately by decree, while others will have to wait until the adoption of appropriate laws by Parliament, after a prior constitutional debate.

Greece will not leave the Atlantic Alliance in order to join the other bloc. In this sentence is encompassed the principled stand of Papandreou with respect to the international position of his country. When considering the prospects of the internal development of Greece, the question arises as to whether it will be possible to carry out reforms under conditions of membership of the Atlantic Alliance and European Community.

As regards membership of NATO, many people believe that eventually Papandreou will prove faithful to his earlier statements concerning the withdrawal of Greece from the military structure, but not from membership of NATO. Something similar to what France has already done. Negotiations with the European community will be a long, slow process.

The new Greek Premier wishes to see the Mediterranean transformed into an atom-free zone—a region of peace and co-operation. As against Rallis's government of the right, which saw Greece only under the umbrella of NATO and Western Europe, and a conservative one at that, Papandreou is more up to date: he does not intend to sever relations with the West where the forces of progress are on the rise, nor does he want to see 'nuclear and other umbrellas above the perennially blue sky of Greece and the Mediterranean'. He has already made it clear that he will not assume the role of destroyer of Greece's traditional bridges. He remains a reformer who will seek collaborators and friends among like-minded people in Western Europe.

PASOK is not a member of the Socialist International. Whether changes will occur in this respect is not easy to predict. However, it is not irrelevant to draw attention to the existing differences between Greek socialists and West European social democrats. Papandreou expects to receive moral and material support from the social democrats of Western Europe. Without such support it would be difficult for him to realise his dreams for modernising social and economic life in Greece. He is well aware that the opposition will find both forces and money to organise itself, with a view to ascending once again to the summit of Mount Olympus, which has been conquered by Andreas Papandreou after a long and arduous struggle.

[Mladen Gavrilovic is Athens correspondent of *Tanjug*.]

AFGHANISTAN: CAN RUSSIA WIN?

by Nicholas Bethell, M.E.P.

AFGHANISTAN'S Jaji district, part of Paktia province on the Pakistan border 30 miles west of the Khyber Pass, teems with the debris of war and the aftermath of foreign invasion—burned crops and bombed livestock. In this southern mountainous area of the country there is no Soviet occupation, just two Afghan army garrisons with a few Soviet advisers in each, surrounded with minefields to keep out the resistance fighters (mujahedin) and to keep in the conscript Afghan soldiers who are liable to change sides and join them. The steep stony hills are littered with the pretty green butterfly-shaped objects that flutter down like toy propellers from Soviet aircraft. They look attractive and tempting, but they give off a nauseating chemical smell and if you pick one up you lose a hand.

Although they are one of the curses of the Jaji valleys, at least they can be quite easily made harmless—by throwing a stone from a few yards away. The real curse is the Soviet helicopter gunship. They come sometimes to reprovision the garrisons and relieve the people inside them, sometimes to punish the local population. They hover overhead and the villagers run for cover like fieldmice from a hawk, then they rocket any sign of civilisation, any building, anything alive or growing. It is Soviet policy, if they find it difficult to occupy an area, to scorch its earth and starve its people, forcing them into the cities which they control, where they can be registered and coralled, then conscripted or sent to the Soviet Union for re-education.

The helicopters are the main reason why 2½ million Afghans, 15 per cent of the total population, have fled across the Pakistan border and are being looked after by the United Nations, largely at American and west European expense, in refugee camps near the city of Peshawar, which is also the mujahedin groups' main base. They have lost their homes and land, but at least they are safe. The men can fight knowing that their wives and children are being taken care of. The same cannot be said of the villagers in Jaji district across the border, many of whom are themselves refugees from the occupied areas. They live on what little can be grown, on UN rations bought on the Pakistan black market and smuggled across the border, as hostages subject to the capricious vengeance of the helicopters.

Nowadays the mujahedin fire at a helicopter only from behind good cover, good enough to protect them from its terrible power. If they reveal their whereabouts, they get a rocket-load of high explosive, napalm or poison gas. Their anti-aircraft machine guns are too cumbersome and obtrusive to use and anyway the bullets bounce like peas on the helicopters' titanium-strengthened hulls. (Metallurgy is one of the few areas where the Soviet Union leads the United States scientifically.)

Three generations of technical progress separate the two sides' armoury.

The invaders have guided missiles, the Afghans little more than the .303 Enfields issued to their grandfathers by the British Raj. (Precisely 100 years ago the Afghans worsted British invaders in precisely the same area.) The old Enfield, properly nursed and oiled, can still serve a purpose. It is a good accurate weapon for the Afghan who likes to lie in wait, to hide behind a rock and take slow, careful aim at an enemy patrolling on foot. But it is too heavy. It impedes a guerilla fighter's mobility. And in Afghanistan today the Russians do not patrol on foot.

The mujahedin of Jaji district have little ammunition, even for these old rifles. There are 15,000 fighters, but arms for only 2,000. And they have to pay two or three dollars apiece for rifle rounds made individually by craftsmen in small Pakistani workshops. Some Afghans refuse these 'forgeries', since a badly made round can ruin a rifle barrel for ever. There are few things an Afghan fears more than the ruination of his rifle.

In the mujahedin's view there is one answer to the problem, a simple answer. And that is a generous supply of surface-to-air missiles. To the Afghan guerilla it seems axiomatic that these weapons—Soviet Sam 7s, British 'Blowpipes' or the American 'Red Eye'—are capable of transforming the war. Nowadays they are light and simple to operate. Syrian infantrymen with only a few hours training used them to shoot down Israeli fighters during the 1973 war. They are light to carry and cheap to buy.

Any 'bargain basement' arms dealer in New York or London can provide a Sam 7 rocket launcher for $7,000, with $2,000 for each missile, capable of destroying $9-million worth of helicopter. The heat-seeking 'Red Eye' is even easier to operate. Former Defence Intelligence Agency director Daniel Graham says, 'You take the cap off and point it in the general direction of the enemy aircraft. The machine does the rest. You don't even have to pull the trigger. You have to be a very clever soldier to miss.'

General Graham was speaking in Washington last February at a meeting in which Jaji district's guerilla commander Hakim Aryobi and his political leader Sayed Ahmad Gailani, head of the National Islamic Front for Afghanistan (NIFA), were introduced to Senators and Congressmen. The two Afghans heard him with keen anticipation, but with a certain anger, since it seems incredible to them that the West still withholds the weapons that could drive the hated gunship out of Afghan valleys. No helicopter, they believe, would venture into guerilla-held territory once it was known that there were surface-to-air missiles in guerilla hands. The valleys would become truly free and the villagers could return to more-or-less normal life, harvesting crops and grazing livestock. The refugee flood would be stemmed. The 'Red Eye' seems the answer to Afghan prayers.

Gailani's NIFA group is based among the Pushtu-speaking tribes of southern Afghanistan and across the border. He is the hereditary leader of the Qaderi sect of Sunni Islam, which has several million followers inside the country, so it was natural for him to be chosen to lead the armed struggle (jihad) against the Soviet invader. Unlike his main rival Golbuddin

Hekmatyar, whose Islamic fundamentalism makes that of Ayatollah Khomeini seem liberal by comparison, he is tolerant of other faiths and not anti-western. During his visit to Washington he invited the United States to do what the Soviet Union always does in similar circumstances —Angola, Zimbabwe and El Salvador, for instance—to give the resistance fighters the arms that they need to fight a 'war of national liberation'.

'The entire Soviet bloc helped the Vietcong and it took them years to get to our stage', he said. 'And Vietnam is far less important strategically than Afghanistan today. If aid comes, the Afghans will fight for 100 years. But if we do not get arms, the jihad will fail and sooner or later people will accept any ideology rather than see their children killed in front of their eyes. If this happens and communism takes root, Soviet forces will be within 300 miles of the Straits of Hormuz, the entrance to the Gulf. They will be only 300 miles away from a stranglehold on the West's main oil supplies, Pakistan will be destabilised and the Soviet Union will probably be able to obtain port facilities in the warm water of the Indian Ocean, which has always been their aim. The Afghans will be persuaded to fight as Soviet mercenaries, as the Cubans do now, only more vigorously, since fighting is our traditional way.'

Congressmen seemed impressed by Gailani's remarks. At a lunch in the Senate there was talk of 'getting a bill up front' to provide funds for the mujahedin immediately and resolutions have subsequently been tabled in both Houses. Congressman Douglas Bereuter said, 'I ask the CIA about Afghanistan and all I get is a nod and a wink and a nudge. I'll be glad when America decides to come out of the closet on this one.' Congressman Robert Dornan saw the issue, quite apart from its strategic implications, as the new President's first great human rights challenge: 'Every sin that the United States committed or was alleged to have committed in Vietnam, the Soviet forces have committed hundreds of times over in Afghanistan. I was never a defender of Lieutenant Calley. I thought he should have been court-martialled and he got off lightly. But there are Soviet officers in Afghanistan committing a "Mei Lai" almost every day.'

The State Department and other western foreign offices are quick to point out that things are never quite that simple. It is not publicly known to what extent, if at all, the West already helps the jihad. A White House spokesman recently refused to comment on this, adding, 'This is the position we take on all problems that could involve covert activity. If you deny one operation, you have to deny all of them. So we neither confirm nor deny.' British foreign secretary Lord Carrington says, 'The arms are getting through to the guerillas and I think we'd better leave it at that.' Egypt is the only country admitting openly that they help the mujahedin and will continue to do so. The West remains coy and hesitant.

The arguments for inactivity can seem strong. The Soviet Union, it is pointed out, made a monumental miscalculation by invading Afghanistan. They thought that a few days would suffice to return the country to its normal subservient pro-Soviet position. Instead they find themselves lumbered with an unpleasant guerilla war on their borders and, for the

first time in recent memory, with the unflagging opposition of the entire Third World. On January 15th, 1980, they lost the United Nations vote on the issue by 104 votes to 18 and each November the number of votes against them has risen. This has hardly ever happened before. Usually they and the Third World vote together. Their alliance with resurgent Islam, based on anti-imperialism and anti-Zionism, is shattered.

These important diplomatic gains, it is said, would be put at risk if the West involved itself in Afghanistan militarily, or at least, if it were *known* to be so involved. The Soviet Union would be able to exploit any such clear link by labelling the West as the imperialist warmonger and the mujahedin as the West's puppets. Soviet propaganda would play down the quarrel with the United States. Afghanistan would become just one more bone of contention between the two superpowers.

Furthermore, the idea of intervention raises a serious question: covert or overt? If it is to be the latter, as many in Congress would like, the decision then becomes one for other countries too, especially Pakistan, the only possible through route to the fighting area. Pakistan would then have to face the consequences of becoming the West's accomplice in an anti-Soviet crusade. Already Pakistan border posts have been bombed by Soviet aircraft. President Zia ul-Haq would never agree to expose his country to further retaliation, at least not as things stand.

President Zia is in difficulty. He killed his predecessor Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto and briefly restored the old-fashioned Islamic customs of amputation and public flogging. A few weeks ago he removed the independence of the judiciary, after being humiliatingly forced by hijackers of a Pakistani aircraft to release from prison some of his most fervent political opponents. He has alienated not only western liberal opinion, but also much of his own country. Several provinces, it is believed, are close to rebellion. Is this the man whom the West is now supposed to recruit to keep the Holy War in business?

The jihad, it is true, helps Pakistan's precarious stability. It is a popular Islamic cause and a unifying force at home as well as abroad. But the Afghan refugees in the north are a heavy burden for such a poor country, one only partly relieved by the West through the United Nations, and the quarrels of the various mujahedin groups add significantly to the internal strife bedevilling the country. The Pakistan authorities presently show favour not to the moderate Gailani group, but to Gulbuddin Hikmatyar, who is as anti-western as he is anti-Soviet. Is the United States now expected to provide arms, through Pakistan, for a group that receives money from Libya's Gaddhafi and holds up the Iranian revolution as an example for the future?

The resistance groups are in disarray—or at least this is how it seems to western observers. Gulbuddin rejects Gailani as a western puppet, an aristocrat and an Islamic backslider. Gailani sees Gulbuddin as a fanatic without political background or support, who would take Afghanistan back to the dark ages. It seems absurd that, with their country occupied and in ruins, the mujahedin still cannot bury their differences and con-

centrate on fighting the greater enemy. Such disunity adds to the West's problems, forcing them not only to decide the principle of support for the jihad, but also to make value judgments between this or that group.

Finally, there is the question of the United States's national interest and political will. What popular motivation would Americans have for an alliance with unknown Islamic groups fighting a crusade on the borders of China, Russia and Pakistan? Memories remain of how the United States was sucked into war in Vietnam after deciding merely to supply arms and to train a few officers. And can these small groups of irregular soldiers *really* survive against the might of a superpower, especially one totally without moral restraint, ready to use any method to suppress people in occupied areas, with no journalists or television cameras there to portray the grim and gory details.

These are some of the arguments used to dull Congress's ardour for the battle. Afghanistan is a lost cause, it is said. It has always been in the Soviet Union's sphere of influence and now it has been taken over entirely. Well, so be it. America has already too many overseas commitments and, if it *must* contemplate military adventure, let this be in areas closer to home like El Salvador. Do we really have to send surface-to-air missiles to the other side of the world? Don't we have enough problems of our own?

Such feelings of self-doubt, which in recent years have created policies of defeatism and inactivity, build up the world-wide idea that the United States, while its main adversary embarks upon a period of active and successful expansion, is content to decline as a power. And, while this has little effect on firm allies such as Britain, which would never desert the western alliance, it inevitably discourages Third World countries from throwing in their lot with the superpower which seems to lack the will either to assist its friends when they are in trouble or to pursue its own obvious global interests.

China is particularly concerned about the Afghan war. According to one Congressman her ambassador in Washington has been abusing the Soviet Union lately 'like a member of the John Birch Society.' China provides the mujahedin, by devious means, with much of their weaponry, especially her own ten-shot copy of the Kaleshnikov machine rifle, which is very popular because it uses ammunition captured from the other side. (Mr. Gailani says, 'Our most generous supplier is the Soviet army itself.') Her future attitude to the superpower battle will be influenced by American policies on Afghanistan.

Last year the United States had better reason to stand aloof. The mujahedin seemed little more than a thorn that the occupying army would soon be able to pluck from its flesh and destroy. And a few weeks after the invasion the hostage crisis in neighbouring Iran stole away the American people's attention. But now the hostages are home and the mujahedin are fighting more effectively than ever. The resilience and aggression of the Afghan warrior, something that the British came to understand the hard way 100 years ago, is at last appreciated by American

analysts on the Pakistan side of the border as well as, more personally, by Russian soldiers to the north.

Russian soldiers, confined day and night in barracks in a hostile land, are becoming 'stir crazy' and discipline is beginning to suffer. According to recent accounts, too numerous to be dismissed as travellers' tales, they loot shops and sell military equipment for money to relieve their boredom. A special section of Kabul's Pul-e-Charki prison has been set aside for those who are caught. A thriving black market provides hashish and soft pornography, while their traditional recreation—alcohol—is provided through various mixtures of eau de cologne, anti-freeze, brake fluid, aircraft de-icing fluid and an ingenious distillation of shoe polish toasted on slices of black bread.

Far from allowing themselves to be rounded up, the mujahedin have confined Soviet forces indoors or inside armoured vehicles, in effect rounding them up themselves, putting the gaolers behind bars. In this way, in the face of most expectations, they have proved themselves on the cruel battlefield of guerilla warfare. But they are still an untrained and divided collection of groups, using .303 rifles against missiles, dependent on Pakistan for bases and on rich Islamic nations for equipment. Unlike other successful guerilla movements of recent memory, they have little or no superpower support.

Whether the West can ever help them openly must depend, in the words of Robert Neumann, former United States ambassador in Afghanistan, on providing 'credible assurances of support' for General Zia's Pakistan government, since Pakistan is the only possible conduit. This has been one of the matters discussed during intense diplomatic negotiation these past months. But, strangely, while these talks continue, the matter is debated hardly at all in public, either in Congress or in the media.

On March 21st the democratic world will celebrate 'Afghanistan Day'. The forgotten war will be remembered, for a day at least, as a most important military conflict in terms of the Soviet-American strategic balance. It is the only time since the Second World War that the Soviet army has been engaged in protracted combat and it is the only land where murder and expulsion to the point of genocide are being carried out by a foreign invading army.

So it is hard to understand why until now the western world has been content to watch the battle from afar, like a spectator in a bullring, from time to time cheering on the tortured animal, but from a distance, as if the matter was of no concern to the onlookers and as if intervention was in any case useless, since the bull is inevitably doomed to die in the end.

The mujahedin have proved the improbable. The bull *can* survive against the matadors. The United States and her allies can now, with their help, persuade the Soviet government to discuss a non-aligned Afghanistan and the withdrawal of all foreign troops. Such an 'impossible' result would be Russia's first military defeat in recent history, a blow to their superpower prestige of grandiose, almost Vietnamese, proportions.

WHITHER THE SDP?

by Paul Rose

WHEN historians look back at the 'breaking of the mould' they would do well to trace events back to that day when sixty-nine Labour MPs led by Roy Jenkins voted alongside Mr. Heath and Conservative Europeans. They did so in defiance of Party Whips and Conference and in many cases their own Constituency Parties. Dick Taverne had pioneered dissent by successfully challenging the big battalions at Lincoln only to fall prey to the two party monopoly which was only just beginning to fray at the edges in 1974.

Retribution in the form of removal from the front bench followed in a grubby letter to seven rebels. Their identity is significant: Bill Rodgers, David Marquand, Dick Mabon, Michael Barnes and the writer of this article were among them. David Owen and Bob Maclennon resigned. Significantly, all these names now figure among SDP activists. Later, John Roper, Jim Daly and I took a trip to Dublin to canvass words of encouragement for a Yes vote in the referendum from our friends across the Irish sea to their compatriots over here. My two colleagues were among the founder members of the SDP. Bill Rodgers' organising genius and Shirley Williams' charisma played no little part. Europe was a catalyst but not the sole explanation of the first issues which were to lead to Warrington, Croydon and Crosby.

The referendum cut across Party lines and feeling ran high as the late Professor John Macintosh jousted with Peter Shore at the special conference at the Sobell Centre. It was the first step, however, to the realignment that is now termed the Alliance. A more significant factor recognised by students of politics and sociology was being reflected in the steady decline in support for the two Parties which totally monopolised the electorate in 1951. The revolution in education, the declining proportion of manual workers and a general dislike of 'ya boo' politics had thrown up a new factor in the equation. Here was a new segment of socially mobile people no longer wedded by birth to being little Tories or Labour supporters. Their values did not accord with the rigid collectivism of the Trade Unions nor were they attracted to a society in which giant corporations frequently wielded more power than many a nation state.

The block vote increasingly represented a hollow fiction whether in the hands of a Deakin or a Jack Jones. Working class politics had also declined although industrial muscle could be flexed effectively. The problem was that it often hurt other workers in their capacity as consumers and was seen increasingly to represent sectional interest as much as private companies. The giant public bureaucracies were no longer the panacea that Herbert Morrison had believed and big was no longer synonymous with beautiful.

Technology had advanced to produce a generation as familiar with microprocessors as with sociology and impatient of restrictive practices on the one hand and unimaginative management and investment on the

other. Eight decades ago Labour was formed after the Taff Vale Decision to defend the legitimate interests of the Trade Unions and working men. Only in alliance with Socialist intellectuals could they forge a political weapon to counter powerful employers. On the industrial scene they built general and craft unions to create a collective force to confront employers with organised labour. Miners, dockers and railwaymen became a shrinking labour force in the face of oil, freightliners and mechanisation. The sons and daughters of those who marched for work in the thirties were learning new and frequently more individual skills while others were totally alienated from the scenario of industry as monetarism began to replace the welfare state. Professional and white collar workers started to re-evaluate old postures. The underprivileged were equally disenchanted in a negative sense and looking for hope.

True, Harold Wilson's 'White heat of the technological revolution' struck a chord that attracted a large majority to Labour in 1966. The rhetoric was not matched by the reality in the administration that followed. Labour refused to think out the causes for its relative and absolute decline and to produce an ideology for the seventies in the four years before its hollow victories of 1974. It fell back on old slogans and old dogmas while Mrs. Thatcher was nurturing her own solution to an ailing economy in the shape of monetarism not very different from the thirties. The ideologies of the thirties held little relevance for 1980.

A growing spectrum no longer wedded to these confrontation politics and outmoded dogmas had increased in numbers and awareness. Labour dissidents, progressive Conservatives, undaunted Liberals combined with something far more exciting. The launch of the SDP brought into the political arena and harnessed the enthusiasm of a vast number of men and women previously uncommitted to the old politics.

It would be wrong to discount disillusionment with a Conservative Party that had strayed from the One Nation concept of Disraeli or ignore the disintegrating factionalism of a Labour Party whose diminishing activists made it a ready target for take-overs by groups who opposed the very concept of Parliamentary politics. The changed social structure was a happy combination with the antics of Tony Benn and Geoffrey Howe, without which the SDP's road would have been much harder. They were fortunate, too, in the personalities of the 'gang' and in Liberal leader David Steele who could stand above narrow Party advantage and see what Jo Grimond had worked for during many barren years—a realignment of British politics. Whether the events made the leaders or vice versa hardly matters. The ideas had been developing slowly for the whole of the decade that started with the European clash.

Thus, at a time of mid-term unpopularity, the nation saw enacted not another Orpington or Sutton but a universal picture speeding up towards the end of 1981, of local and national by-elections in which Opposition strongholds and Government fortresses crumbled in the wake of Government insensitivity, opposition bickering and a new sense of excitement unleashing idealistic but realistic men and women with unfamiliar leaflets

and colours, employing the new techniques that produced them and willing to sacrifice time and money and energy to revitalise British politics.

Astonishingly, voters were changing old habits in equal proportions for nothing more remarkable than twelve broad principles and men and women whom they felt they could trust. No firm policy had been thrashed out; no five-hundred-point manifesto existed but here were people from many backgrounds with certain shared basic attitudes and a desire for rational debate and mutual tolerance. Not only were they bound by politics but they seemed to enjoy what they were doing and acted as friends in contrast to the rasping sound of 'comrade' which no longer signified its original meaning.

Enemies produced badges stating 'Take politics out of politics! Join the SDP'. In the sense that politics meant instant Pavlovian opposition to alleged opponents in the framework of two party confrontation they were right.

Whether the euphoria will last is questioned. Some tell me 'you have peaked too soon' and it would be foolish to rely on the television computer and polls showing half the nation behind the Alliance. I confess to being astonished by the pull of the new magnetic force. As area Secretary in the highly cosmopolitan Borough of Brent, class and race, colour and religion have proved no barrier although it was only in the second wave of recruits that the Party ceased to be predominantly white and comfortably off. Thus, our panel of Municipal Candidates numbering 37 includes six Asians, six Irish and three West Indians and covers the spectrum of Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Muslim, Hindu and freethinkers. If there is a remarkably high number of technological and medical workers—and over a third of our Committee are women—it is beginning to reflect in microcosm the very social changes I have sought to describe. It has yet to mobilise the most disadvantaged but it has already exploded many myths about Party allegiance as a young black worker, an Asian Doctor and a respected former Mayor stand together poised to try to win the Town Hall for the SDP-Liberal Alliance.

Some may enjoy the term 'moderate' but all the indications are that we are witnessing a combination of reformers and radicals coming to grips with the realities of an industrial technological society that poses as yet unanswered problems. The vast multi-national corporations and massed trade union battalions have no great appeal for the average member of the SDP. They try to respond positively with themes of participation, decentralisation and democratisation of these and other large institutions, be they private or public. There is no ideological commitment to public or private ownership for its own sake and outright opposition to playing politics with industries.

Just as Labour, based on the Unions, replaced the Liberals as the Party of reform, so the SDP is replacing a large segment of the traditional Labour vote and, in alliance with radical liberal tradition, attracting a whole new constituency by its very newness. Naturally, its support as against its committed members is as much a negative response to the old parties, but the

positive factor is unquestionably dominant. Unlike the regional responses, its appeal is not, as was thought, based on the prosperous South and it is seen as credible in the context of a coalition of forces with the Liberals who have a number of firm bases spread over the country.

To define the attitudes of SDP members in monolithic terms would be futile. There are a fair number of unilateralists or those who like me would wish to avoid more US missiles in Europe, and a few opposed to the Common Market. By and large they are however 'Europeans'. They are distinguished by a passion for thoughtful and tolerant debate to the point of dullness. They want this within the framework of a representative, not delegate Parliament, elected by proportional representation—overwhelmingly in favour of the STV system.

They accept the mixed economy and are anxious to replace dole queues by training in the skills of the future. Financial incentives to both the public and private sectors and taxes that encourage expense upon a Labour force rather than inanimate assets would begin to reverse the unemployment trends as would the improvement of our infrastructure and environment. There is real concern for racial harmony and that racialism shall not be used in reverse as a vote winner. It goes with sexual tolerance and a desire to bring more women into the decision-making process. Equally, there is a commitment to bridging the North-South gap. Just as it attempts an almost purist internal democratic process, the SDP wishes to democratise—not bash—trade unions and bring workers into the management of companies. It favours an incomes policy unlike Messrs. Scargill or Powell but the road to a statutory policy as against voluntary norms may be a dangerous path attainable only in the context of mutual confidence between Government and industry and trade unionists with unhappy memories of the disastrous 'five per cent'.

There is clearly a dichotomy in the desire to break down class barriers and the need to placate many supporters who have the advantage of private health and education or subsidised mortgages. The latter are likely to remain with help for first time borrowers uppermost. The probable answer to the others will be a compromise in taking away financial advantages rather than destroying existing structures, while endeavouring to improve standards and creating consumer choice in the public spheres of health, housing, education and other services. The encouragement of voluntary associations is likely to appeal to the SDP membership, not least in housing.

Surprisingly, the rationalisation of regional government to replace the present hodge-podge of Councils and the Welsh and Scottish variations of devolution does not seem to have received the membership's acclaim in spite of an excellent discussion paper by Bob Maclennan on the topic.

In my view, too little attention has been paid to civil liberties and Home Office issues on which Roy Jenkins had so fine a record. Freedom of Information and an extension of the role of Parliamentary Select Committees are likely to figure among Constitutional improvements mirroring a desire by Clement Freud and Shirley Williams to bring greater control

over public, State and private institutions and it would not surprise me to see an extension of the role and powers of the Ombudsman. Although the politics of confrontation spread to the streets last summer the SDP will have to be more forthcoming on the issues embraced by the deterioration of public/police relations and an outmoded penal system.

The new Party will have to be on its guard against old hacks whose only motive for joining is political survival from the axes of the Trots. It will be interesting to see whether Islington Councillors escaping from the lunatic rump of the Labour Party are merely transferring old policies to new colours or are coming to terms with the radicalism that first led people like Michael Barnes, David Marquand and myself into the Labour Party prior to our separate but similar revlusion at its failure to come to terms with the changes and demands of our society. Will they accept, as Shirley Williams has asserted, that 'Politics is for people'—not pompous local Councillors or politicians who know best?

In any event the SDP must not be a mere refuge for animals escaping from their current political cages. It must represent a new positive philosophy capable of uniting reformers and radicals who will overlap with their Liberal counterparts and perhaps coalesce or divide after fulfilling the promise of PR. The adventure is that up and down the country, at the travelling conference and the by-elections, thousands of people, untainted by past traumas, are revitalising the blunted idealism of those of us who parted company with our old colleagues. My decision to give up my safe seat after 15 years in 1979 culminated in a final severing of the umbilical cord after what I described as 'The Wembley Sell Out' in *Contemporary Review* last year (Vol. 238. No. 1384).

This combination of experienced Cabinet and junior Ministers, about sixty or so MPs and former MPs, with a high calibre influx of people with expertise in a wide field of endeavour may revitalise a Parliament where animal noises often pass for adult political debate. Entrenched attitudes and postures from the past must give way to a new hope, confidence and receptiveness among those of us who are the old hacks of the new Movement.

This is no media-created balloon but a movement built on a wide spectrum and solid foundations. As a society where classicists and miners are giving way to skilled engineers and computer programmers, the SDP combines traditional political strands with innovation in combination and partnership with Liberalism. New and Old have combined to shake the foundation of a rotting two-party adversary system that has plagued us for too long. The challenge is not by ideas in a vacuum. In that sense Marx was right in his analysis of class struggle.

The paradox is that the SDP is not as some would have it, 'the middle class on the march', but the classless on the march against artificial and outmoded divisions that hinder society's development. It is not the proletariat that is about to take the barricades—it never was. There is a radical reforming zeal impatient with the sterility of yesterday's politics—of Congress House and the Carlton Club. A new manifesto might read—a spectre is haunting Michael Foot and Margaret Thatcher. It is commonly

known by one spine-chilling word in the corridors of Westminster and must be whispered softly—it is 'The Alliance'.

The post-Christmas 'hiccup' attributed to mince pies by David Steele is one serious danger to the effectiveness of the alliance. The Liberals already have two-hundred-and-thirty candidates selected. In some cases they have beavered away for years and are obvious contenders for the seats where they have come close runners-up. However, without the SDP boost —accounting for about 70% of the alliance support—it would have seemed unlikely that Bill Pitt would have won Croydon. Liberals have a history of local individuality. The more centrally and indeed professionally oriented SDP with its complement of 50 or so present and former MPs and many Councillors, together with the new enthusiasts, tend to look at the whole rather than the dearly-cultivated plot.

This difference in approach, evident in one of the three constituencies in my own area, infuriates SDP members as a menace to the broader alliance. By the same token Liberals who have put in years of work—albeit without great success in electoral terms—can be forgiven if they feel steam-rollered by the national Parties and the short-time scale. However, if in an odd seat such as Dick Mabon's both Parties find reconcilliation impossible I do not believe that it should be allowed to jeopardise the alliance. Liberals may well argue that they were in the field while Dick Mabon was still attending the Labour Party Conference. The SDP will quote the guidelines. However, it would be unreasonable for the Liberals to claim 200 seats in which they happen to be strongest, while reasonable for them to claim 60 or so where they have proved their effectiveness. In my own area there is no doubt that the SDP is four times as strong as the Liberals but the rural and commuter areas of traditional Liberal support should make their special contribution to the alliance. Without flexibility the alliance could founder over formalities and destroy the hopes of the electorate.

SOMALIA—A CALL FOR JUSTICE

by Louis FitzGibbon

WE live in a troubled world where 'wars and rumours of wars' increasingly abound. Today it is Poland, yesterday it was Afghanistan and tomorrow—who knows? Perhaps Iran; perhaps Namibia, maybe even Somalia which, since 1978, has been largely forgotten. Such is the pace of events, and such the temper of the 'media' that only disasters attract attention: only when the dead can be counted in thousands is it worth sending reporters and photographers. It is a comment upon nowaday civilisation that, sport apart, the public eye is only easily drawn to the footprints of one or other of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. And yet there are tragedies everywhere, and every day.

Far away in the Horn of Africa lies the seat of a people for whom recent times have brought only betrayal and misery. Before then, with some interruptions, the Somalis lived at peace in their proud independence, happy to herd their camels as they wandered the land, and to praise God for what small bounty He threw their way. Known in ancient times as 'The Land of Punt', Somalia produced incense and myrrh—and it may be that it was they whose product was taken by one of the Magi to that humble stable in Bethlehem. Before then the Somalis were known to the pharaonic Egyptians, and the Romans acknowledged their existence, albeit that their home was called *Terra Incognita*. The Somalis are rooted in history and they have always maintained a geographical, ethnic and cultural identity as a pastoral people thriving upon simplicity as they roamed with their camels across the arid miles under the blue arc of the African sky. Theirs has always been a hard land, with every drop of water counted a blessing and every death amongst their herds a tragedy. Such a way of living breeds sturdiness and independence, and the latter is the essence of their troubles.

The advent of Islam brought many Arab traders to Somali shores and with them they brought their beliefs. These the Somalis embraced, thus adding a code of wisdom to their already lofty stature. But Nature imposes its own juxtapositions, and immediately westwards of the Somalis was a different culture, that of Amhara, or the Axumite kingdom which was the core of Abyssinia which we now call Ethiopia. Different in every way, those mountain people were Coptic Christians and their future lay along a different road. So different in fact that they became the implacable enemies of the Somalis, upon whom, without reason, they chose to look down. And that is the fundament of all the troubles which have subsequently afflicted the Horn.

In the sixteenth century the Abyssinians greatly increased their incursions against the nomadic Somalis, and as always in times of danger, a leader arose. His name was Ahmad Ibn Ibrahim El-Ghazi and he was the ruler of Harar in the northern part of what is known to us as the Ogaden (named after the clan-tribe who live there). Nicknamed 'Gran'

or 'Guray'—the 'left-handed'—his prowess was enormous and in a short time he had not only chased out the marauding Abyssinians but followed them into the very heart of their own fastnesses. He inspired the Somalis then and to this day the vision of his courage and leadership have diminished not an iota.

Much closer to our way of thinking and to our time was Sir Richard Burton who went to Somalia in 1854 and who later described the Somalis as an entirely independent race. He was a man of great authority and thus can be relied upon to have made a factual statement. But events were moving elsewhere and in 1869 the Suez Canal was opened, and with that there also opened a great proliferation of political, strategic and trading possibilities. None of these was lost upon the Ottomans and the Khedive of Egypt hastened in 1875 to seize the northern Somali coast. But that occupation was short-lived for in the Sudan the Mahdi rose up to declare a Jehad (Holy War) against the infidels and by 1880 his forces were threatening the southern borders of Egypt. This led the Khedive to withdraw from Somalia in 1882 and thenafter the European 'Scramble for Africa' began in earnest with the Berlin Conference of 1884. It was in that year that Britain entered into agreements with chieftains of some northern Somali tribes, promising, *inter alia*, to preserve their independence for them.

Here indeed was a sacred trust—not an agreement between two sophisticated parties, but the belief of simple people that mighty Britain would never dream of going back upon her word. Other Somali chiefs made treaties with the French and with the Italians, all to the same purpose, to safeguard that independence which they held so dear. One can imagine with what a sense of security they returned to their simple abodes, congratulating themselves no doubt upon having obtained the protection of the then world conquering Europeans. But what they did not appreciate was that expansionist Abyssinia had successfully portrayed herself as 'being on the side of the angels'; as a 'Christian Island in a Sea of Pagans' and this image easily caught on with the Europeans when taken together with the possibilities of trade and other advantages. The fate of the Somalis was sealed when the colonialists sought also to prevent the passage of arms through Ethiopia to the Mahdi in the Sudan, and the sum total of all these considerations was the inclusion of Abyssinia within the colonialist club as a full partner. Gleefully the Abyssinian ruler, Menelik, saw the way open to him yet further to expand his growing empire, and this had already been facilitated by the importation of firearms with which to crush the Africans who were his neighbours. This ability to obtain firepower was cemented in 1890 when Abyssinia acceded to the Brussels General Act, the ostensible object of which was the suppression of the slave trade, but which also precluded the sale of firearms to Africans—*with the notable exception of Abyssinia*. Thus Somalia's traditional enemy was not only an active and greedy partner in the scramble for Africa, but one with ready access to the kind of weapons not available to others. The scales against the Somalis were heavily laden —but even then they retained their trust in Britain, France and Italy.

Menelik was not slow to exploit his enormous advantages: he mounted an attack against Harar (a traditional seat of Muslim learning) and it fell to him in 1887—being far from the real Abyssinia and in the heartland of Somali grazing pastures. The moment of truth came in 1897 when the Europeans, ever more eager to appease and help Menelik, reneged upon their agreements with the Somalis and handed over large parts of those very lands which they had promised to protect. In so doing they broke a fundamental tenet of any law which states that no one may give away that which is not his to give. For the Somalis this was the kiss of Judas and from it stems all the trouble and misery which has beset The Horn for the last hundred years. But expediency is a great force, and one which from time immemorial has tempted man from the path he knows in his heart is right. For the British the main requirement in Somalia was to ensure a regular supply of food to their garrison at Aden, hence their interest only in the northern coastal strip. Whatever the reasons, and however one looks at it, the deal with Abyssinia has only one name—betrayal! And to make it worse, the Somalis were not even told what was being done with their possessions, and in that very secrecy must have been a realisation of guilt. In 1904, H. R. Fox Bourne, author of *Civilisation of Congoland*, wrote a pamphlet entitled *The Story of Somaliland* in which he bluntly said: ' . . . the scandalous betrayal of the Somalis who, having accepted British protection, were left to be mercilessly dealt with by their Abyssinian enemies.' The obvious comparison we can make is with the infamous Treaty of Yalta, the results of which we see today. Even as recently as 1955 our Minister of State for the Colonies described that underhand agreement with Menelik of 1897 as 'unfortunate'. What an understatement! For the Somalis it was a disaster. It is perhaps as well for the Somalis that the Europeans are no longer in the Horn as by now they might well have given all of Somalia away.

This, then, is the background to current events: a situation forced upon the Somalis whereby millions of them were placed within the dominion of an implacable enemy, different from them in origin, in culture, in language and in religion. It could be said that they were forcibly locked into the lion's den—in this case the Lion of Judah. Nor was that lion in any way accommodating; it was sufficiently voracious to write to heads of government in 1891 laying claim to vast tracts of Africa to which, by no stretch of the imagination, had it any legal pretension. Menelik advanced the theory that his mandate should run almost to the gates of Khartoum and include also large parts of Kenya.

Word spread amongst the Somalis who were at first aghast and then rallied round yet another leader who determined that the erstwhile European friends were in reality enemies. Mohamed Abdille Hassan was born in 1864 and he studied the Koran at the age of seven, becoming a teacher in his own right only eight years later. His subsequent travels in Sudan and Kenya combined with the pilgrimage to Mecca imbued him with religious zeal, and to his detestation of the colonialists he added the conviction that they were eroding the Muslim faith. These dual convictions lit a fire within him and such was its intensity that it illuminated the way

for a growing band of freedom fighters who came later. His first clash with the British was in 1899 when he was accused of having stolen a rifle belonging to one of the Administration's constabulary. It is customary politeness always to answer any message immediately and when he received a demand for the return of the rifle he replied on the back of the message in these pithy words:

> There is no God but Allah, and Mohamed is His Messenger. Nought have I stolen from you or from any other. Seek what you want from him who robbed you. Serve him whom you have chosen to serve. This and Salaams.

The British Vice-Consul chose to take exception to this method of reply and whatever tolerance may have existed vanished at once. Thus started a protracted guerilla war against the colonisers which lasted twenty years, during all of which time Mohamed was as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel, such was his tactical skill and his knowledge of the desert. Time and again combined British and Abyssinian forces sought to bring him to battle but always he disappeared as if the very sands had swallowed him up. As the years passed he inflicted heavy losses and captured weapons which partly redressed the advantages enjoyed by his opponents. The British dubbed him 'The Mad Mullah', but he was neither mad nor mullah—he was a true patriot who fought with every particle of his energy, intelligence and generalmanship to oust unwanted and treacherous occupiers, yet although he was a trial and a tribulation he could not, in the end, prevail and totally liberate the country he loved so well. His fortress at Taleh was eventually bombed by the RAF in 1920 and Mohamed was forced to flee to the Ogaden where, on the 21st of December in that year, he died peacefully at the age of fifty-six. But he had the last word, contained in a piece of poetry, before he died:

> This is a message for those who follow the Prophet's Faith. . . . Behold how the infidel lays traps for you as you become less wary. . . . First he will disarm you as though you were defenceless women, He will then deceive you and rob you of your lands . . .

No wonder that he ranks with Ahmed 'Guray' as a great national hero and an additional inspiration to those who, in our day, continue to fight for their freedom.

In the 1920s and 1930s there was comparative quiet as the British continued their business in British Somaliland, and the Italians did the same in their part. But the 'wind of change' was beginning to blow and at the All African Peoples' Conference held in Accra in 1958 the participants denounced artificial boundaries drawn by imperialist powers to divide the peoples of Africa, particularly those which cut across ethnic lines and divide peoples of the same stock.' Earlier, in 1950, a Trusteeship had been set up and it was in that year that a provisional boundary was drawn between Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia. Again, it is that *de facto* line which is at the root of the trouble, for it cut off millions of Somalis and left them in the Ogaden where they were persecuted by the Abyssinians (Ethiopians). And that line remained even after 1960 when partial independence came and British Somaliland joined with Italian Somaliland to form the Somali Republic. This granting of independence did not at all suit Ethiopia, whose forces immediately set about a series of inhuman

massacres and perpetrated every kind of evil against the unhappy Somalis abandoned within Ethiopian territory.

The same 'wind of change' eventually, in 1963, produced the Organisation of African Unity which Ethiopia started to manipulate through immediately offering it a headquarters in Addis Ababa. Nor did the Ethiopians stop there for in 1964, at the Cairo meeting, they skilfully promoted the idea that all African states must abide by the previous colonial boundaries as a basis for the future. Despite Somali arguments, this doctrine was adopted, thus precluding Somalia from pressing her just claim to those parts of her national lands of which she had previously been robbed.

The Somalis tried by every peaceful means to negotiate, but the black colonialists of Ethiopia refused to discuss the matter and clung tenaciously to that which they had fraudulently been given. No wonder that a sense of deep injustice penetrated the Somali soul, the more so as both the charters of the United Nations and the Organisation of African Unity hold, as first principles, the right of peoples to self-determination. At every plea other states raised their hands in pious horror, and pointed to the 'sacred cow' of the dogma of the 'inviolability of frontiers'—a most useful excuse for doing nothing.

The history of the then new Somali Republic was not a happy one: the public administration suffered from gross inefficiency; law and order partially broke down; industry ground to a standstill and the morale of the people sank lower and lower. Somalia became known as 'the graveyard of international aid'. Such Europeans who felt a concern became disinterested and the Somalis drifted into isolation, except that is for the continuing depredations of the always hostile Ethiopians.

The situation became so bad that in 1969 the President was assassinated by his own bodyguard and this led to the bloodless coup of that year when a Supreme Revolutionary Council took power under the leadership of Major-General Mohamed Siad Barre. The overwhelming popularity of this move was witnessed by a change of name from the Somali Republic to the Somali Democratic Republic. Immediate steps were taken to eradicate the malpractices of the past and the great transformation began. From being a backward and confused country, Somalia started to emerge as a progressive unity eager and ready to take her place within the community of nations. It was a prodigious task which called for the efforts of every single individual, but once the challenge was understood the people responded wholeheartedly. Self-help schemes and crash programmes were initiated and the first massive achievement was the creation of a written Somali language. This subject alone is worthy of many pages, but suffice it to say that a script was agreed upon after which even students dispersed about the country to act as teachers. Thus, in a stroke, the Somalis got rid of all the confusion which was previously caused by trying to administer a country with a mixture of English, Italian and Arabic. The next major triumph was the resettlement of thousands of nomads who were threatened with extinction by the drought of 1973/74 which, at the same time, prevented further desertification of

grazing lands in the north and re-educated a large part of the population so that they could more usefully contribute to their own livelihoods and the national welfare.

But the drought which affected the Sahel (that broad swathe which stretches from the Atlantic south of the Sahara eastward to the Indian Ocean) also had terrible effects upon the Somalis in the Ogaden. In vain did they seek help from the Ethiopian government. On the contrary, that government sought to cover up the famine so that even the outside was at first unaware of its devastation. This was the last straw which triggered off the upsurge of Somali spirit in the Ogaden and which resulted in the start of what is called the 'Ogaden War' of 1977. There are limits beyond which it is not possible to push a living being. Thus, in that year, the Western Somali Liberation Front rose against the oppressors and fighting began in earnest. Meantime, the Russian chess-masters had been assessing the whole strategy of their African plan, and they decided that Ethiopia was a richer prize than Somalia—they switched sides and, over Christmas and New Year 1977/78, airlifted to Ethiopia a vast arsenal of sophisticated weaponry while instructing their Cuban 'Afrika Korps' to help the stumbling Ethiopians. When Somalia threw off the Soviet yoke —for they had had to turn to the USSR earlier on to form a defensive army—the Americans promised military aid. But when the guns began to fire in earnest, President Carter had second thoughts and, like others before him, withdrew support. The Somali government had no alternative but to come to the aid of the beleaguered Somalis in the Ogaden, but they were faced with the gigantic war machine which the Soviets had so rapidly imported. The Somalis were forced to retreat and early in 1978 the war, as such, came to an end.

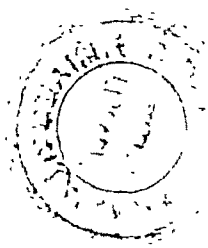
It is this chapter of Somali history which remains in the public mind and it brought in its train a tragic exodus of refugees—the usual detritus of war. Nohow can such a terse expression ever contain the multitude of miseries nor the destruction of ethos which being a refugee really means.

Ever since 1978 the Ethiopians have continued to launch air-raids upon villages inside Somalia, and their offensive weapons have included napalm and fragmentation bombs—yet the voice of the Human Rights activists has been silent, and the world bodies have been inactive. Pontius Pilate has always had many imitators: those who would rather flee from the truth than be forced to take action or, worse, align themselves on one side or another, even in word. In the Somali case they have preferred to hive off the matter onto the OAU, as an 'African matter best left to Africans to decide'. Such an attitude has, in their minds, an in-built sanctity within the tenets of non-interference—one of the fashionable expressions so often bandied about. But with regard to the refugees in Somalia we are dealing with people—real people—whose very lives are at stake. International, bi-lateral and individual aid has, it is true, been forthcoming, but no attempt has been made to get to the basis of the problem of how these refugees can be allowed to return, and thus be refugees no longer.

In November 1981, President Siad Barre addressed the Franco-African

Summit in Paris, and repeated his often expressed plea to the International Community to honour its duty and mediate. He seems to be looking in vain for a Good Samaritan, but all he finds is that other one who passes by. The Somalis seek only justice, that elusive blessing which is so often denied, and in their case is most certainly lacking. Written and spoken, the first thoughts of every Muslim are contained in the phrase: 'In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate'. Is it, one may well ask, beyond the powers of present-day humanity to provide that compassion through at least some effort to ameliorate the lot of those thousands of refugees? Not just by giving them enough bread upon which to live for another day, but by grasping the nettle of political problems irrespective of how many stings may ensue. Therein lies a *magnum opus*, daunting in its possibilities, yet with an objective surely greater than usual and with the promise of a gigantic stride in human endeavour.

[Louis FitzGibbon served in the Royal Navy during the war and afterwards learned Polish. From 1968 until 1972 he was General Secretary of The British Council for Aid to Refugees, after which he headed a United Nations (UNHCR) emergency refugee relief programme in The Sudan. He was also Hon. Secretary of the Katyn Memorial Fund which, in 1976, successfully erected a monument in London to honour the victims. Since 1978 he has thrice been to Somalia and in 1981 he won the first Airey Neave Memorial Scholarship which has resulted in his writing a book about Somalia. A Knight of Malta, he is descended from 'Black Jack' FitzGibbon, first Earl of Clare and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland in 1800.]



A PRECURSOR OF POST-INDUSTRIAL POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

by Stuart Shanker

EUROPE awoke to the news of the election of Ronald Reagan with a mixture of consternation and incredulity. To defeat so convincingly an incumbent President, however beleaguered, is proof enough of his charisma. But his recent ability to turn catastrophe into, not merely a personal but more importantly, a public triumph, has demonstrated to the world qualities which the American voter had perceived in him, but which were not particularly manifest in the Press descriptions of his Primary and Presidential campaigns. Nevertheless, it was not so much Reagan himself that had caused alarm in European centres; the question of Reagan's personal competence is no doubt a serious one, but one that was far more prominent in American than in European eyes. European perceptions of the Presidency are grounded in a fairly realistic understanding of the limitations to Presidential power.[1] What was worrying were the apparently reactionary policies—both foreign and domestic—which had swept Reagan into office.

Reagan had of course campaigned on the basis of a 'Republican revivalism' which, to Europeans, seemed hopelessly naive and antiquated. Indeed, the Reagan administration's foreign policy performance to date has not been reassuring, but signs are emerging that it is quickly developing an acute sense of Realpolitik. Equally disturbing was the fact that, at a time when Europe depends so heavily on an American recovery, and the Conservative experiment in England is being watched with increasing concern, Reagan seemed to be offering the perfect recipe for disaster: equal measures of Hoover and Friedman.

Is this a misperception? Whether the new administration's policies will indeed lead to an economic (and spiritual!) revival is an issue we shall await with resigned skepticism. However, before we enter the gates to Dante's Inferno, let us first reconsider whether the Reagan administration is simply offering the dregs of old Republican wine decanted into new Madison Avenue bottles. On the contrary, far from being born from the seeds of economic desperation, the philosophy of the New Right which is rapidly gaining momentum in America is not one that harks back to the 20s but rather one which looks forward to the 80s.

To be charitable, perhaps we should describe this new political philosophy as 'enlightened Republicanism,' thus dissociating it from both the unacceptable face of laissez faire capitalism and also from the daunting prospect of monetarist zealotry. To be sure, the spectre of 'Lonhrohism' has been endemic to the liberal free market state from the earliest days of the Captains of Industry but, to be fair, socialist parties have not been reluctant to capitalise on this extremely effectively in order to project an image of social justice and compassion which has proved tremendously successful at the polls. However, it is neither my concern here to defend

the 'New Right' nor to belittle either the integrity or the intentions of the Left. What should be our concern is to clarify a possible source of confusion which, if undetected, would undermine our judgement of the reality of the political spectrum. Political rhetoric has managed to sustain the impression of a sharp political polarisation. Yet there can be no doubt that the serious options open to the various parties are rapidly shrinking. Hopefully the new Social Democratic Party will be the first to convey this clearly and persuasively. There is a case to be made for arguing that from a position somewhat to the right of theirs the process has already begun in America.

An interesting example of this was evident in the recent televised extravaganza of 'Milton Friedmanism'. Whatever the merits of Friedman's socio-economic-political arguments, he did manage in the discussions which followed his short 'entertainments' to ridicule the point that the socialist has a monopoly on the public good. Surely we should debate whether Friedman was right to argue that Socialism has no right to claim to be a good in itself, but rather that Socialism is a politico-economic means to a defined social end. And it is surely obfuscating, if not irresponsible, to deny the widespread consensus which now exists among all the major parties on the definition of this goal. For the New Right has fully absorbed the traditional 'Socialist' values—or at least, purports to. If this does prove to be the case, then increasingly political conflict will centre on the most effective method to achieve these goals.

The industrial democracies are by now acutely aware of the limitations of Socialist management, with the result that Socialism is now on the defensive and hedging towards the ominous Maginot line of Protectionism. But only the most diehard futurist will be confident enough to predict the arrival of a panacea (i.e. in the shape of GEOSOLFUS). According to the bluster of the New Right, modern business techniques point to the most efficient way to work towards a future which is pregnant with possibilities of Promethean progress, but perhaps in the end we shall have to return to democratic Socialism as the most humane way to minimise the costs of such a dizzying ascent. Yet the New Right also wants to argue that 'Socialist' principles have by now become irrevocably entrenched in Western society, that we must not underestimate the extent to which the ideals of a 'just society' have become established in 'enlightened Republicanism.' In which case what will really be at issue in subsequent post-industrial political philosophy is whether socialist management techniques can be as effective as modern business techniques.

This introduces an interesting twist to traditional conservative arguments. From de Maistre to Lord Devlin, the conservative argument rests on the premise that society is such a complex organism—a seamless web—that indiscriminate or unnecessary interference will disrupt the delicate balance. Such an argument is, of course, remarkably unconvincing, but it is worth noting that even Marx would seem to have underestimated the resilience and adaptability of Capitalist societies. Veblen offers the classic leftist perception of Conservatism:

> The aversion to change is in large part an aversion to the bother of making the readjustment which any given change will necessitate; and this solidarity of the system of institutions of any given culture or of any given people strengthens the instinctive resistance offered to any change in men's habits of thought, even in matters which, taken by themselves, are of minor importance.
>
> A consequence of this increased reluctance, due to the solidarity of human institutions, is that any innovation calls for a greater expenditure of nervous energy in making the necessary readjustment than would otherwise be the case . . . progress is hindered by underfeeding and excessive physical hardship, no less effectually than by such a luxurious life as will shut out discontent by cutting off the occasion for it. The abjectly poor, and all those persons whose energies are entirely absorbed by the struggle for daily sustenance, are conservative because they cannot afford the effort of taking thought for the day after tomorrow; just as the highly prosperous are conservative because they have small occasion to be discontented with the situation as it stands today.[2]

Strong as this analysis might have been in 1925, it is hopelessly inadequate as an analysis of contemporary conservatism in America. The point is not merely that conservatism is now a middle-class phenomenon; what is really the point is that conservatism now seems to offer the most promising route to realising the vista of radical technological changes which is opening up. Thus, where traditional conservatism sought to preserve the status quo in order to conserve whatever meagre comforts society had to offer, contemporary conservatism has become internally tied to futurism.

Two years ago the Hudson Institute published a harbinger of this political philosophy of the New Right, in *Arizona Tomorrow: A Precursor of Post-Industrial America*.[3] In it they argue that:

> Although Arizona is unique and the particular pattern and balance of forces and trends will not be slavishly reproduced elsewhere, many of the elements and the spirit of what is going on there will have significance for developed nations worldwide. Very likely the people of all advanced capitalist nations will try to create similar 'attractive' social, economic, and recreational developments where they are—or move to areas in which they are occurring 'naturally.' In essence, this trend involves the emergence of a comfortable, leisure society in physical surroundings conducive to personal and family lifestyle pursuits. . . The necessary infrastructure of modern technology will be embedded in this society so as to enhance, protect, and augment those features most appealing from a lifestyle perspective, and will otherwise be submerged to the natural environment. Increasingly, lifestyle considerations and values will determine technological expansion, making a sharp break with the historical pattern of industrialisation that has determined the American landscape. . . To characterise a society as post-industrial is simply to assert that it goes beyond traditional ideas of an industrial society—that is, that it is not centered much, if at all, by the requirements of creating and maintaining an industrial sector. The reason is not that industrial output is unimportant, but rather that furnishing the inputs and controlling unintended external effects will become relatively easy to manage, and that society will increasingly direct its attention more to other pursuits.[4]

The study strives vigorously to demonstrate an air of objectivity, and yet it cannot help but be read as the most optimistic of capitalist scenarios of the technological riches which await our harvesting. In order to gain the objectivity that we felt was so woefully lacking, we decided that the most reliable way to comment on 'Arizona Tomorrow' was to visit Arizona today. And there we discovered the explanation for the Hudson Institute's remarkable optimism: the future which they dream

of is, as they maintain, well on its way to becoming a reality in Arizona. In particular, the state capital of Phoenix looks likely to be establishing a new model of civil management, civic participation and, in the words of the Hudson Institute's report, of planned development which portends 'a societal synthesis that combines affluence, technology, and aesthetics.' It is not simply that Phoenix is one of the most active growth-centres in the United States today, enjoying a growing influx of both capital and talent. What is really the point is that the current development of Phoenix and the plans for the immediate future (as outlined in *Phoenix Concept Plan 2000,* passed by the city council in 1979) vindicate the Hudson Institute's conviction that:

> Increasingly, lifestyle considerations and values will determine technological expansion,making a sharp break with the historical pattern of industrialisation that has determined the American landscape. Of course, this overall trend of a successful marriage of an attractive environment with new technology will be tempered by economic constraints, yet the fundamental pattern described will be a driving force in the evolution of advanced capitalist nations worldwide. Arizona thus has a special significance for the future. We are not claiming that the Arizona lifestyle is *the* lifestyle of the future. We are saying it is *a* lifestyle of the future and that it is one of the first manifestations, or precursors, of a national and international trend of a post-industrial marriage between an appealing environment and new technology where lifestyle considerations are the central organising principle around which society is organised.'

The conservatism which dominates in Phoenix can best be described as a hybrid form of Republicanism. Grafted on to some fairly reactionary attitudes is what has been referred to above as 'enlightened Republicanism': a striking awareness of the problems which afflict the lower-income sectors, and a determination to employ the most advanced management techniques of planning and implementation available in order to benefit all members of the city. (To judge by statistics alone, they are proving remarkably successful in this with, for instance, the median household income rising from 9,392 dollars in 1971 to 21,933 dollars in 1981.) Perhaps the most striking 'absence' in Phoenix is that of organised trade unionism. Arizona itself is a 'right-to-work' state, but even so the workers who have the most obvious means to unionise have stubbornly refused to recognise their own self-interests. Here it is not so much with spokesmen for the New Right as with the workers themselves where one is lectured in the history of trade unionism: the unions were the most important development in the evolution of democratic socialism, but the tremendous benefits which they conferred on the workers in the first half of the century have proved dangerously counter-productive in the latter half. They introduce confrontation and misplaced loyalties at a time when co-operative negotiation has proved to be so much more satisfactory for all concerned. Significantly, the workers emphasize the advantages of being able to supervise themselves, of putting in their hours when they want without having to punch in. Undoubtedly the general affluence of Phoenix colours their feelings, but it is nonetheless noteworthy that few dwell on the standard of living which they enjoy, whereas all express their appreciation of the flexibility and freedom which they possess. With all the emphasis on productivity, it is well to bear in mind that simple

monetary incentives may be dramatically misplaced in post-industrial society; that, as the Hudson Institute argues, 'lifestyle considerations' will become the paramount consideration.

Phoenix was recently the only major city in the U.S. awarded an 'All-American City' Award on the basis of its citizen involvement in planning and administration. Is it possible that, with all this energy devoted to planned development and growth, they run the risk of becoming *too* rational? Wittgenstein said that language is like a medieval city; to reverse the metaphor, if one were to compare Phoenix to a language, it could only be to Esperanto. (The Esperantists are quick to brag that Tolstoy was able to learn Esperanto in one afternoon; well, if he were to be set down in the middle of Phoenix it would take him only half that time to learn his way around the city.) Perhaps the real worry here is, that with all this emphasis on 'technological integrated lifestyle', Phoenix risks becoming the first of the 'Brave New Cities' of the future. The Hudson Institute report comments that 'The possibility must be faced that man's unremitting Faustian striving may ultimately remake his natural conditions—evironmental, social, and even psycho-biological—so far as to begin to dehumanise man or to degrade his political or ecological situation in very costly or irrevocable ways.'[6] With perfect seriousness, they warn that in the near future the individual Arizonan may face the following 'dangerous Personal Choices': '(a) choose sex of children; (b) mood-affecting drugs; (c) Electronic stimulation of pleasure centers; (d) excessive permissiveness and self-indulgence; (e) super cosmetology [viz. "the ability of people to radically alter their physical features more than they can today, perhaps including their physique"]; (f) temporary and/or long-term dropping out or radical change of living environment.'[7] The point is that these are not Huxleyian fantasies, but more or less Skinnerian predictions based on hard-core empirical evidence.

This would seem to point to what will become one of the central themes in post-industrial political philosophy. One way to describe the *Weltanschauungen* which separate conservative from radical is that, where the conservative is complacent about the nature of contemporary society and the future to which this points, the radical is filled with anxiety. The leftist intellectual is likely to be most hostile to the philosophy of the New Right precisely on the issue of the nature of the profit-maximised future which the Right now envisages. Primitivism has enjoyed an unparalleled prominence in political theory, whether it be in the guise of pre-historic contractual negotiations, noble savages and happy South Sea islanders, or of the hunter/fisherman/literary critic. But when combined with the Utopianism intrinsic to the Left it has led to a deep-rooted faith that Socialism will not only succeed in restraining, but eventually in eradicating the 'nasty, brutish' instincts from which have resulted the alienation and oblivion of modern mechanistic society. And such a profound primitivist instinct cannot be dismissed as a mere Luddite reflex.

However, the New Right will be quick to respond that it is clearly in the Socialist States of Eastern Europe that these Rousseauan horrors have

been most realised. The New Right will continue to rely on the ultimate position that 'negative' liberty remains far more desirable than 'positive'. Admittedly, 'negative' liberty might soon become something of an empty phrase in western societies, where the individual is increasingly bombarded with the 'hidden persuaders' of modern corporate America. But then, this shrill warning has become a commonplace since Rousseau's *Second Discourse*, and as far as the philosophy of the New Right is concerned, individualism will become an ever-more important commodity, rather than languishing in the obscurity of a frozen asset with negligible returns in some poorly-balanced investment portfolio. In anticipation of the New Right's ascension to intellectual respectability, we had all better begin to familiarise ourselves with this new species of metaphor as quickly as possible.

NOTES

1. See Neustadt's *Presidential Power*.
2. *Theory of the Leisure Class*, London, Unwin Books, 1970, p.140.
3. *Arizona Tomorrow: A Precursor of Post-Industrial America*, by Paul Bracken, with contributions by Herman Kahn, published in 1979 by the Hudson Institute at Croton-on-Hudson, New York.
4. Op. cit., pp. 1-2.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid., p.180.
7. Ibid., p.189.

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LOOKING FOR AUDIENCES

by John Elsom

THE search for new audiences is not a fresh phenomenon. I have never met a theatre management in Britain or elsewhere which hasn't wanted to get as many people to its theatre as possible, and was not prepared to go to considerable lengths to do so, through advertising, market research surveys, subscription schemes and the like, and even (in one British example) by persuading the company actors to go to the local church, presumably to pray for audiences.

Indeed, I sometimes think that the search for new audiences takes over from the creative act itself. I used to work in the script department of an American film company, and I do not think that I am breaking any great commercial confidence by saying that about a quarter of our time was spent in discussing the script and about three-quarters on how to market it. We would take a promising new play, say *Hamlet,* and kick it around like this: 'It's a *great* story, you know, pirates and all that, but must he be a Prince of *Denmark?* I mean, Denmark's a lovely country, but do you know how many people actually *live* there? Do you know the percentage of our audiences which is of Danish extraction? For heaven's sake, let's keep a sense of proportion. If he's got to be foreign, let's make him Puerto Rican—or why not British, for heaven's sake? You've got a prince.'

Or *Othello.* 'It's a fabulous idea, a black general, ex-Vietnam, coming to terms with life, but, for Christ's sake, why must he *smother* his *wife* when she *hasn't* committed adultery! That's sick and racist. Let's make him Scottish and call him the Black Thane of Cawdor!'

If anybody believes that this is too much of an exaggeration, let me point out that there was one excellent *Romeo and Juliet* musical set in the Bronx, *West Side Story,* that in Britain two Chekhov plays have recently been re-written to be set in Ireland and that it has become common practice among all theatres who share a European heritage to adapt, change and re-write classics to fit in with local habits and histories. Sometimes these adaptations have been undertaken for good artistic reasons—to ensure that the new versions have the power and the impact of the originals. Sometimes, often perhaps, they have been undertaken for no better reason than to prevent audiences from being put off by some story which is foreign, set in the past or otherwise alien. In such cases, the search for audiences leads to productions which are provincial imitations of the real thing, homespun *kitsch;* and this is one way in which the desirable end can distort the means, and, if this does not sound overcomplicated, *vice-versa.*

In the film script department, I tried to argue an alternative view, which was simply this—that if the story was strong enough, if it was genuinely concerned with the human condition, however that might be conceived, in political, emotional or moral terms, then it would find its audiences, and that it was condescending to the public to believe that they

would only be interested in people who looked and talked like themselves, and lived in the same kind of houses. Who educated Shakespeare's audiences? The obsession with market research, which was how we labelled the search for new audiences, positively damaged what we were trying to say. A market researcher would have said that Ibsen was mad—or, equally damningly, idealistic—to write *The Doll's House*, because it would offend family audiences to see Nora walking out on her children and husband. Well, it did offend family audiences, but it discovered totally new audiences (perhaps from the same people, not to baulk at paradox) from those who felt oppressed by their marriages and unable to talk to their husbands or wives.

I believed then, as I do now, that only artists can create new audiences, and that they do so, not by looking over their shoulder at those themes which might appeal to one section of the public or another, but by trying to express their view of the human condition as truthfully and skilfully as possible. Managements can help them, and so, of course, can subsidising authorities, but the onus rests with the artist. And one reason why I left the film industry was because I saw no future for myself which, to express the dilemma in crude commercial terms, placed marketing in importance above the product itself. I believed that commercialism, greed and the search for mass audiences was ultimately destructive of the artistic impulse.

This was why, in the late 1960s, I was attracted to the theatre, and the subsidised sector in particular, because in the theatre you were mainly dealing with comparatively small groups of people and the craving for mass audiences was, to that extent, irrelevant. That, however, was fifteen years ago, and we now realise that a kind of philistinism, akin to the crassly commercial variety which we all used to attack, threads its way through the subsidised sector too. Again, its central concern is the search for new audiences.

From the very beginning, the attempt to reach new audiences has been a central declared aim of the Arts Council of Great Britain. The second declared function of its Charter is 'to increase the accessibility of the arts to the public through Great Britain', while the first is 'to develop and improve the knowledge, understanding and practice of the arts.' Since the Arts Council runs no theatre schools, we must suppose that they wish to improve the knowledge and understanding of the arts among the general public, not among professionals. The first aim, therefore, like the second, is concerned with developing new audiences.

Both these aims are widely accepted in Britain, by artists and politicians alike, and from a political point of view, the slogan 'spreading the arts among the people' has a certain political sex appeal. You are not committing yourself to one kind of art rather than another, you are not expressing preferences which others can challenge, you are not trying to foist your value judgements upon others. You are saying that the arts are there for everybody to enjoy and that it is your policy to ensure that everybody has a chance to do so. If you want to gain a little extra credit with voters, you can say that, in the past, the arts were the preserve of

the rich, well-educated, middle-class élite, but *you* don't believe in such élitism. It isn't, of course, true, but it is true enough for a political platform. As one of our elder statesmen put it, 'I do not believe in the artist as a special kind of person, but in every person as a special kind of artist'. And you can tie up your remarks with some equally pious words about the importance of the Arts in an Age of Leisure.

I do not wish to sound too cynical about such slogans, for I have mouthed them myself and when I do so, I usually agree with what I am saying, because I know what the slogans mean. I am much more distrustful when other people express them. The attempt to make the arts widely accessible has led to some of the Arts Council's best achievements. More than sixty new repertory theatres have been built, some with theatre-in-education teams and studio theatres for experimental productions. Towards the end of the 1960s, however, it was realised that these efforts were not good enough.

The building of new theatres, though they did stimulate new audiences, was a costly undertaking, particularly because we already had a good stock of old theatres which were falling into decay. The really dead patches, so far as theatre audiences were concerned, lay not in major towns and cities (where the new theatres for the most part were being built), but in smaller towns and villages, and in awkward suburbs where the bus and train services were bad. For this reason, there has been some stress in recent years on helping small communities, by subsidising small touring companies (such as Shared Experience) which require no scenery or heavy lighting equipment and can therefore play in school halls. Much of this activity has been very valuable, and, yes, it has created 'new' audiences, and, yes, it could not have been tackled so effectively without public subsidy. But we should not blind ourselves to the fact that there have been some negative consequences too, and that often the advantages have been outweighed by the disadvantages.

What are the negative consequences? Britain, in common with other countries, has been experiencing some little local financial difficulties in recent years and money for the arts has to be squeezed from the Treasury like blood from a stone. This has always been the case, apart from a spasm of generosity in the mid-1960s, and over the past two years, the national economic picture has been particularly gloomy. Unless one chooses the methods very carefully, the policy of 'trying to create new audiences' can be very expensive and this money has to be found from somewhere, usually from other areas of the arts system. In the efforts to create new audiences *here*, the public *there* can suffer.

The Royal Shakespeare Company, for example, has launched some splendid seasons in Newcastle, for 6 to 8 weeks at a time, which has certainly created new audiences. But the cost of these seasons was considerably more than the grant given annually to the local repertory theatre, which has been reduced in size from a flourishing local theatre to a less than flourishing touring company with a Newcastle base. Similarly, our National Theatre which has done everything in its power to prove itself non-élitist, popular, a cause of encouragement to school

parties and, through its low-cost tickets on the days of performance, of cheer to those on low pay, receives a subsidy which is out of all proportion to the money given to the rest of the theatre system—well over £5 million as opposed to the £9¼ million which is given to something like 160 other theatres, companies and projects. As a direct result of the money spent on the National Theatre, which has an enormously costly new building to run, the proportion of the theatre budget spent in London has risen from roughly 20% of the whole to 40%, whereas the proportion spent on the English regions has gone down from 60% to 41%, with the remainder spent in Scotland and Wales.

If you look at the other end of the scale, at the very small touring companies, the amount spent on their work seems trivial—Shared Experience in 1980/81 received £38,000—but they also play to very small audiences and so the subsidy per seat can be comparatively high. It is not necessarily a cost-effective way of running a theatre system. If we look at the total theatre picture in Britain since the war,—the independent and the commercial sector, as well as the subsidised—there has been an overall decline in the numbers of live theatres in Britain, despite the substantial building programme. If you take a slightly longer time span, from the turn of the century to today, the decline is even more obvious, from about 3,000 theatres to about 300.

There are many factors in this decline, of course, but I do not think that we should cheer too loudly at the Arts Council's efforts to bring the theatre to the people if the overall fact is that there are now fewer theatres for people to go to. We may have better theatres in Britain today, we may have theatres which we would regard as pursuing a more enlightened artistic policy, but if we take a national view, we cannot say with confidence that the Arts Council has made the arts more accessible for the people or has done much to create a 'new public'. The Arts Council may have helped to forestall a rapid decline in the live arts due to the impact of television. That at any rate is a tenable theory, but it is not the equivalent of making the arts more 'accessible'.

In some respects, the presence of subsidies has caused damage to the independent sector, which over the past 30 years has been struggling for survival. If a subsidised theatre, in pursuit of this admirable policy of creating new audiences, offers low-cost tickets, then it will simply undercut and drive out of business the non-subsidised theatres. Indeed, I suspect that future theatre historians, looking back on our period, will view our claims to be creating new audiences with a cynicism which I certainly cannot match. At best, they will say that our efforts have been social tokenism, while, at worst, they will suggest that what we have really been indulging in, is another skirmish in the class war, with the state sector trying to drive out the private sector, and vice versa. They will be amused at the totally false claims made on both sides. They will laugh at the idea that the new state-supported theatre is less élitist, less middle-class, than the old private sector which after all supported the proletarian music halls, popular comedies, farces and musicals. On the contrary, the effect of state subsidies has been to perpetuate a middle-class approach to the

theatre in which the benefits of an English Literature university education loom large. The big, booming popular enterprises, which in Britain were in their heyday in the 1900s, but which still existed in my boyhood, though in a shrunken reduced form, are now very rare indeed.

The moral of this story is that I do not think that public money is usually well-spent on the arts, when its justification is a kind of social engineering. The primary aim of subsidy should be to ensure that the theatre system as a whole stays in reasonable health, that one sector is not undercutting another and that the system should be extended, where possible, to cover new audiences but this aim should not be allowed to assume a priority over the system itself. Subsidy money, like wealth, is good only if it is well spread.

But my chief reason is arguing for a point of view which in Britain is unfashionable, is the effect on artists themselves. When a subsidising authority starts to lay down certain social aims for a company, as a kind of condition for receiving a grant, then sometimes subtly, sometimes blatantly, these conditions start to influence the artistic content of the productions, and you find yourself in a situation similar to the one which I experienced in the film company.

It is clearly in the interests of everyone connected to the theatre that the non-theatre-going publics should be encouraged to go to the theatre, but sometimes very overt attempts to bring them in can be, not just costly, but condescending. It is a mistake to believe that old people are only interested in plays about old people, or that plays have to be tailored to fit a particular community concern. Sometimes, yes, this may be important, when the artist feels that there is something interesting or important to say about this community; but often, a specious sociology creeps into community productions, whereby all blacks are Rastafarians, all old people have bowel trouble—and the like. The play has nothing interesting to offer in itself, it is merely the illustration of facts and hypotheses which can be gleaned from any newspaper, much as a marketing manager from a film company might seek to modify or change a script in order to fit in with a supposed market.

The danger is that cliches are being reinforced—either cliches about what constitutes 'good theatre' or what interests a particular socio-economic group. One important aim of artists, perhaps the most important one, is to battle against cliches, to persuade us to look at the world and the human condition with new eyes and outlooks, to challenge prejudices and assumptions, and to awaken our minds to the possibilities of life. It is their most difficult function, and, at best, they will discover new audiences, not just from people who have never been to the theatre before, but also from those who have habitually gone to the theatre in stale or lazy frames of mind. But if subsidising authorities or marketing managers try to define the audiences in advance, and try to persuade dramatists and directors to write something which may appeal to them, then the chances are that they will find old, stale and cliche-ridden audiences, even from people who have never been in the theatre before.

POEMS

BAT

He went to the moles
when his head gaped so open
it caught the bright stars
in its raven well
who bound it with stoles
cunningly woven
to bar the cold heavens
that lead into hell;
he reached into jet
for bodies much closer,
stretching for touch
he fell into flight,
and screamed for his friends
in the mountains of darkness
with only the echoes
to contour his night.

NICK MALONE.

HULL

The rusting ships
huddle on the afternoon tide
bound only for collective death,
while hands
that once gripped tillers,
sewed nets,
or gutted the shook out silver catch,
now sign an ignominious slip—
assurance of meagre survival
in another collective death.

They stand huddled,
muttering and mulling their loss,
against the pub wall
dreaming of thrusting ships
and the gulls' scream;
minding so much
this difference between
the elemental challenge
of a plentiful garnering
and the waste of doled out time.

JEAN BARKER.

THE TEACHING OF ASIAN LANGUAGES IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

by Satyendra Srivastava

THE teaching of Asian languages in British schools is still rare and surrounded by controversy. Whereas most people understand the need to teach English to children of Asian extraction to ensure that they reap the full benefits of British education, the need to teach the child's mother tongue is not so immediately apparent. It could almost be regarded as a retrograde step, likely to impede progress in English.

Recent research has shown that bilingualism does not retard a child's education, the real harm is caused by a poor command of language: insufficient vocabulary, lack of understanding of nuances, etc. Diglossia, a form of bilingualism in which two distinct languages are used in different social situations, i.e. the Asian child speaking his mother tongue with his family and Asian friends and switching to English at school or to converse with his British friends. It is all too often forgotten that this is not a new phenomenon in the Indian sub-continent. Under the Raj, English was the medium of instruction in Indian high schools and universities—a tradition which, to some extent, survives today. Diglossia for educated Asians was the continuation of a long tradition. In ancient India Sanskrit was the language of the dominating Aryan elite. The Dravidian indigenous population, used Sanskrit for official purposes and a form of Dravidian at home. During the Buddhist period, Pali gained prominence and under Mogul rule Persian was the language of the Court, spoken by educated Hindus and Muslims alike. In this case the language of the ruler had become that of the elite, but in medieval India, two dialects of Hindi—Brajbhasha and Avadhi—became associated with the Rama and the Krishna cults. The followers of these sects adopted one of the two languages for religious purposes but continued to use their mother tongue in their everyday life. The leading poets of the period often wrote in both languages. Occurrences of bilingualism with diglossia today on the sub-continent are found among Punjabi-speaking Hindus and Muslims who prefer to be educated in Hindi and Urdu respectively.

The phenomena of diglossia and bilingualism have occurred all over the world at various periods: Jewish children, for instance, who spoke Yiddish at home but learnt at school the language of the state in which they lived. *Pragerdeutsch* was the characteristic form of German spoken by socially ambitious Jews in Prague—a city which remained under Austrian rule until 1918. The writer Franz Kafka was a product of this strange hybrid culture. His father came from a poor Czech-speaking area of Bohemia and as an ambitious man he was anxious for his children to be educated in German—the official language of the state. These Germanised Jews came to play an important part in the life of the city but they also found themselves in a very uncomfortable social climate. They were looked at

askance by the non-Jewish Germans and in Czech eyes they were Germans. Their German education also set them apart from their less 'emancipated' co-religionists. It is not surprising that *Pragerdeutsch* has often been compared with 'baboo English', the stilted, bureaucratic type of English born in the narrow confines of the Civil service in India in the 19th century.

The problems associated with these situations have contributed to giving bilingualism a bad name. The point that is being missed is the element of compulsion. People accepted German in the Austro-Hungarian Empire or English in British India as a means to overcome their social disabilities but these languages were also resented as the symbol of an alien power. The way in which languages were taught until the middle of this century also had a lot to answer for.

In British India in particular, very little effort was made to relate the language to the child's environment or to develop his originality of thought. Great strides have been made in this area and it probably explains why recent research has shown that bilingualism, far from being detrimental to a child's intellectual development, can become an asset. One study focusing on French-English bilingual 10-year-olds in Montreal found that these children displayed a more diversified structure of intelligence and greater flexibility of thought than a carefully chosen group of monolingual children of a similar social background. Researches in Switzerland, Israel and South Africa, for example, have confirmed these findings and therefore the argument that encouraging the children of immigrants to retain the link with their mother tongue will retard their progress in the language of their country of adoption is fallacy.

Britain is now a multi-racial society. Each group has brought its own language and culture—a potential enrichment which has so far, to a large extent, remained untapped and the Asian community is no exception. Asian parents often find it difficult to transmit a cultural heritage, which to them represents a vital link with the life they left behind, to their children often born in this country and more familiar with English nursery rhymes than with Krishna's misdemeanours.

Asian children experience similar difficulties in trying to reconcile two cultural backgrounds that often appear at loggerheads. As the child grows up, the more preponderant the influence of the school and the media becomes, and opposition to their Asian background is often tied up with family disagreements arising from conflicting notions about proper behaviour and the child's inability to cope with the conflicting demands of home and school life.

Most Asian children in this country spoke their parents' language in infancy but many stop speaking it and although parents resent this fact, they are often wary of interfering in case the child's progress in English and therefore his performance at school is affected. Ignorance of the mother tongue curtails communication between the children and their parents, particularly with mothers whose English is often poor if not non-existent.

The child hears his parents' language described as a dialect, he sees

that members of his family who do not speak good English experience difficulties, the only place where he may see books or newspapers in Asian language is in areas inhabited by Asian immigrants and everything appears geared to make him regard his parents' language as a somewhat embarrassing reminder of their alienness. All children feel the need to belong, to be like everybody else. The Asian child has the added difficulty of being evidently different and he is naturally going to resent anything that accentuates this fact.

By the time youngsters reach secondary school, their individual taste and aspirations begin to develop. At that age Asian youngsters will be better equipped to look at the varying cultural influences with which they are confronted and to decide for themselves how much they are going to adopt from the western way of life. The degree to which the children have imbibed Asian culture depends a great deal on family circumstances and also how confident the child feels at school and in the British environment. The attitude of the school towards the ethnic background of its students is paramount: the youngster with poorly educated parents needs the reassurance, the sanction of officialdom to his own cultural heritage that only the school can give.

A few enlightened local authorities have realised the need to teach their students' mother tongue at school. But so far these efforts are sketchy and what is really needed is a consistent policy. Language is a door, but unless it is taught and learnt properly, given the same degree of importance as any other subject in the school curriculum, half-hearted efforts to teach Asian languages in schools will remain fruitless. There are several points to consider: which languages should be taught, how to attract students to the class, what degree of proficiency would they be expected to reach at O or A levels, which schools should offer such courses, should the classes be restricted to Asian students or should these languages be given parity with qualifications in European languages as, for instance, when applying for a university place?

These are not easy questions to answer. There are fifteen official languages in India and, although it is possible to narrow them down to two or three in the catchment area of a particular school, say Punjabi, Gujarati, Hindi/Urdu, it may still be difficult to find the teachers and the funds to support programmes for which there may be, in the case of some languages, a very small and fluctuating demand. Yet ignoring some linguistic groups in the school could create even greater problems. Exchange programmes between schools in areas of high Asian concentration could partly solve the difficulty

For these classes to be economically viable and therefore to justify their budgetary allocation, they should be well attended but with no hint of compulsion. Parents, students and teaching staff will have to be convinced of the importance and value of these new subjects. This will only happen if the classes can be presented as a source of enrichment to the whole school rather than as a token gesture towards students of Asian parentage. This in effect means that the language classes will have to be a

part of a cultural package benefiting the whole school. The presentation of films depicting Asian life and customs, encouraging students to read translations of works by Indian writers, and the organisation of social and cultural events with an Asian flavour involving students of both communities and their parents. This requires money and only the committed participation of the teaching staff, the parents of the students and of the local authorities concerned will enable schools to come up with this kind of project in the present economic climate.

If a Hindi or Punjabi A or O level qualification is to be considered in the same light as one in a European language it means that the degree of proficiency should be the same. Of course this depends a lot on the availability of suitable teachers.

If the school asks the maths teacher to take the language class because he was born somewhere in the Indian subcontinent, the whole programme may just as well be scrapped, as it will never acquire the necessary credibility. The task of finding suitable teachers may not be as arduous, as many Asian teachers would have teaching qualifications in their own languages which they would only be too pleased to use, were they given the opportunity. Short teachers' training courses could provide them with up-to-date information on the use of language laboratories, visual aids and help them to overcome the difficulty of teaching their own language through the medium of English. In time, as more and more students would acquire O or A level qualifications or even university training involving Asian languages, the shortage of qualified teachers would resolve itself.

These courses should be concentrated in localities where fairly large Asian communities have settled. In such schools it would certainly be desirable that non-Asian students should attend the classes, as the cultural exchange would be of great value in the eradication of racial prejudice, as well as to reinforce the impression that these subject are on a footing of equality with others in the school's curriculum.

I am specifically speaking about the teaching of Hindi, as it is my subject as well as my own mother-tongue. Moreover, Hindi occupies a special place among Asians: it acts as a language of compromise among various linguistic groups. For example, at cultural functions that may involve non-Hindi speakers, it is not uncommon to hear proceedings conducted in this language. Hindi is fortunate in having Urdu as its sister language. These two languages are two of the dominant languages of the Indian sub-continent. Hindi, being the mother tongue of a large proportion of north Indians, has become, among the fifteen official languages of the Indian union, the *lingua franca* of India. It is also spoken by large numbers of Asians in this country, whose mother tongue may be different, as well as in Fiji and Mauritius. Their Hindi may be coloured by borrowings from their own language. In India a good example is *bambaiya hindi* spoken casually in Bombay and markedly influenced by Marathi and Gujarati. Often satirised, this form of speech has however provided a useful means of communication between different linguistic communities. Urdu, like Hindi, is one of the national languages of India and is spoken

mostly by Indian Muslims. It is of course the national language of Pakistan and is spoken widely among the immigrant population in Britain. The teaching of these languages does not entail special difficulties as in their basic structures they have a recognisably Indo-European character, although learned Urdu includes many Persian terms while Hindi borrows from Sanskrit. However to all intents and purposes, the languages are more or less the same and differ only in their scripts, which are easily learnt.

Hindi, like most Asian languages, has a rich and well-established literature. The tradition of Hindi literature goes back to c.1000 AD. The elements of Indian culture and religion which have remained vital from ancient times to the present are well illustrated in Hindi writings. Modern Hindi literature, prose and poetry, goes back to 1750 and offers a varied and fascinating picture of the last two centuries. The literature of the past fifty years is of special importance as it reflects the political, historical and social upheavals that transformed the life of the subcontinent and to some extent were instrumental in creating a multi-racial Britain.

The experience of other multi-racial societies such as the United States, Canada or Australia has shown that people from the four corners of the world can be responsible and happy citizens of a nation without automatically renouncing their cultural heritage. The German community in Pennsylvania, for instance, with fourth generation immigrants, proudly adhering to the language, customs and decorative styles of their ancestors, yet being very much a part of Anglo-Saxon America, offers a good example for today's Britain.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE IMPACT OF RIGHT WING TERRORISM

The New Fascists. Paul Wilkinson. Grant McIntyre. £7.95.

Professor Paul Wilkinson, leading authority on international political terrorism, is concerned in his latest book with the scope and impact of extreme right movements. He concedes that in the 1970s there was a significant increase, in Europe at least, in support of free parliamentary institutions. The return to constitutional rule in Portugal, Spain and Greece are obvious examples. 'Even in Europe', Professor Wilkinson writes, 'where the majority of explicitly fascist or Nazi groups are concentrated and where there are strong memories of fascist rule and "traditions" these movements remain tiny and politically marginal.' This very lack of popular support has encouraged the growth of terrorism. During the late seventies extreme right wing groups 'have managed to intensify their racist propaganda and attacks on immigrant communities, and have become increasing bold in both physical intimidation and terrorist acts against immigrant, Jewish and left-wing targets'. He gives numerous illustrations of these terrorist movements. Can they succeed in the violent overthrow of government? The attempted coup in Spain in 1981 is an obvious warning, although the democratic response of the Spanish people as a whole was overwhelming. Nonetheless, Professor Wilkinson regards Spain as one of the countries most vulnerable to subversion by the right. He refers to the growth of extreme right terrorism in Central America. On the other hand, in discussing the notorious terrorist organisation in Salvador, Organisacion Democratica Nacional (ORDEN) with an estimated force around 50,000 strong, he admits 'that there is no definite evidence to say that the aims or beliefs of this vigilante group are explicitly fascist . . . Nevertheless it is potentially a vehicle for a Salvadorean-style fascism'.

One of the interesting and important questions raised in this study is that of a Black International. Certainly there is considerable contact and assistance between different national movements, and among exiles and others. Professor Wilkinson cites many examples, including the measure of support given by American fascists to extreme right wing activists in Europe and elsewhere. He points to the annual international 'festival' memorial march at Diksmuide, Belgium 'where most of the European groups and the American Nazis are always represented, parading in black uniforms. The "hosts" at this event are the Flemish Nazis, Vlaamse Militante Orde (VMO), who also organise para-military "field games" and occasional exchanges of "troops" with other neo-Nazi organisations such as Wehr-sportsgruppe'. On the other hand, 'there does not appear to be any central master-minding Euro-fascist organisation which controls all the activities of the national movements and concerts the campaigns'. The author points, as obstacles, to personal rivalries and jealousies and more particularly to the very nature of these extreme nationalist movements, opposed to any outside control. It is unfortunate that there are so few references to related phenomena elsewhere, like the Moslem Brotherhood in Egypt and the Islamic revival in Iran. Do these have any central guiding force? The role played by Colonel Ghaddafi of Libya in international terrorism is not discussed at all, as not a fascist.

Professor Wilkinson has brought together a great deal of material on

terrorism by the right since the last war, and culminating in 1981, with great skill and erudition. It is an alarming study, and intended so to be. Perhaps he will produce a balancing study of violence by the extreme left, in many ways more insidious and with greater backing.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

BREAST CANCER: ITS PRESENT STATE AND DIAGNOSIS

Breast Cancer: The Facts. Michael Baum. Oxford University Press. £4.95.

Cancer of the breast is the commonest form of malignant disease in women and its frequency is rising in many parts of the world. In the UK 12,000 women die from it each year, in the USA 34,000. There has been a plenitude of research on breast cancer now extending over many decades. Yet opinions differ greatly as to how it should be treated and our knowledge of the natural course of the disease remains fragmentary to say the least.

The main value of Professor Baum's thought-provoking treatise is that it provides in a succinct, cool and dispassionate manner the present situation *vis-à-vis* the diagnosis and management of breast cancer. The text, which is suitable for the lay reader, is singularly free of jargon and of the emotional rhetoric which all too frequently clouds discussions on this topic and it is rightly stressed that advances in this highly complex area can only come through rigorous application of the scientific method.

After a useful introductory chapter reviewing historical landmarks risk factors in relation to the disease are listed and prevention discussed. Undoubtedly the environment plays a crucial role in the genesis of breast cancer, this being indicated by the marked spatial and geographical variations in its incidence together with well documented information from migrant populations. Child bearing is known to be protective; data in relation to the oral contraceptive Pill have so far been reassuring while no substantive evidence exists that hormone replacement therapy at the menopause exacerbates the condition. On the other hand a family history of breast cancer must be considered as a risk; so must contact with ionising radiations and women exposed to the nuclear attack on Hiroshima and Nagasaki continue to develop the disease at a higher than normal rate.

The vexed and often fiercely controversial question of screening for breast cancer receives due attention. Here the author is somewhat sceptical but keeps his options open. Undoubtedly screening can save lives. But its cost-benefit ratio has been seriously questioned and perhaps in an era of limited resources a case should be made for restricting screening to specific groups of individuals—childless women over the age of 30 and those with a family history of breast cancer.

Later chapters deal with the changes which have occurred in the treatment of the condition. The reasons for the shift from radical to more conservative types of operation are reviewed; so is the current status of radiotherapy and the administration of cytotoxic drugs. Care of the terminal patient is described and there is a useful section written by a nurse-counsellor, summarising her role in the provision of emotional and practical support at various stages of the illness.

But much the most challenging and provocative part of the book is when Professor Baum peers into the future. During the 1980s he predicts that screening will become more widespread and that its cost-effectiveness will

improve. Techniques of breast conservation rather than radical surgery would be desirable but the question will have to be left open until controlled data emerge from numerous centres throughout the world. By the 1990s the situation could well be more promising. Possibly by then some of the environmental factors responsible for the disease will have been identified; there might even be a blood test permitting the early detection of breast cancer at a curable stage.

Baum's overall outlook is cautious and pragmatic. But it is right that this should be so because in the past so many prophets have sailed blithely on to the rocks and the shoals. The authoritative nature of the book is unquestioned and it can be thoroughly recommended to those seeking further information on this important and distressing disease.

JOHN A. LORAINE

THE NEW GERMAN CINEMA

The New German Cinema. John Sandford. Eyre Methuen. Paperback. £4.95.

Lina Braake was shown at the 1975 London Film Festival and subsequently on BBC television. It was, said a German friend of mine, the only film of the new German cinema worth seeing, and the only film of this movement to be a great success with the German public. John Sandford in this book devotes a paragraph to the film, but does not include its director, Berhard Sinkel, among the seven whom he discusses at length. These are: Alexander Kluge, Jean-Marie Straub, Volker Schlöndorff, Werner Herzog, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Wim Wenders and Hans Jurgen Syberberg. Of these, only Schlöndorff has been notably successful on his home ground, particularly with *The Lost Honour of Katharina Blum* and *The Tin Drum.* Unlike the others, Schlöndorff works in an academic, traditional manner, and he is an accomplished craftsman. Like the other directors Sandford discusses, he is under fifty, but his first film, *Young Törless,* predates by seven years Fassbinder's *Fear Eats the Soul,* which introduced the new German cinema to foreign audiences. It was, admittedly, Fassbinder's thirteenth film, and Kluge's *Yesterday Girl* and Straub's *The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach* had already received isolated showings in this country.

However, since the German film industry had been artistically moribund for at least two decades we can sense that new winds were blowing through it, and Mr. Sandford, who teaches German studies at the University of Reading, is the ideal man to chart them. In the endless stream of movie books, his is virtually exemplary, being well illustrated, written with clarity (one assumes that the typos, punctuation errors, etc. are not his responsibility) and with its boundaries well defined—at least for those who want to know how this cinema movement came into being and the extent of its achievements. Where the book errs, it is on the side of blandness. For instance, Sandford states that 20th Century-Fox, the distributor of Herzog's *Nosferatu,* withdrew the English version 'which had elicited gales of laughter': he does not say that the film was made in English and that the version which Fox hastily substituted—prepared for the German market—was in an attempt to save its investment; nor does he examine the implications apparent when such a thing happens to a supposedly major director. He notes the failure of Kluge, Straub and Syberberg to find other than minimal audiences, but declines any positive comment of his own: but if he seems to accept these film-makers' statements on their own craft that is probably the only feasible way. For they are not, with the

exception of Schlöndorff, greatly gifted. At least, if Sandford shared my views, he could not have written the book in the first place.

Our film buffs, who originally gave such a warm welcome to Herzog, Fassbinder and Wenders, seem to have lost interest—the only one to have any real success here in the past five years is Fassbinder with *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, which was fascinating but often sloppy. The prolific Fassbinder can be impressive, as with the humanitarian *Fear Eats the Soul*, but too often he emulates his favourite Hollywood director, the dreaded Douglas Sirk. *Fox and his Friends* was cheaply melodramatic, *Chinese Roulette* was derivative and *Bolwieser* was a pathetic effort compared with Wolf Gremm's film on the same subject—Germany on the eve of the Nazi takeover—*Fabian*, not mentioned by Sandford. *Fabian*, *Lina Braake* and *The Tin Drum* are the major achievements of the new German cinema: since only one of these is treated at length it is not surprising that one closes Sandford's thesis with a feeling of hollowness.

DAVID SHIPMAN

RAYMOND CHANDLER'S LETTERS

Selected Letters of Raymond Chandler. Edited by Frank MacShane. Hamish Hamilton. £12.50.

When I heard that Chandler had eventually managed to commit suicide I was desolated. I had come to the Marlowe canon in my mid-teens and had quickly mopped them up. The arrival of the last two novels, *The Long Goodbye* and *Playback*, had been eagerly awaited. Now there were to be no more. I was wrong. Since his death there has been a steady stream of Chandleriana. The first, if I recall it correctly, was *Raymond Chandler Speaking*, a collection of some of his writing including the first couple of chapters of *Poodle Springs Mystery* which Chandler had commenced before his death and which had Marlowe now a rather peevish husband to Linda Loring. The *Daily Mail* published a short story, *The Pencil*, which had Marlowe involved with the Mafia and re-involved with Anne O'Riordan from *Farewell My Lovely*. I always considered her to be the most sympathetic of Chandler's heroines and was very disappointed that Marlowe didn't marry her instead of the bitchy Mrs. Loring. After that came the re-issue of the stories he wrote for *Black Mask* and other pulp magazines. These were, of course, of great interest because many of them were cannibalised (to use Chandler's own word) into the Marlowe novels. Frank MacShane, the editor of these letters, then wrote *The Life of Raymond Chandler*. We now seem to have mined the vein fully. As *Playback* was the last of the novels this must be the last of the lode.

Chandler made things easy for anyone to assemble his collected, or in this case selected, letters for, from the later thirties, he took the trouble to keep copies of all he wrote or rather typed. This enables us to see one or two letters he wrote but which he probably never sent. The letters themselves range over a wide collection of topics as one would expect. Most of them are written from La Jolla where Chandler lived with his wife Cissie whom he adored and who was many years his senior. Chandler, educated at Dulwich, looked on America and its mores with at best detachment and at worst a sneer. It would seem that he did not mix much in local society or with the Hollywood crowd during the periods he spent there writing film scripts. He is at his most interesting when he describes his craft and he comments on other writers mainly those who wrote detective fiction. The authors who could fairly be described as on his

worthwhile list was short. Somerset Maugham, (with some reservations), Evelyn Waugh and the now more or less unread James Gould Cozzens. Some of the writers on his hate list merited it. James Hadley Chase had after all plagiarised *The Big Sleep*, Mickey Spillane, and more suprisingly he loathed the works of James M. Cain. This may well be seen as professional jealousy. Cain, whose novels are undergoing a revival, may well outlast Chandler in critical eyes. John P. Marquand he grudgingly admired but castigated whenever he could. He said he was a friend of Erle Stanley Gardner but did not know that the books of A. A. Fair were written by Gardner. He thought the *Hound of the Baskervilles* rubbish. He loathed Edmund Wilson and Marghanita Laski. Priestley he tolerated.

Of his other letters some, describing his cat, are mawkish; and after the death of his wife the whine of self-pity which is always barely under the surface emerges. He took to drink in a big way and some of his letters are sad justifications of his behaviour and errant metabolism. There is throughout a similar macho style which Hemingway adopted in his letters. The same Clay-Ali 'I am the greatest' tone which jars. Nothing is ever really right with him, his work, money, California or anything.

Re-reading the Marlowe novels one can see that what had appeared at first to be tough, cynical and acerbic writing is not quite so tough, cynical and acerbic. Underneath the hard-boiled style of the prose there is a soft underbelly of self-righteousness and this pervades the letters. Nevertheless along with Dashiell Hammett (whom he rightly acknowledges) Chandler changed the whole concept of the mystery novel. Hammett may have been the innovator but his characters, with the possible exception of Sam Spade, were cyphers. Take the Continental Op, for example, he never had a proper name at all. Chandler put flesh on and blood into his character. Without him there would have been no Ross MacDonald, no Robert Parker, probably no Ian Fleming and certainly not the hundreds of imitators who make our daily existence more tolerable. Chandler seems, from his letters, to have been a fairly dislikeable man, but for the creation of Marlowe alone he can be forgiven that.

JAMES MORTON

ANGLO-IRISH LITERATURE

A Guide to Anglo-Irish Literature. Alan Warner. Gill and Macmillan. £15.00.

A Starchamber Quiry. Edited by E. L. Epstein. Methuen. £9.50.

'The book offers a personal and selective guide to Anglo-Irish literature.' Such is the modest claim of Alan Warner, former Professor of English at the New University of Ulster.

What *is* Anglo-Irish literature? Daniel Corkery's definition, 'Literature written in English by Irishmen', will not do. Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Goldsmith and Sheridan were all Irishmen writing in English, but their works are by no stretch of the imagination Anglo-Irish literature. There is a need for a more specifically Irish dimension. Roger McHugh suggested: 'The kind of literature written in English which is as indigenous to and relates to this country (Ireland) as American literature to America'. Sean Lucy adds the notion of 'Expressing the Irish experience'. Mr. Warner suggests that we establish two broad, and inter-shading, categories: 'Insiders', those writers who are clearly involved in the Irish experience and situation; 'outsiders', those who are not involved despite their Irish birth and even though they may be found to have some Irish qualities or characteristics. The Irish Experience, of course, takes many different forms—political, cultural, social and geographical.

Maria Edgeworth, Somerville and Ross, and George Moore wrote from the Big House. William Carleton, Frank O'Connor and Patrick Kavanagh presented their views from smaller houses. The Dubliners considered in detail by Mr. Warner are James Joyce, James Stephens, Sean O'Casey, Austin Clarke and Flann O'Brien. Yeats and Synge have a chapter apiece to themselves.

Mr. Warner is frank to admit that even the Irish 'Insiders' do not form a coherent tradition. Sure how could you expect any two or more Irishmen to agree! What this book does, and does well and helpfully, is to exhibit the 'Irishness' and 'Sense of Ireland'—which is not one thing but a multiple prism that reflects different things at different times and in different lights—of the various writers selected, and displays examples from their prose and poetry of those modes of imagination and expression, that delight in words and word-play (the 'colour of saying'), that penchant for the supernatural—fantasy, oddity, religion—that weakness for improvisation, which characterise Anglo-Irish writing. Mr. Warner's selections are excellently illuminative; his thumb-nail diagnoses of his subjects' strengths and fragilities are beautifully succinct. His assayals of their quintessential 'atmospheres' are quite splendid. As an introduction to the writings of the loving and hating celebrants of

The land of scholars and saints:
Scholars and saints my eye, the land of ambush,
Purblind manifestoes, never-ending complaints,
The born martyr and the gallant ninny;
The grocer drunk with the drum,
The land-owner shot in his bed . . .

Mr. Warner's guide is a rich broth of a book.

Of necessity, Mr. Warner is able to devote little space to even that greatest of Dubliners, James Joyce. No matter. In this, the centenary year of his birth, he haveth lauders everywhere, and Professor Ellman is bringing forth 'a new addition'. *A Starchamber Quiry*—the title derives from *Finnegans Wake*—'Those four claymen clomb together to hold their sworn starchamber quiry on him. For he was ever their quarrel, the way they would see themselves.'—consists of the 'clombing together' of four professors, Kenner, Epstein, Hart, and Boyle, S.J., and one president (of the James Joyce Foundation), Senn. The first and final essays, by Hugh Kenner and Clive Hart respectively, are described as being 'in a humanistic tradition', dealing with the times that begat Joyce and orientated his world outlook, and with warnings against critical excess by Joycean commentators. Sandwiched between are three essays 'in a more analytical mode.' Fritz Senn produces a most intricate essay identifying what he sees as Joyce's stylistic device of deliberate disruption of patterns. In his contribution E. L. Epstein discusses how the body operating on the soul creates the work of the artist and the mature man. Father Robert Boyle describes the human soul, the nature of the Trinity and its equivalent in the human soul. The complexity and, one almost feels wilful, obscurity of this book contrasts to the book's detriment with the no less learned clarity of Alan Warner's perceptive insights.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

ORIENTAL TALES AND VERSES

Plain Tales of the Afghan Border. John Charles Edward Bowen. Springwood Books Ltd. £5.95.

Oriental Proverbs. John Charles Edward Bowen. Luzac & Co. Ltd.

Whilst administering a remote area of the old North-west Frontier Province

of India, John Bowen earned the friendship of an Afridi of noble birth, Mohammad Zarif Khan. The ten stories told here, in a close translation of Zarif Khan's own words, give a vivid picture of the exciting and dangerous lives led by the Pathans in their arid mountain region between Pakistan and Afghanistan. The tales are not only delightful to read but show a way of life untouched by the British Raj in any but the most superficial respects, as it will doubtless be unresponsive to their new Russian rulers. Many of the stories have been transmitted from the fourth century onwards, some existing solely in oral tradition and therefore inaccessible to any but the most perceptive student of Pushtu languages such as John Bowen himself. Indeed, the most interesting tale, 'The Blind Man of Taxila', has been authenticated by the Royal Asiatic Society's *Journal*, whose editor at first doubted its provenance but found it to belong to a pre-Muslim era when Hindu traditions of caste and chivalry were prime considerations. Having attained high rank in the Provincial Civil Service of India, Mohammad Zarif Khan clearly delighted to recall to a sympathetic friend the chivalric and sometimes cruel code of his ancestors and their folk-lore. John Bowen has faithfully and beautifully rendered these folk-tales of an ancient and honourable civilisation.

In his *Oriental Proverbs* are translations and interpretations of the many Middle and Far Eastern proverbs which the author has heard and read in his extensive travels. In an attractively printed and bound book, sharply defined quatrains convey the essence of the known forms of the proverb in each case. The collection can, therefore, be read with pleasure for itself. But each verse can also be studied by referring to essentially brief but informative notes conveniently placed at the end of the volume. The poems possess a freshness and a direct appeal that belie their antiquity, except that limpid images like these could only have survived if they were not only apt but wise and comforting to innumerable generations of nomadic people and dwellers in desert and plain. The people's means of survival included animals, especially camels, who clearly proved their way of life to be perfectly adapted to conditions which man had yet to understand. The tone of the proverbs is consistently respectful of them, often humorous but never unfeeling. In the four-line verses are contained not only telling images but hard ideas, some of them applicable to today's insoluble problems: as, for instance, in the quatrain entitled *Manure*.

> Although oppression can compel a man
> To hold his tongue and to restrain his tears,
> Manure will speak with a compelling voice
> If left to rot for, say, a dozen years.

A new world of ideas and little-known customs is revealed in both John Bowen's volumes.

BETTY ABEL

SHORTER REVIEWS

Selections from the Tatler and the Spectator. (Penguin Books. UK £3.75; USA $6.95. Paperback). This is a volume of great interest in the Penguin English Library. Angus Ross has brought together with much skill and judgment a selection of essays and pieces from The Tatler, under Richard Steele, between April 1709 and December 1710, and from The Spectator in its first series starting in March 1711, under of course the editorship of Joseph Addison. The 39 extracts from The Tatler are largely

and naturally from Steele, while most of the 79 reprints from The Spectator are the work of Addison. There is a long and excellent Introduction, and textual notes by Mr. Ross. His threefold aim in this collection is in general successful, namely 'to allow full and enjoyable realisation of the great imaginative achievement of Steele and Addison', to give 'some idea of the intellectual social, political and literary life in London in the reign of Queen Anne' and 'to embody some of the essays that made the collections a shaping force in English writing'. There is also the simple pleasure in reading them.

London and the Famous. (Muller. £3.95 paperback). 'This historical guide to fifty famous people and their London homes' has been compiled by Katy Carter in an attractive and very informative volume. Her 'aim has been to trace the links between London and some of its erstwhile residents by concentrating on their London homes'. She includes relevant biographical detail as well as a description of their houses. These are also photographs, drawings and maps. The selection of people included is drawn largely from politics, science and the arts, starting in the seventeenth century with Samuel Pepys and Isaac Newton and through to the second half of this century, including Sir Winston Churchill. A notable exception is Sir Christopher Wren, presumably because his assumed residency at 49 Bankside has not been fully established. Among Americans included are Whistler, Mark Twain, Benjamin Franklin and the American war-time ambassador, John F. Kennedy. His son Jack Kennedy, the future President, stayed in London for some time with his father. It is strange that the American Ambassadors private residence Winfield House in Regent's Park has not been included. There have been sufficient notable ambassadors to justify inclusion of this well-known building.

The Three Musketeers. (Penguin Books paperback £3.50 UK, $5.95 USA). The late Lord Sudley (later the seventh Earl of Arran) translated this famous classic in 1952. It is now reprinted in Penguin Classics. A particular feature of this edition is Lord Sudley's Introduction. He explains the historical background to these adventures in the seventeenth century in which Dumas mixed so effectively fact and fiction. He identifies d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis as historical figures. This edition should be widely welcomed.

Hotels and Restaurants. (HM Stationery Office. Large paperback £4.95). This is the first of a series of volumes of photographs from the photographic archives of the National Monuments Record which has been part of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments since 1963. Founded in 1941 as the National Buildings Record, it has the task of photographing as many historic buildings as possible. It has also acquired a remarkable collection of early photographs. This first volume by Priscilla Boniface is devoted graphically through photographs and commentary to the history of English hotels and restaurants since 1830. It is a fascinating collection, illustrative of Victorian and Edwardian architecture, taste and style. The present is not forgotten; the collection concludes with the London Hilton Hotel.

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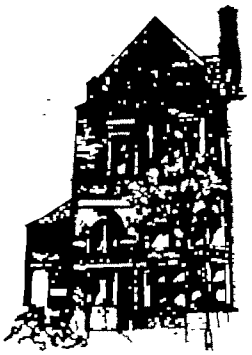

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Incorporating The Fortnightly

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KISSINGER AND THE STRUCTURING OF US FOREIGN POLICY

by Adam Roberts

THE manner in which the United States arrives at its foreign policy is a problem. During the past two decades, the political and administrative machinery of US foreign policy making has ceased to attract the degree of approval or admiration which was once common. Some of the idiosyncratic features of US foreign policy formulation have been widely publicised, both inside the USA and abroad: the apparent inability of successive US administrations to speak with one voice on foreign policy; the tension between National Security Advisers in the White House and Secretaries of State; the extraordinary power of the Senate to put a spoke in the foreign policy wheel, whether in preventing war (War Powers Act), in stopping arms control (SALT-2) or in inserting last-minute amendments into agreements with foreign states; the compulsive secrecy, not just of decision making, but also of the execution of policy, as with the bombing of Cambodia after 1969 and the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency; the evident impossibility of keeping secrets out of newspapers for long; and the sheer inefficiency of the making and carrying out of decisions in many particular instances, not least the *Mayaguez* affair in Cambodia in 1975 and the abortive rescue mission in Iran in 1980.

Five or ten years ago it was possible to argue that such things were particularly associated with the Vietnam war; and that when the war was over, the old foreign policy consensus and the old decision-making machinery could resume normal operation. This view, justified as it was in its emphasis on the key role of Vietnam, looks sadly dated today. There is more than ever a need to look, not just at the particular policies pursued by various US administrations, but also at the manner in which they have arrived at them. A number of books published in the past few years illuminate at least some of the idiosyncratic features mentioned above.

The advent of the Reagan administration reinforced the case for looking at the bases of US foreign policy. In its first few months, the noises from the White House and the State Department were even more discordant than in the Carter years; a further element of disharmony was introduced with the unguarded statements by the Secretary for Defence, Mr. Caspar Weinberger, on the sensitive subject of the neutron bomb; Mr. William Clark, a man with little apparent knowledge of foreign affairs, was

appointed to the important post of Under-Secretary of State; and a number of generous campaign contributors, milk sheikhs and others with no great experience of foreign affairs, were given their due reward of plum ambassadorships abroad.

True, there were also, in the first half of 1981, signs that Secretary of State Haig sought to restore the influence of the State Department and boost its battered morale: one indicator of this was the proportion of ambassadorships going to professional diplomats. But in general the first few months of the Reagan administration seemed to have the effect, not of introducing the desired new broom into foreign policy, but rather of perpetuating the confusion in policy making and the scepticism with which it is viewed both in the United States and abroad.

When the first volume of Dr. Kissinger's memoirs was published, over two years ago, the attention of reviewers inevitably focused on the controversial policies pursued by Kissinger in the period they covered—from November 1968 to January 1973, his term as President Nixon's Assistant for National Security Affairs.[1] (The second volume covers his role as Secretary of State in 1973-7.) The 600,000 words of the memoirs were scoured, or at least spot-checked, for what was said about China, Indochina, Chile, SALT-1, the Middle East, and telephone tapping. That friend and foe alike concentrated on the particular policy issues discussed in the Kissinger memoirs was hardly surprising. With a wealth of detail and many flashes of wit, Kissinger had given not just a fascinating account of his policies but also a weighty if flawed defence of them. The fact that the book was an open and public apologia for so much secretive behaviour—whether secret bombing or secret diplomacy—only added to the interest of the particular issues it tackled.

But Kissinger's memoirs are also interesting for what they say, both explicitly and implicitly, about the structure of US foreign policy making. It is a matter on which Kissinger expresses strong, though inconsistent, views; and which had an important impact on the foreign policy decisions taken in the Nixon years. His central organisational concern is clearly expressed early on, in the curiously *faux-naif* chapters (one of them is called 'Period of Innocence: The Transition') describing his elevation to the White House:

> When I was appointed, I did not have any organisational plan in mind. My major concern was that a large bureaucracy, however organised, tends to stifle creativity. It confuses wise policy with smooth administration. In the modern state bureaucracies become so large that too often more time is spent in running them than in defining their purposes . . .
>
> Ultimately there is no purely organisational answer; it is above all a problem of leadership. Organisational remedies cannot by themselves remove the bias for waiting for crises and for the avoidance of long-range planning. We set ourselves the task of making a conscious effort to shape the international environment according to a conception of American purposes rather than to wait for events to impose the need for decision.[2]

Bureaucracy was thus identified as one cause of the USA's foreign policy

troubles. It is an easy target, and only the foolhardy would put their heads above the firing line and make a whole-hearted defence either of bureaucracy in general, or of the US State Department in particular. Yet Kissinger's words, as quoted above, do inevitably raise questions. Is it really true that bureaucracies in general tend to wait for crises and to avoid long-range planning? What about the many contrary cases, in which bureaucracies have played a key part in planning and carrying through major policies or projects, or in which certain bureaucracies have shown an almost obsessive enthusiasm for long-range planning?

Not only are such questions not discussed, but Kissinger, on the basis of this diagnosis, rushes to prescribe the remedy: presidential authority and leadership. The machinery for making decisions must be compatible with the President's 'personality and style'; and it must lead to action. 'Above all, it must be sensitive to the psychological relationship between the President and his close advisers.' It must present the President with real choices and alternatives. Then, almost as an afterthought, Kissinger adds: 'At the same time, if every single decision is funnelled into the President's office, he will lose the benefit of the technical competence and accumulated experience of the permanent officials.'

This prescription meant, quite simply, the up-grading of the White House and of Dr. Kissinger; and the down-grading of the State Department and Secretary of State Rogers. As Kissinger goes on to say: 'The true origin of our policy-making procedures lay in Nixon's determination—antedating my appointment—to conduct foreign policy from the White House, his distrust of the existing bureaucracy, coupled with the congruence of his philosophy and mine and the relative inexperience of the new Secretary of State.'[3]

The idea of running foreign policy from the White House was perhaps not quite as new as Kissinger implies, and many pressures had been working in that direction since at least the time of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. In Kissinger's and Nixon's minds, the problem of extricating the United States from Vietnam with honour clearly reinforced the case for White House control of foreign policy. The problem was seen as one requiring very strong co-ordination from a single centre; imaginative and decisive departures from long-established policies, particularly in relation to China; and extreme secrecy, for example in Kissinger's first journey to Peking, in the secret bombing of Cambodia, or in the arm-twisting of the South Vietnamese government to accept a settlement it did not like. With such a high premium on secrecy, it is little wonder that the first leaks from the Nixon White House angered Kissinger so greatly and started the administration off on its wire-tapping path to Watergate. (Kissinger says that another volume will deal with the moral issues raised by national security wire-tapping; and it appears that most of the awkward facts have also been deferred.)

However, if the case for White House control was attractive, at least to those in the White House, the case against may also merit exploration.

The first argument against is the obvious one, that the kind of foreign policy organisation established in 1969-73 was bound to lead to further demoralisation of the State Department. That department had hardly emerged from the previous two decades with flying colours, and many of its long-held policies (the Multilateral Force for Europe, the non-recognition of China, and support for South Vietnam) have deservedly ended up on the scrap-heap.

But the State Department cannot take all the blame for these failed policies, and some of its bureaucratic timidity may have been exacerbated by the McCarthy era purge of officers who had been sympathetic to the Chinese revolution. Its reduction to a position of vague responsibility without any significant power—visiting it in the Nixon years was like visiting a research institute, not a government ministry—was scarcely an answer either to its problems or those of US foreign policy.

Indeed, the Kissinger years in the White House marked the *reductio ad absurdum* of various organisational practices which have badly affected the State Department both before and since. If the taking of all important foreign policy decisions out of the hands of the State Department was something new, it was in a sense only the extreme logical development of the tradition which, in the matter of appointments to ambassadorships and the like, had long seen foreign affairs as an appropriate field for presidential patronage. This tradition has had serious effects on the morale of profesional American diplomats, because it tends to devalue their professional skills and to prevent promotion to positions which are, and are seen to be, responsible. The quality of diplomatic advice and the continuity of US foreign policy is also undermined by such extensive changes of personnel.

The need for continuity of foreign policy is something which Kissinger repeatedly urges in his memoirs, and was particularly to stress after he himself became Secretary of State in 1973. He urged that foreign policy ought to transcend party political differences, and ought to survive changes of administration. But he nowhere reconciles these views with the advocacy of White House control—a system guaranteed to cause feuding with the departments and political interests left out of foreign policy decision making, and to lead to an almost complete change of personnel and policies every time a new President is elected.

Some of the more absurd aspects of the system of White House control in the years 1969-73 are revealed, not in Kissinger's own memoirs, but in a book by Roger Morris, one of his aides in the White House who resigned in 1970 over the invasion of Cambodia. Morris's book is not nearly as impressive as Kissinger's, but it too has its share of amusing anecdotes. He describes how Kissinger and Nixon walled themselves off, not only from the public and the rest of the government, but even from their own National Security Council staff, and goes on:

> After hearing grousing from some of his aides that they had never even met the President, Kissinger arranged for Nixon to talk briefly to the entire NSC

> staff in the Cabinet Room. Nixon began the meeting with self-conscious ingratiation, commiserating with the staff for having to deal with all those 'impossible fags' in the State Department, apparently oblivious that most of those in the room were Foreign Service Officers on detail. At the close he told the group that they should ignore the bureaucrats and 'handle the rest of the world'.[4]

That Nixon thus criticised the 'impossible fags' in the State Department at the same time as he was unwittingly talking to them in the White House only begs the question as to whether the people in the White House were actually more able to deal successfully with foreign policy questions than were the large bureaucracies so repeatedly attacked by Kissinger and Nixon.

The Indo-China war raises in sharpest relief the issue of the costs and benefits of White House control. It must be recognised that some acts of the Nixon White House in relation to Indo-China showed considerable skill and courage—particularly the opening of relations with China, which could so easily have gone wrong, and which made the eventual withdrawal from Indo-China less difficult and traumatic than it might otherwise have been.

Despite this, the Kissinger memoirs are disappointing on Vietnam. They cover the subject in extraordinary detail right up to the signing of the Paris agreements of January 1973. But Kissinger shows astonishingly little understanding of the war, and of the likely nature of the peace. He says virtually nothing about the root causes of the war: the particularly temporary and artificial character of the division of Vietnam in 1954; the superior historical claims of the communists to the mantle of nationalism, and the belief of the Vietnamese communist leaders that they had been pressured by both adversaries and allies into making concessions at too many negotiating tables in the past, whether in 1946 or 1954. In these pages Kissinger still treats the war as a case of communist aggression, pure and simple; he perpetuates the extraordinary claim that North Vietnam had invaded South Vietnam 'without provocation'; and he shows himself making a seemingly endless variety of well-meant negotiating offers—one-track approaches, two-track approaches, cease-fires of various kinds, elections—which were mostly words to the wind. He shows himself desperately trying to extricate the United States from Indo-China with honour, which was an almost impossible task, but he never really examines even the more obvious weaknesses of the approach. From the start, the policy of 'Vietnamization' was a house built on sand.

It has often been suggested that Kissinger's policy on Vietnam was much simpler and more cynical than this: that all he ever aimed for was a 'decent interval' between a negotiated and dignified US departure and an eventual flying of the red flag in Saigon. Such a view is probably too flattering as well as too critical. Too flattering because there is no evidence from his memoirs or from anything else that he has written that Kissinger had any exceptional understanding of Vietnam or saw the fall of Saigon as inevitable; and too critical, because the unkind implication that Kissinger was concerned exclusively with super-power appearances and not at all with

the fate of South Vietnam is belied by much that he said and did.

The most important evidence on this, apart from Kissinger's own memoirs, is Frank Snepp's book *Decent Interval*, first published in the USA in 1977.[5] Snepp, a senior CIA officer in Saigon at the time of its fall in 1975, presents much evidence to support the proposition that Kissinger really believed that the South Vietnamese state could be kept going more or less indefinitely. Snepp also shows that the same failings and obsessions which characterised the US arrival in Vietnam in the 1950s and 1960s also marked the American departure: the willingness to believe optimistic intelligence estimates; the conviction that dollars and military supplies could shore up a crumbling political and military situation; and the idea that the whole US position in the world should be viewed as dependent on the outcome in Vietnam. In these respects at least, and despite certain new departures, Kissinger was still to some extent representative of the US foreign policy establishment and its cherished orthodoxies.

On Cambodia, too, the level of analysis in the Kissinger memoirs is disappointing. Kissinger goes to great lengths to show that the secret bombing of the sanctuaries in Cambodia from early 1969 onwards was necessary to win some breathing space in Vietnam; also that the United States was not involved in the Lon Nol *coup d'état* in 1970. But his whole account confirms the suspicion that throughout he naively overestimated the capacity of ground troops and air power to prevent guerrilla activities in and from Cambodia. Thus he says that in March 1970 the 'only realistic option was to destroy the sanctuaries'; but he nowhere seriously discusses whether there was any prospect at all of achieving that object. Much of the material on Cambodia is a response (more implicit than explicit) to the strong attack on Kissinger in William Shawcross's book *Sideshow*.[6] Kissinger does make some telling points against Shawcross, but at the same time his account only confirms the suspicion that neither the bombing nor the invasion of Cambodia was well thought out: indeed, US military action in that country seems to have been determined above all by a fear of seeming to be weak or inactive, a fear which is not necessarily a good guide to policy.

Cambodia provides an example of a theme which is particularly recurrent in US decision making: the tension between a vague moralism on the one hand, and an inchoate activism on the other. Thus Kissinger criticises a dissenting memo on Cambodia written by three of his White House associates with the words: 'The alternatives proposed were, in short, an evasion of hard choices, a sop to consciences, not a guide to action.' He may be right in suggesting that many of his critics had more to offer in the way of condemnation than practical proposals. But he never really discusses adequately the question as to whether the deeply-flawed peace in Indo-China which he got in early 1973 was worth the four years of continued war which preceded it; nor does he fully explore whether the US concessions to the North Vietnamese, as embodied in the 1973 settlement, could have been made sooner.

Despite their exceptional length, Kissinger's memoirs provide little evidence to support the notion that there was a clear intellectual conception behind the White House foreign policy of those days. The extraordinarily pretentious elaborations of that policy—that a 'structure of peace' was being created, that 'irreversible' processes could cement US-Soviet relations, even that a 'generation of peace' was in prospect—appear never to have had very much in the way of foundations. Seyom Brown, in his book *The Crises of Power*, written before Kissinger's memoirs were published, was openly sceptical of such elaborations. He says that while Kissinger did correctly diagnose the need for conceptual clarification of US foreign policy, he was unable to provide the remedy.[7] He also emphasises that Kissinger, like all other mortals, had to learn on the job, and made some mistakes in so doing. In particular, he was a laggard in coming to terms with the Third World, and in recognising the inevitability of change in southern Africa.[8]

In his book *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, published in 1957, Kissinger had complained: 'Our leaders have not lacked ability, but they have had to learn while doing, and this has imposed too great a handicap.'[9] The organisational legacy of Kissinger's White House years has added to, rather than alleviated, this handicap. His subsequent period of office as Secretary of State provided, in theory at least, some opportunity to restore a significant foreign policy role to the State Department. It appears that little was achieved in this particular direction, partly because he brought to the State Department some of the organisational methods of the White House, and partly because the rising tide of Watergate meant that little attention could be given to long-term reforms.

Certainly the problem of extreme discontinuity and disorganisation in foreign policy remains. In early 1981 it looked likely that the Reagan administration would have to learn the same lesson in southern Africa as Kissinger had learned less than a decade earlier; and negotiations on strategic arms limitation were delayed because the US did not have a clear position on the matter. Indeed, the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks provide a striking symbol of the discontinuity of US policy compared to that of the USSR: Leonid Brezhnev, as General Secretary and then President, has had dealings on SALT-2 with no less than four Presidents: Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan; has seen an agreement signed by himself and President Carter in effect turned down by the Senate (partly because of the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan); and has twice faced dramatic changes in US proposals on SALT with the advent of new US administrations.

Such observations do not necessarily lead to the impossible conclusion that US foreign policy can or should be insulated from political pressures or from changes of President. But the many books about the workings of US foreign policy in recent years do suggest that some of the particular characteristics of the US foreign policy system which lead to an ambiguous decision-making structure, to a down-grading of diplomatic professionalism,

and to a uniquely extensive change of personnel at such frequent intervals, could do with re-examination. The amount of learning on the job makes for a peculiarly expensive form of state education, for which the world as well as the USA pays the bill; and the result is that, on certain matters at least, the United States is one of the more difficult countries in the world with which to do business.

NOTES:

1. Henry Kissinger, *The White House Years* (London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson and Michael Joseph, 1979).
2. Kissinger, *White House Years*, p. 39.
3. Kissinger, *White House Years*, p. 47.
4. Roger Morris, *Uncertain Greatness and American Foreign Policy* (London, Quartet Books, 1977), p. 156.
5. Frank Snepp, *Decent Interval: The American Debacle in Vietnam and the Fall of Saigon* (London, Allen Lane, 1980).
6. William Shawcross, *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia* (London, Andre Deutsch, 1979).
7. Seyom Brown, *The Crises of Power: An Interpretation of United States Foreign Policy During the Kissinger Years* (New York, Columbia University Press, 1979), p. 16.
8. Brown, *Crises of Power*, pp. 150-1.
9. Quoted in Morris, *Uncertain Greatness*, p. 55.

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THE POLISH REVOLUTION—STAGE TWO

by Norman Davies

THE Polish equivalent of 'to be wise after the event' is *Polak madry po szkodzie*—'The Pole is wise after his injury.' Today, after the first stage of the Polish Revolution has been crushed by force, it must be the commonest proverb in all Poland.

With hindsight, the duplicity of the Moscow-controlled establishment over the past 18 months has been clearly revealed. Throughout the time when *Solidarity* was operating, most Polish people, including many Party members, genuinely believed that the system could be adapted to gain the consent of the nation. No one could deny that the Party was decomposing: its ideology irrelevant to practical problems, its policies hopelessly discredited; its officials despised and hated. No one could fairly deny that *Solidarity*, with its ten million members, expressed the desires and aspirations of the vast majority of the working-class, indeed of the population at large. No one could deny that *Solidarity* was welcomed by the Roman Catholic Church, whose leaders had sought for years to restrain growing popular frustrations but who now openly called for dialogue and reform. In these circumstances, the slogan of *Odnowa* (Renewal) was supported by all concerned, including the Party leadership of Stanislaw Kania, who survived in power from September 1980 to October 1981. Kania, formerly the boss of the Party department controlling the police and security services, must have known the depth of the Party's disrepute better than anyone. It is even possible that Kania intended to change the system. But as the months passed by, it emerged that the dialogue was being obstructed, that the reforms were being endlessly delayed.

Despite the urgency, none of *Solidarity's* basic demands ever received the force of law. Access to the state media was never granted. Projects for the key issues of censorship, workers' self-management and academic freedom, made little progress. All the while, Party propagandists used the radio and TV to emulate Moscow in smearing *Solidarity's* leaders, calling them 'extremists' and 'political adventurers' and 'anti-socialist provocateurs'. Gradually, the unrepentant hardliners—known in Poland as the *Zamordistas*, from their desire to lead people 'by the nose'—recovered their nerve. The perpetrators of the beatings of *Solidarity* members at Bydgoszcz in March of last year, which almost caused a General Strike, were shielded from prosecution. The 'horizontal movement', for democratisation among the local branches of the Party, was quietly stifled. The Party Congress in July 1981, whilst confirming a completely new Central Committee, avoided the temptation to condemn the overall system. In October, General Jaruzelski was promoted from Prime Minister to Party Secretary, and immediately imported a number of military colleagues into both the Government and the ruling Politbureau. An army general took over the Interior Ministry, and with it the police and security services; and before long thousands of Army patrols were being sent out into the villages and

the small towns 'to help with distribution difficulties and ease food supplies.' In effect they were spying out the lie of the land, taking detailed notes on local problems and personalities, and testing the temperature of the political water. By the end of November, there was open talk of 'confrontation' to come, meaning a showdown between the paralysed Party and an increasingly impatient *Solidarity*.

The most frequent guesses put the critical moment in January or February, when the Government would be obliged either to face local elections and lose them, or to cancel them. Few people thought of a showdown before Christmas, and still fewer thought seriously of the Army. Even when the strikers at a Fire Training Academy were removed by force, in a daylight rehearsal of strike-breaking techniques in the middle of Warsaw: even, when large scale troop movements were reported on the roads of southern Poland, no one seems to have seen what was coming. On the night of 12/13 December, when Jaruzelski struck, he achieved almost total surprise. In retrospect, there can be little doubt that plans to crush *Solidarity* had been laid since the day it was born, and that detailed preparations had been in hand for months. The inner core of the system had bided its time perfectly, had feigned collaboration with *Solidarity* for as long as was necessary, and had then turned on its opponents with ferocity. It is hard to know what to admire most—the precision or the perfidy.

Jaruzelski's excuse for the coup suggested that he acted to save Poland from 'the catastrophe,' the code word for Soviet Intervention. He put the blame unequivocally on *Solidarity*, whose leadership had met the previous week and passed resolutions calling for referenda on the role of the Party and on Poland's membership of the Warsaw Pact. The room had been bugged by the authorities who released a tape with Walesa's voice talking unmistakably about the showdown. Official sources declared that there was a conspiracy to overthrow the communist state by force, and illustrated its claim with carefully staged TV pictures of the police's 'finds' in *Solidarity* offices. Those stories were largely fabricated. Far from planning to attack the regime, *Solidarity* had no proper means even to defend itself. *Solidarity's* leaders may have used fiery language on occasion; but as far as is known they hardly fired a shot in self defence. *Solidarity* did not even possess a simple radio to broadcast its plight to the world. The accusation of an active conspiracy by *Solidarity* was groundless.

Undoubtedly, *Solidarity* miscalculated. The euphoria of 1980 did not give way to any realistic appreciation of the system against which it was pitted. Over-confidence generated by the amazing success of the early strikes led people to believe that strikes and sit-ins were an answer to everything, even to military intervention. This was a fool's paradise. What is more, *Solidarity* misjudged the political temper of the regime. Having once extracted an agreement on free Trades Unions and the right to strike, they really imagined that power-sharing was possible. They mistook the Party's tactical withdrawal for a permanent retreat. They held the Party bosses to be as honourable and as naïve as themselves. The 'moderate' leaders, like Walesa, had striven for months to restrain the 'hot-headed' youngsters, who

claimed that continuous pressure was needed to hold the Party to its promises. In the end, the Party was able to claim that *Solidarity* had fallen victim to hotheads. The fact is that moderation failed. One could argue, of course, that reasonable men should not try to pit their limited strength against an unreasonable system. But once engaged in the struggle, they had to match their methods to the task. *Solidarity* was simply not radical enough.

Jaruzelski also professed his commitment to Reform, claiming that *Solidarity* had been 'suspended' not suppressed. For a time, he was given the benefit of the doubt; but now, after a reasonable interval, the dishonesty of these undertakings is apparent. The only Reforms which Jaruzelski had produced are such things as the imposition of quadrupled food prices due on 1st February or the dire threat of compulsory deliveries by the peasants. This is not what everyone else understands by Reform, which to be effective must introduce fundamental changes in the political and economic system. At the same time, widespread reports that 'loyalty pledges'—i.e. pledges of disloyalty to *Solidarity*, are being exacted from employees on pain of their jobs, give the lie to the regime's claims. *Solidarity's* leaders remain in interment camps. Lech Walesa, whom the authorities originally claimed 'to be negotiating', is not at liberty, and has negotiated nothing. A concerted attempt to smash *Solidarity* once and for all is being undertaken, behind the skilful smokescreen of false promises and mendacious hints. The time is past when Jaruzelski's intentions can be judged by his word.

Indeed, the language of communism is still not understood by the western media. *Reform*, with its progressive overtones, is only used by communist propagandists in the same sense of 'desirable changes which strengthen the communist system'. Changes which threaten in some way to diminish the communist monopoly or to modify the system in ways unwanted by the communists are called 'revisions', or 'deviations', or 'anti-socialist advances'. By the same token, *normalisation* means 'a return to the sort of normality where the communist leadership exercises unchallenged control; *stabilisation* means 'the sort of stability where no critics of the system are free to rock the communists' boat'; *democratisation* means 'the strengthening of the Party's dictatorship over the people'.

Anti-socialist forces refers to anonymous 'forces', (which do not possess any recognisable organisation and whose leaders cannot be named for fear of making them popular): to the Leninist brand of 'socialism', (which everyone else calls 'communism'): and to 'anti', in the narrow dialectical sense of everything being 'against' them if it isn't actually 'for' them. (In standard English, it means 'non-communist public opinion' which in Poland represents the vast majority of the nation). *A non-political trade union* involves an organisation subject to the monopoly power of the Communist Party. In short, Jaruzelski is thinking to restore an official union movement, which may well purloin the name of *Solidarity*, but whose independence would be bogus. *Independence* in the Leninist vocabulary, as nicely illustrated by Poland's overall relationship to the USSR, means 'separate,

but dependent'. Before repeating Jaruzelski's pronouncements, most western commentators need to consult their Newspeak—English Dictionary, and to translate accordingly.

Undoubtedly, the 'Coup' was prepared with great thoroughness, at least in the political and operational sphere. Nonetheless, despite the veil of secrecy, the signs were there to be read. When intelligence officers at Polish embassies in the West let slip as long ago as last Spring, that 'Poles respect nothing but a military uniform', or when the same men began bringing their families out of Warsaw in the Autumn, one might have guessed what was afoot. NATO planners guessed rightly that the Polish, rather than the Soviet Military, might be used to discipline Poland: but their analysis was not generally accepted. Rumours emanating from communist circles that *Solidarity* was planning an armed rebellion, or was preparing to assassinate communist officials and informers: or that Brezhnev and Schmidt were planning a new Partition of Poland, were dismissed out of hand because they were manifestly absurd. It is now known that they were part of the careful campaign of disinformation which conditioned Polish officialdom to accept the Coup when it came.

Jaruzelski may even have foreseen the collapse of the Party apparatus which his action precipitated. His Military Council of National Salvation was certainly ready with shoals of trained officers who could be detailed to assume the functions of civilian officials in state institutions at every level. Military commissars hold court in the Ministries, in the factories, in the town halls, even on railway stations and in public libraries. The Central Committee has met once. The Politbureau is cowed. What is more significant, the Military Council looks serious in its intention of putting discredited Party bosses on public trial for corruption. Such things do not happen under the 'normal' circumstances of the Party dictatorship. (In the Soviet Union, in the era of the Stalinist purges, they only happened because the Party dictatorship was usurped by the organs of Stalin's security police). All of which points to the conclusion that the Army in Poland has engineered a real shift in the structure of power. A military coup of the Latin American type was never possible in the communist context. But it does appear, in the necessary partnership of Army and Party, that the commissars are now leading the comrades, and not vice-versa.

Western speculation about Jaruzelski's 'patriotic' motivation was obviously wide of the mark. It is true that he acted in one sense to avoid the necessity of Soviet intervention (which the Brezhnev Doctrine fully prescribes as the line of last resort). But he acted above all to preserve the communist establishment in Poland—which is another way of saying that he has preserved the rule of the only muscophile element in the country. The Kremlin was sure to approve of that. In any case, given the web of Russian controls and integrated Warsaw Pact or Comecon organisations, it would have been impossible for Jaruzelski to move without Soviet connivance. What is much more interesting, and in the long run perhaps rather ominous, is to identify the precise elements within the Soviet leadership

who must have schemed successfully to obtain the Kremlin's approval. If the Kremlin was obliged to condone Jaruzelski's move—since the first law of Leninism is that communist movements never relinquish power voluntarily—the Kremlin was bound to be uneasy about the particular means employed. After all, if the Party dictatorship can be supplanted by a military dictatorship in Poland, against all the rules, then there's no reason why the same thing could not happen in the USSR. What is more, the only branch of the Soviet apparatus which might conceivably have an interest in such developments would be the Soviet military. Marshal Kulikov's presence in Warsaw, therefore, in the days preceding and during the Coup, may well have been inspired by self-interested motives. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that what we have been witnessing in Poland is the first blow in the battle for Brezhnev's succession in the Soviet Bloc as a whole.

For the time being, Jaruzelski can hardly have seen any conflict of purpose between himself and his Soviet masters. That conflict will only rise in the next stage of the Polish Revolution when Jaruzelski's own regime begins to collapse in its turn. By bringing out the Army, the Polish communists have played their last native card. They have no further instrument in reserve with which to defend their precarious hold on the country. Even now, by its first direct contact with the population at large, the soldiery will be gradually losing its belief in the slogans, which sent it into the streets in December. Similarly, by accepting direct responsibility for the administration and for Poland's hopelessly intractable economic problems, Jaruzelski will be losing faith in his ability to govern. After him, the Soviet deluge will come. At which point, and not before, when he tamely accepts fraternal assistance or possibly stands to fight, we shall see whether Wojciech Jaruzelski is at heart a brainwashed Soviet puppet or a genuine Polish patriot.

In the meantime, economic problems are likely to hold the centre of the stage. Yet in economic matters one is faced with a fundamental difference of analysis which divides opinion as strongly among western commentators as among the Poles themselves. One camp, which one might label 'the economic illusionists', assumes that Poland's political crisis is the product of economic failures and that a return to a modicum of prosperity will somehow eliminate political dissent. This view is shared both by many western economists, some of whom correctly predicted the collapse of the Polish economy five or six years ago, and also by Jaruzelski's leading spokesmen, such as the plausible Mr. Rakowski, who fully admits to the mistaken policies of the Party but never to flaws in the system itself. The other camp, which might be labelled 'the political realists' make the opposite assumptions, namely that the economic crisis is the product of political failures, and that the return to economic prosperity can never be achieved without political concessions. This view is shared both by outside commentators who criticise the communist system from the standpoint of traditional western liberalism, and by pragmatists within the Polish Party who realised in 1980/81 that Polish workers could never be persuaded to work until they

were ruled by a system based on their consent. This indeed was *Solidarity's raison d'être.*

The argument, therefore, goes beyond the blunders in economic policy-making, which no one now denies. The real argument concerns the reasons which led the Gierek regime into those blunders in the first place. Here the 'political realists' provide a more convincing case than their rivals. Why after all did Gierek choose to gamble all on western credits, foreign trade, and imported technology? Was it simply the work of incompetent advisers? The answer seems to be that political considerations forced him to adopt an economic strategy which relied overwhelmingly on external relations and hardly at all on internal reform. Gierek could not build on the Polish agricultural sector without allowing the private peasants to grow prosperous—which was anathema to his Soviet masters. He could not build on the Polish industrial sector without making concessions to a sullen labour force already on the verge of rebellion—as seen in the Baltic Riots of 1970 which brought him to power. And he could not build on internal investment, since productivity in all branches of Polish industry was too low to show a profit. So he turned to the western bankers, whose petro-dollars were a substitute for productive industry, whose financial credit was a substitute for the political credit unobtainable at home, and whose technology was a substitute for the improvement in labour relations. In short, Gierek's economic strategy was a substitute for the political reform, which his Party's ideology and his Soviet masters could never countenance. Poland's present economic crisis has political roots. To pretend otherwise is to put the economic cart before the political horse.

Jaruzelski, however, shows no sign of having grasped this fundamental point. By smashing *Solidarity* he has removed the one agency which might have assisted him in managing unpalatable economic policies. He has destroyed the one organisation which could have lent his administration legitimacy and consent. You can't make Silesian miners dig coal at the point of the bayonet. You can't persuade the steelworkers of Nowa Huta and Katowice to produce more steel by shooting them down and arresting their strike leaders. You can't force Polish peasants to grow more food by ordering them to make compulsory deliveries at half the market price. As even the western bankers are now realising, martial law is the surest recipe for accelerated economic disaster. With typical communist acumen, Jaruzelski has planned for everything except human feelings. In effect, he has launched himself into a dilemma which he cannot resolve. If he relaxes martial law and releases the detainees, he will be faced with renewed demands for a resumption of 'Dialogue' and 'Renewal'—which the pro-Muscovite hardliners will never accept. If he maintains martial law, or in some sectors actually increases its severity, he will drive a hungry nation to open rebellion. Either way, his regime is doomed to failure. The Polish Revolution will then progress into the third stage. It is only a matter of time. At which point, the Soviet Generals will have their say, and the Polish crisis will grow still more dangerous both for the Poles themselves and for Europe as a whole.

THIRD WORLD DEBT AND WESTERN SOCIETY

by John Madeley

IT seems doubtful if one person in a hundred would identify Third World debt as something which threatens the entire international financial system and ultimately the stability and prosperity of Western economies. But the last two years have seen the debts of developing countries mount by astronomical proportions against the background of a hostile international environment, in which the vast majority of non-oil developing countries cannot earn enough money from world trade to repay their debt.

Whilst the whole world knew about Poland's debts in 1981, less publicity was given to the nine developing countries who sought to reschedule, i.e. delay repayment of their debts, during the year. In the past quarter-century only about two countries a year have had their debts rescheduled, but the 1981 pattern could become all too common. During the next few years banks in Western countries may find it difficult to get back some of the money they have lent. At best this could prolong recession in the West, at worst it could lead to a crisis of confidence in which bank depositors demand back their money, money which the banks do not have because they cannot get it back from Third World countries.

Unless there are fundamental changes in the world economic order that give developing countries more chance of earning increased foreign exchange, then the debt problem is likely to escalate into one of the hottest issues of our time.

The Brandt Commission report, *North-South: A Programme for Survival*, published in March 1980, spoke of the vulnerability of the international credit structure to Third World debt and said there were likely to be more problems in the future. When the eighteen Commissioners decided at Kuwait, in January 1982, to re-launch the Commission as a high level ginger group, they identified the debt problem as something which had grown in severity since the 1980 report. The re-vamped Commission is expected to produce a document at the end of 1982, which will stress how crucial the issue has become.

Ten years ago the size of Third World debt was comparatively small, and most of it was owed to Western government and international development institutions, such as the World Bank, in the form of interest on aid. At the end of 1970, Third World countries officially owed $62 billion. That debt grew by an average of about 20% during the nineteen seventies to total $416 billion in 1980. In 1981 however the debts soared by over $100 billion—rising almost 30% to approach a colossal $540 billion by the end of the year. Mexico and Brazil are the largest debtors among developing countries, each owing around $63 billion.

The real size of the Third World's debt is however higher, as official figures do not include money which is borrowed for less than a year.

In 1980 this short term debt made up two-thirds of total borrowings by developing countries. If that was also the case in 1981, then their short term debt was over $240 billion. At the end of 1981 therefore the total debts of developing countries were probably around $800 billion. (These figures refer only to non-military debt; a further $80–$100 billion can be added for military debt.)

A big change has occurred since 1971 in the make-up of the debt. Whereas most of the debt was at one time owed to governments and institutions at comparatively low rates of interest, nearly two-thirds of Third World debt is now owed to commercial banks. The interest rates charged by commercial banks on those loans have risen enormously in recent years due to rising world interest rates, and it is this that is the immediate cause of the Third World's debt problem.

In 1979, the developing countries paid an average of 12% on their commercial debts; in 1980 this increased to 15.3% and in 1981 to 18%. This means that countries had to make bigger repayments than they expected, their 'debts servicing' has risen.

Whereas the developing countries had to find more money to service their debts, they were earning little extra money for that purpose. Economic growth rates in the developing world averaged 5.1% in the nineteen seventies, but the rising price of imported goods caused overall import bills to outstrip export revenues and generally wipe out any gains from growth. The debt of non-oil developing countries rose, for example, from $100 billion in 1972 to $245 billion in 1977; gross national product in those countries grew at only about half that rate of increase.

Foreign exchange became increasingly scarce due to a combination of high prices for imported oil and manufactured goods, stagnant prices for the commodities that developing countries exported, plus difficulties in selling manufactured goods to Western markets. Whilst during the nineteen sixties, the 36 poorest non-oil developing countries increased their exports by an average of 5.3% a year, in the nineteen seventies their exports fell by an average of 1% a year. Middle income countries fared slightly better but also suffered a fall, dropping from a 6.3% export growth in the nineteen sixties to a 4.4% growth in the seventies.

The price of imported oil rose from $2 a barrel in 1973 to $34 a barrel in 1981, whilst the price of manufactured goods bought from Western countries also rose substantially. These problems, together with increased good imports caused by poor harvests, have caused the balance of payments deficits of non-oil developing countries to rise sharply in the last few years, increasing from $26 billion in 1978 to $70 billion in 1980.

Increased protectionism in Western countries, caused by recession, has meant that Third World manufactured goods found greater difficulty in gaining access to Western markets. But the biggest problem facing developing countries has been the fall in commodity prices. Almost 60% of their foreign exchange earnings come from one or more raw commodity, but the price of almost every major commodity fell during 1981. Prospects

for higher prices seem bleak, unless there are fundamental changes in the way that commodities are bought and sold.

It was hardly surprising that the Third World was turned into a debt crisis area during 1981. During the year, eight countries—Liberia, Madagascar, Senegal, Zaire, Jamaica, Pakistan, Bolivia and the Sudan had their debts rescheduled. Meanwhile a ninth country, Costa Rica, was forced to declare a moratorium on its debts in September. It tried but failed to reach a rescheduling agreement and was forced to declare a moratorium, because it simply did not have the money to repay. The total amount of Third World debt that was rescheduled during the year was between $4 to $5 billion.

Chandra Hardy, of the U.S.A. Overseas Development Council, has pointed out that the severity of the debt problem can be seen from the fact that half of the total outstanding debt of the developing countries is due for repayment over the next 3 to 5 years. More reschedulings of debt therefore seem inevitable.

Until quite recently the majority of rescheduling agreements concerned only governments—aid loans from Western to Third World governments, for example. But the reschedulings that took place in 1980 and 1981 involved commercial banks to a much greater extent—and the process was more painful.

The banks generally insisted that if the debt was to be rescheduled, then an additional interest rate had to be paid. If a country was already paying an 18% interest rate, it was allowed to reschedule its debt on condition it paid a premium, perhaps 1% over the standard rate. For the debtor country this did not help its financial position at all, other than helping it out of a short term predicament.

At least three charges can be laid against the commercial banks. They have competed to lend money to the Third World and lent longer after there was any economic justification for doing so. Then when the going became rough, they often withdrew their loans very quickly. Thirdly in rescheduling agreements, they insisted on an extra interest rate being paid. (Banks make a 'sale' if they lend money; most of their profit is from interest on loans.)

Chandra Hardy looked at the experience of Turkey, Zaire, Peru, Nicaragua, Sudan and Jamaica (all countries who had their debts rescheduled in either 1980 or 1981) and found that in all cases 'the banks were part of the reason for the emergence of the debt problem—both by the injudicious rapid growth of lending to these countries and the subsequent precipitous withdrawal of credits'.

The consequences for banks of not receiving back the money they expect, due to countries rescheduling or defaulting on their debt, are more serious than is often recognised. Because of the way the banking system operates, the effect of a delayed payment can generally be multiplied many times over. If a bank does not receive back $1 billion, its ability to lend to other customers is reduced not by $1 billion but by

up to five times that amount. A $1 billion delay can therefore become a $5 billion crisis.

Economist Michael Lipton, of the Institute of Development Studies, says that if a bank receives a cash deposit it can effectively expand its credit by several times the amount it receives. But if a bank does not receive back the money it expected, then it has to reduce lending by several times the amount it did not receive back.

Lipton estimates that if Third World reschedulings run to $10 billion—a figure which seems quite likely for 1982—this could 'lead to a reduction in lending by the banking system of up to $50 billion'. The effects of this he says would be that 'prime industrial borrowers' who have been relying on renewed overdrafts from banks would be at risk. 'Defaults and bankruptcies would echo, not mainly around banks, but around firms in industrial and developing countries'.

But in a serious crisis, defaults could echo around banks too. If reschedulings go on increasing and bankers do not receive back the money they expect, they may be unable to meet the demands of their depositors for withdrawals. People deposit money in a bank because they have confidence that the bank will handle it prudently. If that bank is seen to act rashly, lending too much money with little hope of getting it back on time, then people may lose confidence in its ability to handle their money. And the banks do appear to have been greedy. In their wish to increase profits, they have lent more to the Third World than was justified by the underlying economic situation.

The large international banks are now lending out more money, compared to their capital, than they were 10 years ago. In 1970 the capital/assets (banks call their loans 'assets') ratio of Britain's big four banks was 7.63%. By 1980 this had fallen to 5.98%. In the case of three top German banks, the capital/assets ratio fell from 4.26% in 1970 to 2.90% in 1980. Between 25% and 30% of the loans made by international banks are to developing countries.

Bankers are now beginning to admit that Third World debt is of such a size that it could have serious implications for the entire international financial system. A recent survey carried out by the Washington based Group of 30[1] found that European and North American bankers thought that the greatest threat to their bank was the possibility of a large number of reschedulings. Most felt that 'the international banking system would be vulnerable to chain collapse in the event of a crisis affecting a significant bank or group of banks'.

There are a number of ways in which banks could be rescued if they got into trouble. The International Monetary Fund could help, central banks such as the Bank of England could step in, the oil countries could be asked if they would help etc., etc. Such arrangements might help, although not if a number of major debtor developing countries defaulted on their debts at the same time. The only way to overcome the Third World debt problem would seem to be to remove the factors that have

caused the debt in the first place.

Unless the West takes seriously the Third World's call for more realistic commodity prices, greater access to Western markets for their manufactured goods so that they can earn more foreign exchange, and reforms in the international monetary system that will help to stabilise interest rates, then the debt crisis will continue. If the West is prepared to help developing countries exploit their energy sources, helping to set up for example an energy affiliate of the World Bank, then imports of expensive oil could be reduced. The oil producing countries could also play a part by selling to non-oil countries at subsidised rates—Mexico has already started to do this with non-oil Latin American countries.

Western and OPEC countries could therefore, if they wish, negotiate changes in the international economic order that will help the Third World over their debt problem. If the changes are not made then Western governments must realise that the Third World have, quite by chance, been given an enormous power over the whole international monetary system.

For if major debtor countries, such as Mexico and Brazil, become exasperated by the West's refusal to consider changes in the international economic order, and either wilfully default, or simply be unable to repay their debts, then the entire international financial system could be brought down. Through their lending policies, commercial banks have inadvertently given the Third World an enormous degree of potential power. Western governments would be foolish if they did not recognise the reality of that power.

Brandt Commissioner Edward Heath warned in late 1981 of the danger that North-South negotiations could be overtaken by a serious debt crisis. The warning was timely. The negotiations of the past decade have been so slow that they could be overtaken by a dying tortoise let alone a galloping debt problem. The only hope is that statesmen will wake up to what is happening and negotiate fundamental changes in the international economic order before the whole edifice comes crashing down, a fallen monument to the greed and short-sightedness of Western societies.

NOTE:

1. The Group of 30 is a consultative group (established in 1978) on international economic and monetary issues.

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POLICING BY CONSENT

by Edgar O'Ballance

IT is almost an understatement to say that there is a distinct lack of confidence, amounting almost to distrust, by Society in the Police in this country today, and that the old cherished illusion of the British policeman being the generally accepted symbol of the 'majesty of the law' has faded away. Why has such a distressing state of affairs come about, and who has been responsible for it? To some degree it seems perhaps that everybody has been at fault, or again perhaps no one in particular, except by complacency, neglect and indifference.

Since World War II, Society has evolved at a far greater rate than the British police service, and in general Society is now much better educated, better informed, more aware of its rights, less willing to accept the old status quo, and more questioning than ever before. So if Society is to be 'policed by consent', now a generally accepted and approved slogan that is in danger of becoming a platitude, then Society wants to know precisely what it is consenting to. Society as a whole wants to be consulted, informed, and to have some say in how it is to be policed.

English institutions have evolved gradually over the ages, through a series of compromises and consents, and the police service is no exception. Consent may mean different things to different people, and may be hedged with qualifications and exceptions, but in this context it is generally taken to mean that the huge majority of people consent to the police taking reasonable and sensible measures to preserve law and order, and to bring offenders to justice. Unfortunately, it can never be a completely unanimous consent as there exist within our midst the so-called criminal elements, many violent; and others with disruptive and anarchistic intentions; but all law-abiding citizens are assumed to give their implied consent to be policed, although some tend to become ruffled when they become the 'victim' of police attention themselves.

Perhaps Society has been too willing to cultivate, and accept, the comfortable illusion that as long as unarmed police officers openly patrol the streets of our cities all is well, and that there is no need to become too questioning. Organised, full-time, paid police forces, as we think of them today, were not formed in this country until the 19th Century. Ireland was just ahead in this respect. In contrast, the French, for example, had a professional police body operating in Paris before the Norman Conquest of England, but it developed on the *gendarmerie* pattern, as did most continental ones. Only reluctantly did the British initially accept full-time professional constabularies, as the lesser of two evils. The other evil was the lawless era of the 18th Century, of highwaymen, robbers and cut-throats, who made city streets and travel in the countryside at night dangerous to law-abiding citizens. Safeguards had to be built into the constabularies as they were formed to give them a 'civilian', rather than a military, character.

After the teething troubles of acceptance, Society came to picture the Bobby on the Beat, especially a rural one placidly patrolling on a bicycle, which is still nostalgically quoted as the symbol of stability. He knew his place in society: he was servile to the gentry and his 'betters', avuncular to the working class (his own), and he suitably chastised, or frightened, small miscreants caught stealing apples from the squire's orchards, instead of bringing them before the Courts. If the Police had to use harsher methods in dealing with the 'criminal classes and vagrants', they were glossed over, and provided they were operated discreetly, Victorian society averted its prudish, hypocritical gaze, and commended its constables, like patting faithful watch-dogs that had just savaged burglars. The primary duties of the constabulary were declared to be the 'protection of life and property', which had a good Victorian ring; and so the consent of Society was given, or implied.

This comforting, complacent facade was slightly dented in the 20th Century by police contact with the otherwise law-abiding, but occasionally erring, motorist. Real cracks began to appear after World War II, when disturbances erupted in areas in which ethnic minorities huddled, but little serious attention was given to them by Society as a whole, which vaguely thought, if it thought at all, that such 'racial problems' would soon sort themselves out as recent immigrants became acclimatised, settled down, and were absorbed into British Society.

It was not until the summer of 1981 that the disturbances and worse, in Moss Side (Manchester), Toxeth (Liverpool) Brixton (Greater London), Nottingham, and elsewhere, showed vividly that police officers intervening to try to contain them, had themselves become targets of the ethnic demonstrators. For the first time in England, petrol bombs were thrown at the police by the mobs. This was a shattering revelation to Society which for so long had put its implicit faith in the police service to maintain law and order, and a crisis of confidence in the Police welled up almost overnight.

Somehow, the Police had quickly to win back the confidence of Society, and especially of the ethnic groups, although the Police would not fully admit they were to blame, asserting that circumstances had been exceptional, and the root causes were largely poor housing, social deprivations and unemployment. The subsequent Scarman Report criticised certain police attitudes and practices.

Worse was to come, and January this year proved to be a bad month for the Police, in which the Home Secretary, in Parliament, criticised them for their tardiness in arresting the 'Yorkshire Ripper', declaring that they had made serious 'errors of judgement'. Soon afterwards, the screening in a television series, *The Police*, showed a woman, who had complained of being raped, interviewed by male police officers in a hectoring, bullying and unsympathetic manner, which deeply offended public opinion, especially that of women. The chasm of antagonism between Police and Society, only just recognised, widened.

To the inevitable flood of criticism over these, and other, incidents, the Police reacted as they had invariably done in the past in similar circum-

stances. They closed their ranks, closed their mouths, and retired behind closed doors, pleading 'confidentiality' as the excuse for their silence, leaving their public relations staffs to soothing insistance that matters would be looked into, and to assure everyone that all was basically well within the police service. The Police were comforted by the Mori Poll (published on the 29th January 1982), which stated that 93% of those questioned believed 'the Police were doing a good job on the whole', and that 83% believed they were 'still the best in the world'. Derogatory comments can always be made on the 'sampling' by polls, but the Police were undoubtedly heartened by this majority, and could only wish that it was not a 'silent' one, but that it would speak out against the tiny, vocal minority.

Why had Police-Society relations been allowed to slide to such low depths that reassurance by a random poll became so necessary? There were several reasons, one of the main ones being that while the police service as a whole had generally become more scientifically and technically efficient, and more involved and interested in modern sophisticated gadgetry, such as computers, communications equipment, and fast patrol cars, it was to the detriment of its human relations techniques. Some people date the commencement of this seemingly sharp decline in Police-Society relations back to the introduction of the Panda car policing, which was brought in, amongst other reasons, to save manpower. The Panda car made the police officer seem impersonal, while at the same time police officers walking the beat, having developed long-term friendly contact with local people, began to disappear.

Another cause was thought to be that poor pay in previous years had failed to attract the right calibre of person in sufficient numbers. This was linked with another alleged cause, which was that 'racial prejudice' had crept into the police service, especially amongst younger officers. Certainly, friction had developed between the Police and various ethnic groups. Complaints were made by ethnic organisations of unsympathetic police attitudes towards them, and of harassment, especially of unemployed ethnic youth.

Another cause, one of the most important perhaps, was lack of communication between Police and Society. The impression held by many is that the police service had become a tight, closed community, which does not take kindly to criticism and civilian interference and, like other, older professions and guilds, had begun to surround itself with the safeguard of silence against the Society it was paid to protect. Accordingly, all too few words of warning of deteriorating relations came from Police sources, until it was far too late.

Much police work by its nature is confidential, but a great deal of it is not, and as so much of its affects Society as a whole, it could, and probably should, be more openly discussed. Society feels that if it is to consent, it is entitled to explanation and discussion of police methods and practices. Society does not draw confidence from the fact that one Chief Constable (and there are 51 of them in England, Scotland and Wales) does one thing in a certain way in his own area, while another Chief Constable in an

adjacent county does something completely different. Some constabularies have community policing, Special Patrol Groups, 'race squads' and Panda cars, and some do not. Society would like to know some of the reasons for these seeming differences, and to be assured it is being policed by careful design, and not personal whims. The main fault of Society has been its default, its attitude of indifference, and its almost total lack of interest in the policing it is assumed to have consented to.

The Scarman Report made several recommendations concerning the Police, but all Chief Constables did not agree with all of them, and some said so openly. Under the deluge of criticism, certain steps are hastily being taken by the Police, mainly in the field of 'community policing', 'home beat', or 'community constable' projects, which are being spotlighted and monitored by the Media. One must pause to ask whether some of these projects are merely cosmetic, a convenient smoke-screen for the moment, until the butt of Society's displeasure moves somewhere else.

To regain the confidence of Society, police officers must cultivate a firm but helpful and pleasant attitude when dealing with crowds and individuals and, needless to say, hectoring and domineering manners, and coarse or foul language must be eliminated. The police officer should cultivate some (not all) of the qualities of a successful professional salesman. After all, law and order is a good product and should not be difficult to sell. Consent depends largely upon respect, and respect must be earned, and is founded on integrity and dedication.

Interview techniques will have to be polished up. Society is now demanding that women who make complaints of being raped or sexually assaulted, should be dealt with by women police officers, and so one will have to be available at all hours. Prior to 1976, most constabularies had a team of women to deal with women and children, and a degree of expertise had been built in this field, but this was dispersed when the Sex Discrimination Act came into force, and women police officers were 'integrated' and required to carry out all duties and tasks equally with their male colleagues, and so this expertise was lost. This accounts for male officers so frequently interviewing women who complain of sexual assaults. The practice must be reversed, and women police officers should again form special teams for this purpose.

The Scarman Report recommends that a police recruit's initial training period should be extended to six months (from about 16 weeks in the Metropolitan Police, and about ten weeks in most other constabularies). All Chief Constables seem to agree with this, but there are diverse views on precisely how this extra time could best be utilised. The Report also recommends that police-community liaison committees be established by law, but the law itself will not change basic attitudes, so this should obviously have a high training priority.

Most important of all, senior police officers must emerge from the shelter of their ivory towers and be more forthcoming in explaining and discussing Police-Society problems, so that Society can appreciate them, and more willingly give its sympathy and consent. Society must be treated in

an adult way, and not as backward children, and be afforded simple, rational explanations. The police service must evolve at the same pace as Society, and shed its 19th century attitudes. It has been said that war is far too important to be left to generals, and perhaps this expression can be paraphrased into 'policing is far too important to be left to Home Office officials and Chief Constables'. Society wants a say in the matter. The 'open door' policy, timidly embarked upon by some police chiefs, should be continued, and the door should be opened a little wider still. Should 'policing by consent' fail the unpleasant alternative is continental-style policing, with armed police, strong-arm methods and riot squads.

Finally, what of Society itself, and what are its responsibilities, obligations and failings? Society too has a large part to play, and should take a greater interest in the Police and their problems, helping them as much as possible. It is the moral duty of Society not only to 'consent', but also to co-operate with the Police. The right to strike, demonstrate and protest, so widely exercised, is conditional on being peaceful and non-violent. There are countless organisations in existence to monitor and enforce 'rights', and to make complaints about the Police when they feel it is necessary; which is reasonable, and is one of the freedoms in our liberal democracy, provided such organisations eliminate hatred, vindictiveness and political bias. They should go further and encourage co-operation and friendliess, and work to bring the Police and Society closer together, instead of driving them farther apart. Those who advocate boycotting, non-co-operation or deliberate obstruction of the Police should examine their consciences and motives, and consider whether they want to continue to live in our liberal democracy—or to destroy it by turning it into a totalitarian one. Ethnic leaders should encourage their members to join the police service of the new country of their choice; which despite its warts, in my experience of a great many countries with varying forms of government, is the best all-round one in the world.

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The May issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Finland After Kekkonen* by David Kirby, *Turkey is Now a Part of Europe* by Semih S. Umar, *Agencies for Whom?* by Tim Parks and *Cinema: a Quarterly Review* by David Shipman.

MALAYSIA'S AGRICULTURAL SECTOR

by R. J. G. Wells

IN absolute terms the Malaysian agricultural sector is still the single largest sector, although over the past decade its share of Gross Domestic Product has declined from nearly 31 per cent to around 22 per cent (see Table 1). Exports of agricultural products have long constituted a major 'engine of growth' and in 1980 agricultural commodities provided some 36 per cent of total export earnings. Agricultural commodity exports grew at an average rate of 14.3 per cent over the decade 1970–80 and over the period 1976–80 increased at an annual rate of 19.7 per cent. Economic growth in Malaysia has also been fuelled by a rapid expansion of the land frontier due to the substantial resource support accorded land development. Some 41 per cent of the employed population work in agriculture, far more than in sectors such as manufacturing (15.8 per cent), mining and quarrying or even the services sector. Employment in agriculture is still growing (at about 1.9 per cent per annum), although less rapidly than in the manufacturing or services sector and it should also be noted that a considerable volume of employment in services and other sectors are dependent directly or indirectly on activities in the agricultural sector.

Although Malaysia has achieved substantial success in promoting growth in its agricultural sector and in extending basic services to a fairly significant proportion of its rural population, especially since independence, it is nevertheless plagued with the problem of rural poverty. In spite of heavy investment in agriculture and agro-industrial development and the pursuit of policies aimed at reducing intra-rural and urban-rural exploitation, in 1980 some 46 per cent of agricultural households were officially regarded as being in poverty. Among the major economic sectors, agriculture's proportion of the total poor population is far and away the largest. Unsurprisingly, a prime policy objective is the elimination or at least redressal of such poverty. Poverty elimination or amelioration is one of the major stated goals of the last three five-year plans.

Stimulation of food output is another declared policy goal. Increased food output is required to accommodate the growth in population and help raise levels of nutrition to higher standards. In fact, sectoral growth rates of agriculture in Malaysia have exceeded both prior expectations and performance levels in most other currently developing countries for which data exists. A high growth rate has been sustained in agriculture as a result of productivity increases, commodity diversification and land development. Respectable growth rates have been obtained in both the smallholder and estate sectors. The most rapid average annual growth rate was secured by oil palm: its production increased at an average 19.6 per cent from 431,000 tonnes in 1970 to 2,590,000 tonnes in 1980. The share of oil palm in agricultural value rose from less than 10 per cent in

1970 to 25 per cent in 1980 and its export earnings increased from M$264 million in 1970 to M$2,576 million at the end of the decade. Rubber production increased more gradually at 2.3 per cent per annum although total output grew from 1,270,000 tonnes in 1970 to 1,600,000 tonnes in 1980. This was the result mainly of increased acreage in the smallholder sector which offset a decline in estate acreage. Planted acreage under corporate estate ownership is estimated to have declined from 647,200 hectares in 1970 to 507,100 hectares in 1980 primarily due to conversion to oil palm and because of sub-division of estates. The reduction in marginal estate enterprises were, however, more than offset by the expansion in smallholder cultivation, Cocoa, another important export commodity, saw a rapid increase in the production of dry beans by more than eightfold to 33,000 tonnes in 1980. Much of the increase in output is attributable to increased acreage estimated at 68,700 hectares in 1980 in contrast with only 7,400 hectares in 1970.

The situation with regard to the import substitution crops such as rice and livestock products was more mixed. While rice (paddy) output rose from 1,434,600 tonnes in 1970 to 1,913,200 tonnes a decade later, droughts caused substantial fluctuations in output in intervening years. Increased output was partly attributable to expanded acreage—acreage rose from 533,400 hectares to 595,600 hectares over the period—but yields per hectare also rose by about 15 per cent. Livestock production exhibited a sluggish and erratic trend and the average rate of growth was only 2.2 per cent over the decade. Much of the expansion in the first half of the decade took place in poultry and pig production and full self-sufficiency was maintained in pork, poultry, meat and eggs. Beef and milk production, however, was badly affected by the prevalence of foot and mouth disease particularly during the later part of the decade.

During the period, the cultivation of fruits and vegetables underwent expansion as the result of the provision of subsidies and marketing incentives. The acreage under fruits rose from 68,500 hectares in 1970 to about 86,600 hectares in 1980. Similarly, the acreage devoted to vegetable cultivation increased from 7,700 hectares in 1970 to some 9,000 hectares in 1980. Overall, food availability in the country more than matched population growth and the country's average dietary energy supply of around 2,460 calories per capita per day is one of the highest in Asia.

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Table 1

GDP BY SECTOR OF ORIGIN, MALAYSIA

1970–1980

Sector	GDP ($ Million) (1970 Prices)			Share of GDP (%)		
	1970	1975	1980	1970	1975	1980
Agriculture, forestry and fishing	3,797	4,804	5,800	30.8	27.7	22.2
Mining and quarrying	778	792	1,214	6.3	4.6	4.6
Manufacturing	1,650	2,850	5,374	13.4	16.4	20.5
Construction	475	654	1,186	3.9	3.8	4.5
Electricity, gas and water	229	365	502	1.9	2.1	2.3
Transport, storage and communications	581	1,071	1,696	4.7	6.2	6.5
Trade, hotel and restaurants	1,633	2,219	3,295	13.3	12.8	12.6
Finance, insurance and business services	1,036	1,468	2,155	8.4	8.5	8.2
Government services	1,367	2,210	3,398	11.1	12.7	13.0
Other services	306	478	657	2.5	2.8	2.5

Source: Fourth Malaysia Plan, 1981–1986, p. 11.

DEMAND MANAGEMENT AND THE POST-WAR ECONOMY

by Peter Howells

IN a recent survey of the British economy,[1] Frances Cairncross chose to concentrate upon six controversial issues: the control of the money supply, the control of public spending, taxation and incentives, de-industrialisation, the City and industrial finance, the cost of oil imports. Although distinguished by being the most recent, it nonetheless follows an established tradition amongst popular, general surveys in taking as its organising principle a list of apparent problems. It is easy to see why and it is no criticism of such surveys that they should do so: the rival method of painstaking, step by step construction of a theoretical model into which empirical data can be fitted only at a very late stage requires years of study which, if reaction from current undergraduates are anything to go by, places excessive demands upon both patience and intellectual ability. Hence, in part at least, the popularity of Peter Donaldson's *Economics of the Real World,* first published in 1973 and, for an earlier generation, Gertrude Williams' *The Economics of Everyday Life,* first published in 1950.

Stimulating, and no doubt enlightening, as such problem orientated surveys are, they can, however, create the impression of Britain's recent economic history as a none too progressive lurch from one set of difficulties to another. There is some accuracy in this impression. Just as economics itself starts from the assumption that wants are infinite while resources are limited, so the evaluation of economic performance might take our ambitions to be limitless and our achievements to be pathetically small by comparison. What the impression fails to convey, however, is that for much of the post-war period Britain's economic achievements have been far greater than could reasonably have been foreseen in the 1930s or, for that matter, in the 1940s, and considerably better than anything we look likely to attain in the 1980s. A comparison of Cairncross's 1981 *Guide* and the government's own *Economic Survey for 1948*[2] (itself a document of some gloom) reveals just how much was achieved in the intervening years and, incidentally, gives the lie to the oft-heard Thatcher-Howe assertion that There Is No Alternative because all the alternatives have been tried and failed. In fact, for nearly 30 years the alternatives did very well indeed.

In the late 1940s the omnipresent and overwhelming problem lay with the balance of payments. In 1947 the UK was exporting more (by 8%) and importing less (by 25%) than it had done in 1938 and yet faced the prospect of an overall deficit of some £250m. at then current prices, or some 17% of total exports. In fact, the situation was rather more critical even than this since the aggregate out-turn concealed a very substantial deficit in trade with America (£162m) and a small surplus (£75m) in trade with the rest of the world. Since the surplus was received largely in

sterling while the deficit had to be paid for in gold and dollars the strain on the gold and dollar reserves was much greater than the overall balance of payments position suggested. A drain of £227m was anticipated in the first half of 1948 and almost total exhaustion by December of that year. Before such a crisis was reached, the *Survey* warned, imports would have to be cut and, in its own italics, *'We should be hungry. With raw materials short, many of us would be without jobs.'*

This situation had arisen for a number of reasons. Since 1938 the price of imports had risen considerably faster than the price of exports; the income from invisible exports (mainly overseas investments) had fallen because of the war-time sale of these investments; the debit side of the accounts also included interest payments on debts acquired during the war and increased government commitments abroad. The urgent need, clearly, was to produce more for export, especially to America and for home consumption if the latter reduced our need to buy from abroad, and the greater part of the 1948 *Survey* set out export and production targets for key industries, identified coal and steel production as the most likely bottlenecks and discussed ways of achieving the targets.

In the light of our present position it is notable that the major difficulty in reaching the targets was taken to be a shortage of labour, particularly in the industries needing to raise production quickly. The solution required an improvement in working practices, longer working hours and a redistribution of labour towards essential industries. Again in the light of present circumstances, it is hard to believe that the main recruiters of extra labour were to be transport (including railways), metals and engineering, coal, agriculture and textiles (a staggering increase of 108,000).[3] Given that Keynes, Beveridge and the 1944 *White Paper* assumed an acceptable post-war minimum level of unemployment of 3%, the shortage of labour which existed at *circa* 2.5% unemployment was most encouraging. It also set the pattern for the next 20 years.

In three of the four most frequently mentioned objectives in macroeconomic policy Britain did remarkably well in the 1950s and 60s. Unemployment averaged 1.89% between 1950 and 1970, inflation averaged less than 4% p.a. for the same period and real income per head rose by 53%.[4] The external position, by contrast, was frequently a cause for concern though it was not always clear that the diagnosis was correct.[5] The period began badly in 1951 with a sharp deterioration in the balance of payments caused by the stockpiling and rise of import prices accompanying the Korean War. The crisis passed, however, with the early fall of import prices and it seems in retrospect likely that the drastic restrictions in home demand imposed by the government were excessive.

A further balance of payments crisis arose in 1964 and pre-occupied the Labour government until after devaluation in 1967. This time, however, the cause of the problem was not external but lay in Britain's deteriorating productivity record when compared with her major trading partners and competitors. In between these two difficulties there were other periods of so-called crisis when policy was used to restrict home

demand and output, notably in 1955, 1957 and 1961. It should be noted, however, that between 1951 and 1964 the current account balance was in very substantial cumulative surplus and that the crisis of 1957 was not accompanied by even a temporary deficit. The problem that developed in the 1950s lay in sterling's role as a reserve currency and the commitment of successive Conservative governments to spending abroad on a scale which the current account surplus could not sustain.

Filling the gap by attracting short-term volatile foreign capital papered over the cracks until overseas holders of sterling looked to withdraw their funds in order to place them elsewhere for a better return or for capital gain. This they did in response to a number of international developments such as the Suez crisis and rumours of the D-mark's impending revaluation, to which domestic demand management was quite irrelevant. Why Conservative governments persisted with this debilitating course, and the role of the City in actively encouraging it are two interesting questions. Whatever the answers, it meant that the burden of adjustment to these financial follies was thrown onto real output, investment and jobs.

Even so, too much can be made of the costs of 'stop-go'. Unstable rates of growth, of output, investment, employment or whatever, need not be low rates of growth. If, in the 'go' phase, progress is sufficiently rapid to make up for the stagnation in the 'stop' years, it is hard to see what is lost when averaging over a longer period. In 1959, a good 'go' year, industrial output rose by 10%, national output by 3–4% and expenditure by 6%. In 1963 national output rose by 6%, expenditure by 4% and industrial output by 8%. Since such rates of growth are far more rapid than could be sustained in the long-term, there is something in the argument that Britain was having in fits and starts only what she might have had more smoothly, but no more and no less. Against this, it used to be argued that instability was *per se* inimical to investment so that in the long run Britain's capital stock and productivity were growing more slowly than in other countries. While it is true that by the early 1960s the facts of Britain's relatively slow growth were not in dispute and were causing concern, whatever might have been the cause it seems unlikely to have been instability which was just as marked amongst our major competitors.[6]

If there is any criticism to be levelled at short-term demand management in the 1950s and 60s it is that it was being used to tackle a problem for which it was not intended and was not appropriate. Reducing domestic demand reduces the demand for, *inter alia*, imports and might therefore be useful as a way of correcting a current account imbalance. But we have already said that the so-called balance of payments problem of the period was not wholly of this kind. Where problems did arise with the current balance these were quite small in comparison with the anxiety they caused.

> It is surely very irrational indeed to tolerate 'stop' measures, lasting two years or more . . . merely to correct a deficit amounting to 0.85% of national income . . . it is positively wrongful in relation to economic welfare.[7]

Far from proving that Keynesian demand management techniques did

not work, governments showed repeatedly that they did. It was only too easy, perhaps easier than Keynes himself would ever have anticipated, to bring the economy to a shuddering stop and then to expand at rates approaching twice those which could be accommodated in the longer-term. Even so, measured by the welfare indicators of income, output, inflation and unemployment, the 1950s and 60s were years of rapid progress.

A reading of Cairncross' *Guide to the Economy* reveals how far the focus of economic anxiety shifted during the 1970s. Only one of the six chapters, 'The Price of Oil' can be regarded as having much to do with the external position while four are devoted to aspects of the new problem, 'stagflation'. At the centre of this problem lies the discovery that rising prices can be associated with quite high levels of unemployment and apparent spare capacity. Until the 1970s these had been regarded as mutually exclusive states of affairs, a relationship summarised in the 'Phillips Curve' which appeared to give empirical confirmation, for the first half of the twentieth century at least, to an inverse relationship between the two. Thus, it was believed policy-makers could choose between a 'high' rate of inflation with a 'low' level of unemployment and conversely. Looking back with the hindsight of years which have seen simultaneous increases in both, what is remarkable is not just the apparent stability of the trade-off but the extremely low values involved: 'high' in Phillips curve terms meant *circa* 4.0%. At 4½% unemployment money wages would be stable while at today's 11% unemployment, they would be expected to fall.

Just as recent years have revealed the possibility of high inflation associated with any level of unemployment so they have revealed another worrying development. This is the increase in the number of registered unemployed associated with any given level of vacancies. At the moment we have some 100,000 vacancies notified to employment offices and 3m unemployed. We have to go back a long way to find such a low figure for vacancies but in 1971 there were 130,000 and only 0.8m unemployed. To the extent that changes in the number of registered vacancies can be taken to indicate changes in the pressure of demand for labour, there seems to have been a dramatic increase in the volume of unemployment independently of, and presumably unaffected by, the level of demand in the economy. It is this discovery above all which has recruited supporters for Friedman's 'natural rate of unemployment' hypothesis which states, briefly, that unemployment is a function of the level of real wages, workers' productivity and the efficiency of the labour market. It also explains a number of features of government policy. The attempt to persuade workers to accept less than the going rate of inflation is one way of lowering real wages and it is an added incentive to workers to settle for such bargains if simultaneously unemployment benefit is reduced by abolition of the earnings related supplement and the failure to raise its money value in line with inflation. It may also 'speed-up' the search for jobs by the unemployed, harsher social security provisions

encouraging them to take jobs which previously seemed unattractive. In Friedman's terms that is increasing the efficiency of the labour market. This efficiency is also increased by encouraging the geographical mobility of labour, 'getting on your bike' in Mr. Tebbit's homely phrase, and by discouraging trade unions from holding wages above their market clearing rate.

There is, no doubt, something in the argument that a significant proportion of the recent increase in unemployment is of a non-demand-deficient kind. Nonetheless the structural argument can be pushed too far. In particular, it can obscure a connection between the state of demand and the structure of the labour market and in so doing, obscure the government's partial responsibility for that structure in its management of demand. Cairncross' chapter on 'De-industrialisation: have the jobs gone forever?' provides a useful starting point for illustration. It is the decline in jobs in manufacturing industry, she says, which worries most people. Between 1966 and 1976 1.4m jobs for men were lost and the workforce has shrunk by a further 10% in the last year alone. Employment in private services has fluctuated but not grown; in the public services it has grown but by less than that required to match the decline in manufacturing and many of the jobs created have been part-time and for women. The consequence of this, of course, is that male unemployment rises in those areas where manufacturing industry was concentrated —the West Midlands and the traditionally disadvantaged regions like South Wales, Merseyside and the North East. It also rises in the manufacturing areas of the South East but is here partly mitigated by opportunities in the public service. This creates a structural problem with two dimensions. Firstly, unemployed resources are concentrated in geographical locations away from the area in which employment is slowly expanding and secondly, those who are unemployed are not well-matched in skill for the few vacancies which are being created. It is easy to concede the arithmetic of the argument that moving to more prosperous areas would provide jobs for some of the unemployed, though not for many of course with a vacancy: unemployment ratio of 0.1: 3. It is easier still to appreciate the resentment and reluctance of those involved to incur the high costs of moving in pursuit of jobs for which they are not suited.

What is obscured here is the origin of this apparently structural problem in recent, and not so recent, demand deflation. Running the economy at low levels of output raises unit costs for capital intensive industry. Since manufacturing is much more capital intensive than either private services or the public sector generally, demand deflation is bound to have a pronounced effect upon costs in manufacturing. It is also the sector most open to the effects of foreign competition and it is not, therefore, surprising that British consumers have found overseas goods, from textiles to cars, attractively priced. The situation has been further exacerbated, until the last few months at least, by the high exchange value of the pound which has helped to keep import prices down but at the same time, and predictably, has encouraged a demand for them. A

strong pound is partly the result of Britain's access to North Sea oil, but it is also in part the result of the particular manner in which demand has been restrained by relying on high interest rates. Since imports and exports of private services are small this sector is relatively immune. So too is most of the public sector, but it is notable that the one part of the latter which is both capital intensive and subject to foreign competition, the British Steel Corporation, has also suffered badly.

It is the fact of this rapid decline in manufacturing employment and the failure of other sectors to provide compensating jobs that makes it hard to accept the idea that the growth of the public sector has somehow 'crowded-out' the private sector. The present government's pre-occupation with reducing public spending is well known but, as Cairncross acknowledges (p. 50) it may be that the growth of the public sector in the 1970s has merely prevented the rise in unemployment of the last eighteen months from happening earlier. If that is the case, and the government succeeds in obtaining further real reductions in public spending, then we shall see unemployment rise well beyond 3m. On the Treasury's own estimate[8] approximately one-third of public expenditure is 'demand-determined', that is to say consists of contractual obligations to make transfer payments from those in work to those who are not, by reason of sickness, old age or unemployment. Some cut in the real value of a few selected benefits notwithstanding this is an area in which cuts are generally regarded as unacceptable, as recent pressure from the Conservative back benches has demonstrated. The burden has therefore to fall upon current expenditure on government provided services or capital schemes and this must mean a reduction in public employment. Some of these services and the jobs they provide may of course be taken over by the private sector, but there can be little doubt that many public services are provided by the state precisely because private enterprise has already declined to provide them on terms which the community is prepared to accept. The chances must be strong that cuts in these services will merely add to unemployment and, ironically, to the unemployment bill. The Treasury estimate here is that every 100,000 added to the unemployment register costs the Treasury £340m in extra social security payments and reduced income tax and national insurance yield.[9]

Since the second World War, the British economy has faced a number of problems. Until relatively recently, however, what is far more remarkable is the progress that has been made when judged by the main welfare indicators of unemployment, output and real income. Even on inflation, until the oil price rises of the 1970s, we have done well and much of the fascination of the balance of payments as a constraint on what might have been achieved has been misplaced. It is always difficult to ascribe particular consequences to particular policy measures since this involves some assessment of how things might otherwise have been. Nonetheless, contrary to the current impression fostered in government circles, Keynesian demand management techniques, though occasionally misapplied in the '50s and '60s, have proved consistent with undreamt of

increases in economic welfare.

Today, however, we have the strange spectacle of a government which denies this evidence, using Keynesian demand management techniques with greater gusto than any of its post-war predecessors. The conduct of recent policy demonstrates again the effects of cutting public expenditure and raising interest rates: demand and output fall, unemployment and unit costs rise. There is nothing new in this. This is Keynesian demand management pure and simple. The hope that lower wage settlements will offset the inefficiencies of running the system at nearly 10% below capacity will be fulfilled only if workers are sufficiently anxious about losing their jobs to persuade their leaders to accept reductions in real wages. The so-called 'air of realism' which a year ago was said to be apparent in wage negotiations is a euphemism for 'fear'. This is not the wonderful workings of monetarism, it is the traditional method of demand deflation embarked upon now with much greater vigour than hitherto. For most of the post-war period, governments can take credit for using the techniques wisely barring the occasional excess. Now we have a sustained excess, of deflation, at a most in-opportune time.

This is not to say that all would be well following a massive national increase in demand. There is a problem: not of inflationary consequences but of the effect on imports which, experience suggests, would rise more rapidly than domestic output. This would not be the case, of course, if suppliers of our imports and buyers of our exports were simultaneously expanding demand within their own economies. Instead of pleading that it is the world recession, rather than its own misguided demand deflation, that has caused the dramatic rise in unemployment, Mrs. Thatcher's government might better spend its time in pressing the merits of simultaneous reflation upon our trading partners.

NOTES:

1. Frances Cairncross & Phil Keeley, *The Guardian Guide to the Economy* (Methuen, London 1981).
2. *The Short Economic Survey for* 1948 (HMSO, London 1947).
3. All statistics so far quoted are from *The Short Economic Survey for* 1948 (HMSO, London 1947).
4. These figures computed from London & Cambridge Economic Service, *Key Statistics of the British Economy* 1900-1970 (Times Newspapers Ltd., London 1971).
5. A. R. Conan, *The Problem of Sterling* (Macmillan, London 1966).
6. T. Wilson, 'Instability and the Rate of Growth', *Lloyds Bank Review*, 81 (1966).
7. R. F. Harrod, *The British Economy* (McGraw-Hill, London 1963).
8. H.M. Treasury, *Economic Progress Report, February* 1981 (HMSO).
9. *Ibid.*

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POEM

LETTERS FROM THE ICE CAP

The whiteness screams my mind to silence,
stretches it to the land's edge
tugging to hold the disappearing lines,
fearing the slap of breaking,
the broken end propelled
to an ever decreasing piece;
my mind fears this whiteness,
as open to minds as this piece
of paper is open now
to anything; only things
so blank can become so much
or so little; sometimes,
during an hour of soft sun,
thought pads out like a polar bear,
myopic and slow with a regular
print. The snow page holds
each ponderous step, each word,
surrounding. Where the prints are made,
both alone yet connected
in momentum, the binding crystals
thaw, melt like neurons
as the steps enlarge, rising
in their depth as memories
dug from layers lately fallen.
Sunken images of a jumbled past,
as prints in the developing tank,
sharpen and ascend,
marking lost moments.
Consider them now, distilled
in extremity, filtered
through ice—
bats, rooks, nettles, women—
both how we see
and how we write them,
before the thaw.

NICK MALONE.

'DID YOU ORDER A LION, SIR HEDWIN?'

by Ernle Money

THE exhibition of work by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. (1803-1873), seen at Philadelphia last autumn and the Tate Gallery this spring, has caused a marked revival of interest in the achievement of this largely neglected nineteenth-century master.

Dickens was fond of repeating the story that he was dining at Landseer's home one evening when his host's eccentric manservant burst in and startled the assembled company with the words of the above title. Calm was only restored when it transpired that the animal in question was a carcass which had been sent round to the painter, on approval, from the nearby London Zoo.

Animals were an abiding interest with Landseer and it was from painting these that he gained the reputation which earned him a considerable place in contemporary society, a substantial fortune and extensive public recognition. Even when very young he is said to have stopped continually, when his father took him for walks in the fields between Marylebone and Hampstead, to make sketches of the cows and sheep that he saw there. When he was already a famous artist the King of Portugal is reported to have greeted him with the observation: 'I am so glad to make your acquaintance. I am so fond of beasts!'

It is difficult to get away from the subject when considering this painter, though the current exhibition does attempt to place him in a rather wider context. It is full, however, of pictures of the horses, dogs, cats, monkeys, beasts of prey and, above all, of stags, which his patrons vied with each other to acquire for nearly fifty years. Almost the only major field of his work which could not be included is the celebrated lions that were designed by him to guard the foot of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square and which were actually executed by a distinguished sculptor of the time, Baron Marochetti.

The question remains, was Landseer, eminent as he was, merely a skilled contriver of certain types of picture or is he to be considered in comparison with such major figures of the period as Leighton and Millais?

It was only because of health reasons that, unlike these other two artists, he never came to occupy what was regarded as the highest position in the Victorian art world, the Presidency of the Royal Academy. He had been a child prodigy in the schools there, an honorary exhibitor in his early teens, an Associate at the earliest possible age and a full Academician before he reached thirty. In 1865, when Eastlake died, he was the obvious choice for his successor as PRA but refused to accept the office because he knew that he was already the prey to a mixture of alcoholism and nervous disability. 'My commonsense tells me', he wrote, at the time, to a friend, 'to be content and grateful in my old age to the

Great Father of Mercy who enables me to love my art more than ever—at sixty I am a more ardent and I hope a better informed student than I was at sixteen.'

The post went instead to his close friend, the bland sporting painter, Sir Francis Grant. It was a good thing, probably, that this was so. Increasingly, over the years, he became more disordered in his mind, until eventually he had actually to be certified. He continued to paint, however, more or less up to the time of his death. That event was described by Queen Victoria as a merciful release from a most distressing situation, but it was also treated as a national occasion.

> On the day of his funeral [his latest biographer, Richard Ormond, writes] many shops had their blinds closed, flags flew at half mast, his lions in Trafalgar Square had mourning wreaths in their jaws and crowds lined the streets as the funeral cortege moved slowly towards Saint Paul's.

The only other artist of his type who received comparable honours during the course of the century was the phenomenonally popular French woman animal painter, Rosa Bonheur, who was one of Landseer's great admirers.

Landseer, who had been born two years before Trafalgar, although he came to be identified with the Victorian age, indeed one of its best known figures, was in a sense to remain also part of an earlier tradition. His election to the R.A. took place six years before the queen came to the throne. Significantly, his first major public success took place in 1837, the year of her accession. This was *The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner* (now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, as part of the Sheepshanks Collection), which managed to draw praise even from Ruskin, later by no means altogether an unqualified admirer. It was, he wrote:

> One of the most perfect poems or pictures which modern times have seen. . . . Here is the exquisite extension of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright, sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clean painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket [a blanket is draped, rather in the style of a plaid, over the coffin] are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood; the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle; the total powerlessness of the [animal's] head, laid close and motionless upon its folds; the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness; the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion or change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck upon the coffin-lid; the quietness and gloom of the chamber; the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely had been the life, how unwatched the departure of him who has now been laid solitary in his sleep;—these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as the mere painting goes—by which it ranks as a work of high merit, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as a Man of Mind.

It is, admittedly, a fine picture but, as so often happens with the sweep of Ruskin's prose, we are so far carried away by the nobility and power of expression in this passage that we scarcely pause to question the underlying aesthetic assumptions behind it. Whether, in doing so, we do full justice to the true originality of Landseer's achievement is dubious. As Mr. Ormond puts it: 'It is the restraint, the understatement of Landseer's

treatment which makes the points so effective'. The danger of Ruskin's 'Mind over Matter' approach was that it not only made no allowance for the extent to which Landseer's treatment of the subject had its technical roots in the animal paintings of Morland, and the genre paintings of Wilkie, but it also failed to register the dangers that were inherent in the painter's sentimental approach to the subject.

Dangers of this sort already existed in Landseer's readiness to identify animals with human characteristics. This manifested itself, for instance, in a succession of pictures like *The Monkey Who Had Seen the World* (1827), the dog portraits *High Life* and *Low Life* (1829), the famous *Dignity and Impudence* (1839), *The Monarch of the Glen* (1851), *Alexander and Diogenes* (1848) and *Well-bred Sitters that Never Say They Are Bored*, showing a series of dogs waiting to be sketched (1864). Even in straight narrative pictures such as *The Life's in the Old Dog Yet* (1838), *Coming Events Cast their Shadow Before Them* (1844) and *The Highland Flood* (1860) carry an almost embarrassing degree of dramatic involvement about them. Towards the middle part of his career there also appeared a dark almost savage element in some of his pictures, such as *The Otter Speared* (1844) and the macabre *The Swannery Invaded by Eagles* (1869).

Once again, it was Ruskin, this time in *The Eagle's Nest*, who was overeager to identify art with emotion:

> In representing beasts, man has to think of them essentially with their skins on and their souls in them. . . . He is to take every sort of view of them, in fact, except one, the Butcher's view . . . the knowledge of bones and meat is more a hindrance than a help.

Stubbs is the most lively proof that the contrary is the real truth. It is because Landseer, skilled anatomist as he was, was not content to follow the earlier artist's lead and to paint nature as he found it that he lacks his predecessor's greatness.

He was, all the same, a very remarkable painter. As the Tate Gallery exhibition shows, few other figures of his day had a stronger imaginative brilliance or a greater capacity for the sheer handling of paint. Aside from his claims to be considered as a 'moral' artist, he had a sheer love of the objects he painted which demonstrated itself in his marvellously instinctive handling of subjects to which he felt close. Although he failed really to succeed as a portrait painter and, as Mr. Ormond puts it, 'resented its demands', he produced some remarkable efforts in this regard, 'putting down the essentials of a personality in a few strokes'. If a subject went stale on him, however, he lacked the determination to bring it to completion. The records were full of commissions which he agreed to undertake but failed to carry out. Even the state portrait of the Queen herself on horseback which he began when she was a young woman in 1838 was still uncompleted at his death thirty-five years later. As he told the Duke of Devonshire during the 1850s, he could only really consider undertaking portraits when these were combined with the picturesque or some sort of story.

When it came to something which immediately caught his fancy, however, the results could be utterly entrancing. His long love affair with the Highlands, which began as early as his first visit there in 1824 and resulted in almost annual visits to Scotland throughout most of his career, led to some extraordinarily vivid evocations of life and scenery there. No one except the Scots artist Horatio McCulloch painted more haunting scenes of the romantic era of mountain or flood. Describing a book of 'exquisite' Highland sketches by Landseer, Queen Victoria wrote: 'Now that we have been in Scotland and in the Highlands, we can judge how true are the representations of the scenes and scenery there'. She eagerly acquired the first of his symbolic pictures of deer, *The Sanctuary*, which has been lent to the present exhibition by Her Majesty the Queen, as a birthday present for Prince Albert in 1842 and her example was followed by many of her subjects. Ironically, his most famous composition in this particular field, the famous *Monarch of the Glen* (now the property of John Dewar & Sons, who have also lent it), was originally intended for the refreshment room of the House of Lords. From the present exhibition only one of his major canvases of this type, *The Stag at Bay*, which was seen in the 'Great Victorian Pictures' exhibition a few years ago at Burlington House, is missing. A particularly fine scene which is on view is the Duke of Northumberland's *Coming Events Cast Their Shadow Before Them*, also known as *The Challenge*, with its extraordinary moonlit background of the mountains across Loch Laggan as a setting for what I have already suggested is a strangely ambivalent piece of subject painting. Even the painter himself felt a dichotomy between the violence of a number of the scenes which he portrayed and the nobility of their setting.

> There is something [he wrote] in the toil and trouble, the wild weather and savage scenery that makes butchers of us all. Who does not glory in the death of a fine stag? On the spot—when in truth he ought to be ashamed of the assassination. . . . Still, with all my respect for the animal's inoffensive character—my love of him *as a subject for the pencil* gets the better of such tenderness—a creature always picturesque and never ungraceful is too great a property to sacrifice to common feelings of humanity.

It is a sentiment which might not make Landseer too popular with many people in the modern age but, at least, it is an honest one. Perhaps, however, what has tended to make this painter unfashionable until recently is rather the very extent of his popularity, particularly through the sale of engravings of his work, that his pictures possessed during his own time, for so long a strangely neglected period of British painting. As Mr. Campbell Lennie put it in his biography, published in 1976:

> The question mark over Landseer's reputation is whether the best of his work can yet separate itself from the worst—or whether the two are doomed to perish together, like the death-locked stags and deerhound in one of his own Highland torrents.

The answer from the present exhibition seems to be that while we must accept Landseer's limitations and the blemishes to his work caused by the stresses of a complicated and often difficult personality, he is now effectively re-established as an important artist of his age.

MEYERHOLD ALONE

by Charles Marowitz

NOW that he has been not only rehabilitated but rediscovered by the young, I have no doubt the artistic achievements of Vsevolod Meyerhold—his untrammelled inspiration, his fearless and astonishing independence of mind—will receive their due recognition—thereby removing the imposed obscurity that marked the first 25 years after his death.

In the mid-1930s, the Soviet authorities, reflecting that lack-of-wisdom that characterised their utterances on art from Lenin to the present-day, banished the spirit that made Meyerhold unique and irreplaceable in the European theatre. At that gruesome Soviet Writers Congress of 1934 at which Zhdanov, the Secretary of the Central Committee, ratified the deadly doctrine of Social Realism, Meyerhold's life was already on the line. During that fateful Conference, Karl Radek in an attempt to discredit James Joyce said:

> What is the basic feature in Joyce? His basic feature is the conviction that there is nothing big in life—no big events, no big people, no big ideas, and the writer can give a picture of life by just taking 'any given hero on any given day' and reproducing him with exactitude. A heap of dung, crawling with worms, photographed by a cinema apparatus through a microscope—such is Joyce's work.

An assessment utterly blind to the fact that what, in Radek's crude phrase, is 'big in life' is the consciousness of the artist able to trace the minutae of ordinary events to the larger, universal issues with which they connect, and that the genius of *Ulysses*, for instance, is that the scope and universal sweep inherent in the author's world-view gives each particular event its special intensity and meaning. It is a little absurd to criticise James Joyce for being blind to 'what is big in life' when he was the author of the 'the biggest', richest and most penetrating novel of the 20th century.

It was this same Conference which sounded the knell of Meyerhold's artistic life in the Soviet Union and it is ironic that the Conference should have felt impelled to malign James Joyce—for in Joyce's wilderness-of-style and fecundity-of-imagination, there is a close literary parallel to Meyerhold's unique theatrical talent. Both men transformed the world through the alchemy of a rich, personal vision. Meyerhold did for 20th century *mise-en-scène* what Joyce did for 20th century literature—refreshed it, re-thought it, revivified its conventions so that they were capable of new and extraordinarily different insights. Each was an innovator-extraordinaire and each left his mark on disciples who further enriched their influence. In the case of Joyce, I am thinking of Beckett and the whole school of Beckett in which I would include Harold Pinter and Tom Stoppard; and in the case of Meyerhold, Eisenstein, Peter Brook and Jerzy Grotowsky to name only three prominent directors out of the dozens who bear Meyerhold's imprimatur.

The Writers Congress of 1934 laid the snares for the Russian director

and, in December 1937, that trap was baited.

If the name Platon Kerzhentsev survives at all in the annals of European theatre, it is only because this cultural 'apparatchik' wrote the *Pravda* article entitled 'An Alien Theatre' which put the final nails into Meyerhold's coffin. After roundly criticising the director for avoiding modern Soviet writers (and this was the man who staged the very first Soviet play, Mayakovsky's *Mystery Bouffe*), for fraternising with unproduced Mensheviks and suspected Trotskyites, for toying with decadents like Alexander Dumas and Moliere, Kerzhentsev concludes:

> The systematic withdrawal from Soviet reality, the political distortion of that reality, the injurious slander of our life has brought this theatre to a complete ideational and artistic impasse, to absolute bankruptcy. Meyerhold and his theatre isolated themselves from the common work of reflecting Soviet reality in artistic forms. As a result, they have made of themselves foreign bodies in the organism which is Soviet art. The Meyerhold Theatre is an alien theatre. – – – Is such a theatre really necessary to Soviet art and the Soviet public?

The answer to that question was swift. On January 8th, 1938, three weeks after the article appeared, Meyerhold's theatre was liquidated and the first moves to render him a non-person were actively begun.

After that Writers' Congress of 1934, the attacks in *Pravda*, the backbiting of defector-colleagues and resentful rivals, the unstoppable steamroller of Social Realism flattening everything in the land, it is important to try to imagine Meyerhold's isolation. A man whose vision of theatre was poetic, symbolic, fiercely non-naturalistic and intrinsically non-sectarian—despite his avowed Bolshevism and commitment to Party principles—living in a society devoted to the worship of the realistic, the psychological, the materialistic and the mundane. A society where the official prophet was Zhdanov and his God, Stalin. A society which demanded that the theatre glamorise the tractor and the 5-Year Plan, the Collective and the Proletariat—who were at that very moment being methodically worked-to-death by Stalin's slave-labour industrialisation-policies.

What a paradox that in this society committed to the glorification of the 'common man',—the Tangible, the Provable, the Historical, the Naturalistic—there should be an artist whose supreme gift was to be able to transcend the 'commonness' of Man and connect with the *in*tangible, the *un*provable, the *anti*-historical and the Surrealistic. In France, to which country Meyerhold had once thought of emigrating, an artist of these dimensions would have been celebrated and venerated. In America, he would have had his cult-following and the kudos of the Intellectuals and the Aesthetes. In Sweden, no doubt, he would have become a sacred cow. But in Russia, the land of his birth, whose culture he was supremely equipped to express, he was vilified, ostracised and ultimately murdered. After losing his own theatre, his mentor Stanislavsky made him Director of the Moscow Arts Theatre Opera-Studio but when Stanislavsky died in 1938 there was no official guardian to protect Meyerhold. He was utterly vulnerable to those forces which had been his temperamental enemies since the beginning of the Thirties and, in

1940, they crushed him mercilessly.

On June 13, 1939, Meyerhold was scheduled to speak at the All-Union Conference of Stage Directors where he was expected to recant and 'admit the errors of his ways'. According to one account, the recantation never took place and instead, Meyerhold made a courageous defence of his life as an artist. According to another, he finally bent the knee and performed an entirely uncharacteristic act-of-contrition. No one as yet has been able to provide the actual content of that speech. In any case, he was arrested immediately after the Conference and disappeared from view. Some say he was imprisoned in Lubyanka prison where he died under the firing-squad. Others, that he was sent to a Siberian camp where he survived until 1942. No one has been able to state conclusively when, and under what circumstances, Meyerhold was blotted out of history.

Certain questions require to be asked—and answered. What was it in Soviet art and Soviet artists that was so antagonised by the spirit of Meyerhold? What was it in Soviet art and Soviet artists that felt threatened by Meyerhold's tendency to rewrite masterpieces, fantasise events, extend characters and exaggerate actions? What was this fundamental antagonism that Soviet authorities felt for the obscure, ambiguous, mysterious artifacts of what they called 'formalism'? Why were they so terrified of art that was not easily identifiable, simply understood and could not be painlessly assimilated?

It seems there is a direct equation between Soviet-styled Social Realism and the political repression which ultimately destroyed Meyerhold; just as there is a political equation that corresponds to the free-wheeling, imaginative, non-naturalistic art that Meyerhold epitomised. Social Realism, the quintessential Materialist Instinct in art, is the sworn enemy of Surrealism and Fantasy which belong to a more spiritual, more ethereal realm. And in a society that already had its answers provided by Marx, Lenin and the Party, anyone who refused to parrot those answers appeared to be subversive.

Art is inescapably political in this sense: the conservative temperament, the right-wing Establishment, the Defenders of the Status Quo, all find reassurance in the same kind of theatre. The no-sweat, nothing-at-stake, easy-night-out 'boulevard theatre' was made for their delectation. They like their Shakespeare straight with no frills or high-falutin' interpretations. In England, the square academic community that reveres its Shakespeare is the same strand of society that thinks Margaret Thatcher is doing a good job and Ronnie Reagan has 'finally got it together' in America. Just as the literate-Left, the anarchists-of-the-fringe and the zealots of the Counter-Culture tend to prefer their classics restructured and re-interpreted, converted into rock musicals or served up in unexpected modern treatments. Of course, it's not as cut-and-dried as that, but a man's cultural tastes cannot help being conditioned by his political views and the ideas a man holds about religion and the 'proper conduct of society' tend to incline him towards drama that confirms those beliefs. Artistic persuasion trots with political persuasion and artistic preference

and political affiliations are often stuck with the same glue. In Russia of the Thirties, the two parties were the Diehards—who vividly remembered 1917, and the new army of faceless bureaucrats that eventually seized all power and transformed a revolutionary government into a totalitarian state.

The curse of Meyerhold was not that he was born at the wrong time, but that he was born into the wrong society; a society that after the first few heady years of the revolution could not tolerate the freedom and experimentation integral to his nature. A society that put a premium on conformity and loyalty and could not—still cannot—abide the unpredictable shifts and turns of the Individualist. And Meyerhold, despite his active participation in the revolution, despite his allegiance to Marx and Lenin, was as individualistic and as idiosyncratic as Oscar Wilde—and in a curious kind of way, both artists suffered the same kind of fate: broken by a society that could not abide their personal abberations, that was scandalised by their deviation from accepted norms—the one in art, the other in morality.

There is another parallel between Meyerhold and Wilde, and that has to do with their personal attitudes to Socialism; for Wilde, according to 'The Soul of Man Under Socialism' (an essay no self-respecting Marxist could possibly embrace), a credo for untrammeled individuality and not a 'class-struggle' in any sense of those words. And as for Meyerhold's ideas of socialism, though they reflected the Party Line, his notion of revolution was more romantic than political. Not that he didn't believe in the principles that brought about the changes of 1917. But mainly because they enabled him to experience a certain kind of social exhiliration. The revolutionary-director turned *active* revolutionary, and the pictures of him during this period in his ostentatious military coat and cap, attest to the fact that the revolution was for Meyerhold an enthralling theatrical spectacle, the Living Newspaper to end all Living Newspapers, into which he had cast himself as hero and which, quite incidentally and in ways he could never predict, happened also to change the course of history.

But personal pretensions notwithstanding, what was priceless in Meyerhold was the radical spirit—that refusal to accept past conclusions as being permanent and fixed; that tendency to re-open questions which in most people's minds were closed issues. That is the same spirit discernable in the Soviet dissentors of the present generation; that is what makes them dangerous in Russia and fascinating to the West. Although it has to be added that there is as much conformity in a small, American mid-west town as there is in Moscow or Leningrad, and the spirit of Stalinism is as rife in the Pentagon as it is in the Kremlin, and one is just as likely to find a CIA-operated submarine running aground in the Baltic as a Communist spy ship.

In those brooding, troubled years between 1934 and 1940, Meyerhold was perhaps the loneliest man in Russia; being urged to mend his ways, watch his tongue, fall in with everyone else and stop making such a bloody

nuisance of himself. Years in which he harboured dreams of a transcendent art which had no truck with the earnest, Proletarian soap operas being mounted and praised on his every side—even by artists such as Tairov and Stanislavsky. Years during which the leading entertainment was the chilling ritual of the Moscow Trials and Meyerhold, more and more distanced from his country and his profession, silently wove wild dreams about Shakespeare, a revivified opera, an experimental cinema and revolutionary stagecraft in the magnificent new theatre he had personally designed but would never occupy.

Of all the lore that has accumulated about Meyerhold's last days (and hopefully, one day the true story of those dismal last hours will be told), the one to cherish most is this. When he was incarcerated in a Moscow prison awaiting word of his fate, he was reported to have shared a cell with an old *Menshevik*. Just before he was taken away, his cell-mate asked him: 'And why were you arrested?' 'I was rehearsing the Prince in Hamlet,' replied Meyerhold wearily 'and I never realised they had cast me as the Ghost instead.'

Let us hope that Meyerhold's Ghost, like Prince Hamlet's, will one day be well and truly avenged!

[Charles Marowitz has been Artistic Director of Open Space Theatre since 1968. His theatre criticisms have appeared in *New York Times, Village Voice, Plays and Players* and many other journals. Publications include *Confessions of a Counterfeit Critic* (1973) and *The Marowitz Shakespeare* (1978).]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

Mazes and Monsters. Rona Jaffe. Hodder. £6.95. *The Enigma Variations.* Brian Murphy. Blond & Briggs. £7.50. *The Coconut Kiss.* Dee Phillips. Hodder. £6.95. *Where I Used to Play on the Green.* Glyn Hughes. Gollancz. £7.95. *Sing About It.* Ursula Holden. Eyre Methuen. £6.60. *The Stone Flower.* Alan Scholefield. Hamish Hamilton. £7.95. *Helliconia Spring.* Brian Aldiss. Cape. £6.95.

The trend towards school and college background in fiction has continued throughout the winter season. Two of the most successful examples are based on the American campus scene. Both follow the tribulations of a small group of talented and extremely literate students who are soon seen to be perilously insecure and disorientated. *Mazes and Monsters* explores a fashion prevalent in America, participation in the parlour game of that name which can lead into the realms of dangerous fantasy. It is described as a 'war game with a medieval background', and has clearly defined rules through which the players develop the various fairy-tale characters under the direction of the Maze Controller. It could all be as harmless as a game of chess and a good way to relax after a strenuous study session. The danger signals flash when the fanciful creations begin to take over from real life. This is the case with four students at the Grant University in Pennsylvania who decide to play out their Mazes and Monsters sequences in a sinister complex of local caves, which have already claimed several lives. Fear soon takes a hold on the once carefree quartet, and each one responds to danger in a different way, although all, without realising it, are still children at heart: Jay-Jay Brockway, with his glamorous non-caring mother, Kate, by far the most talented and attractive, scarred by the parental divorce, and Daniel and Robbie, victims of the effects of alcoholism and coddling respectively. They seek to insulate themselves from the ever-burgeoning demands of Mazes and Monsters by shoving their beds around the dorm.: forming and discarding emotional relationships with a rootless indifference to the future. Then Robbie decides to take the make-believe a step farther and, to gain advantage over his companions, begins to visit the caves alone. He disappears, is presumed dead and very soon the college authorities and police are involved in fruitless search and recrimination. Mercifully, Robbie is eventually discovered wandering on the subways of New York, suffering from an obsession-induced amnesia. Kate, Daniel and Jay-Jay gradually nurse him back to sanity and an improved situation at home where his alchoholic mother promises to renounce the bottle. Yet all that occurs in this long-drawn and not entirely credible finale is of secondary importance. What makes *Mazes and Monsters* absorbing is the presentation of the four students and their gallant attempts to remain steady on shifting sands; as well as Rona Jaffe's perceptive account of the relationship between parents and children in four very dissimilar households.

The Enigma Variations is a far more serious affair, although concerned with a roughly comparable group of young people. The students at Griffiths College

also sleep around and play games, mostly the sexual kind. Dora, addressed by her Lesbian companion as Dora Dora, is a virgin and so when, after agreeing to a nocturnal round of chess with a fellow student, Troyte Griffith, she is 'assaulted' by him, she decides to initiate a charge of rape. But whether she suffered a mere routine seduction or an 'offence against the person' is almost impossible for the disciplinary panel to decide. At this point, with a debate which has considerable topical relevance, the novel takes off in an unexpected direction, concentrating on the Chairman of the panel, Professor Eliot Upton. He is a gentle, artistic person, at work in his spare time on a book about Edward Elgar. In the throes of a marital break-up, he proves to be no fit person to disentangle the various allegations and counter-allegations which form a large part of the hearing. The verdict is 'non-proven' but that is not the end of the matter. Resentment and disbelief poison the atmosphere, only to become more lethal when Troyte is found dead in his own car, shot with his own gun. Dora Dora is accused of the murder and imprisoned, pending trial. Predictably, Professor Upton becomes emotionally involved, not only with Dora Dora herself but with the police as people, rather than automatons; not over-impressed by their efforts, he even tries his own line of detection, with doubtful results, for the final solution is not altogether clear and it must be admitted that the lengthy accounts of police procedure and false analysis obscure the psychological reasons for the crime. The strongest recommendation of this remarkable first novel is Brian Murphy's ability to conduct an open discussion on the seemingly intractable problems which beset people—some of them considerably older than himself.

Again, youth is the dominating theme of Dee Phillips' new novel, *The Coconut Kiss*, though set against a very different backcloth. This is the lean and hungry twenties when discipline and family loyalty were taken for granted. The family, comprising a wide age-span, is a large one—seven—which, even in the days before the pill, drew ribald comments from more sophisticated school-mates. Yet in spite of living in what we should now call the poverty trap, there appear to have been many compensations. Those halfpenny packets of sweets or broken biscuits, the cut-price celebrations for birthday and Christmas seemed to give more pleasure than TV or fruit machines. Older sisters and brothers were unfailingly ready to lend a hand. Even school was an experience to be valued and enjoyed no matter that the building was antiquated and the teachers formidable and remote. Impressions and recollections are distilled through the mind and eye of nine-year-old Flora, whose outwardly drab existence is often rendered hectic and even alarming to an extent which contemporary psychologists would doubtless deplore; since much of the inner ferment derives from Flora's own night terrors. Ascending the stairs after dark is an endurance test, as is a trip to the shops after dark. Yet these domestic fears fade by comparison with persecution by a fellow pupil, Ruby, who is subject to epileptic fits and other disabilities, although shrewd enough to promote an effective line in blackmail. This situation develops ugly overtones, fortunately dispersed by the unhappy child's untimely death in the same hospital ward where Flora herself lies seriously ill with diphtheria —possibly the only unconvincing episode in this authentic memoir—recounted throughout in retrospect, with a welcome absence of self-pity.

Where I Used to Play on the Green is a novel which at first glance seems to have everything against it. The author, Glyn Hughes, has already had considerable success with a non-fiction book on the industrial revolution, *Millstone Grit*. Now he has channelled his knowledge of the late seventeen

hundreds into a novel set in Haworth on the Yorkshire moors, immediately before and during the revolution. The central character is William Grimshaw, a follower of John Wesley, known locally as 'Mad' Grimshaw on account of his eccentric dress and conduct, even at a time when people living on the moors lagged far behind the more civilised population of the south of England. This shabby hulk of a man had been reared in tough conditions and was certainly not looking for creature comforts. Not that he was without finesse as a lover. The twice widowed Sarah Lockwood found it worthwhile to renounce the solid affluence of her parental home to become his wife and, after her premature death, her sister Elizabeth was prepared to take on both William and Sarah's children Local residents were capable of being roused to a religious fervour not far removed from madness, but there was little sign of Christian charity in their day-to-day behaviour. Savage cruelties and ignorance of elementary hygiene brought their own rewards of sickness and early death. These excesses were not confined to Yorkshire. Sarah Grimshaw's daughter died at the age of thirteen at a Wesley school in Bristol, surely a prototype of Lowood, where pupils collapsed from infectious illnesses and mental exhaustion. These pathetic children apparently almost willed themselves to die and gloried in an opportunity to meet their Maker.

Although there are worthwhile moments when characters come fleetingly alive, only to be swiftly submerged by an avalanche of documentation, the overall effect is one of unbroken monotony and gloom. At the same time, there is much that is valuable in *Where I Used to Play on the Green,* not least for a picture of the village in which the Brontës settled some years later. Although there may have been some minor improvements, Haworth seems not to have altered very much from the time of Grimshaw's arrival in 1742, and this straightforward account of the place, as seen from a totally different angle, helps to strip the Brontës' Haworth of its mystique and enables us to see the reality behind the legend. One small, though quite important point. It is, of course, proper that Arts Council grants should be acknowledged, as is done by Glyn Hughes in the opening pages; but the copious tributes paid by the author to a team of people who have assisted, borne with him in the stress of creation or even disagreed with his findings give the impression of a joint rather than an individual creative effort. Almost certainly, this is misleading. *Where I Used to Play on the Green* has a distinctive and forceful style which must surely be his own.

Turning to Ursula Holden's slender though highly-priced novel, *Sing About It,* it soon becomes apparent that man's inhumanity to man has not noticeably lessened with the passing of a century and more. There is a promising situation at St. Harmony, a run-down institution for accommodating vagrants. Every, Mr. Silk and Mac represent the male nomads. There is also a repellent man-woman dwarf, Loveliness, who passes her time in a cupboard under the stairs, often accompanied by the Warden; and Cap, a female waif whose origins are obscure. The only reminder of the real world comes from the Deputy-Warden, Sylvie. She is dedicated to the practical aspects of social welfare and does her honest best to reclaim the misfits in her care, while coping with a neurotic husband and rapidly deteriorating marriage. The problem with this witty and convincing account of how and where do-gooders go wrong is that it frequently spills over into fantasy. What did 'the Council' say about the 'homeless' being catered for in this haphazard fashion, and from where did the Warden obtain his basic funds? Neither of these questions is answered—nor needs to be. Just as St. Harmony seems to be on the verge of collapse Sylvie's

husband, Tim, comes into a legacy and decides to take the residents on holiday to his native Belfast, after first fitting them out with new Wellington boots and Balaclava helmets. Sharp observations of life in 'the Province' tilts the second half of the novel into yet another U-turn, during which it all becomes rather reminiscent of an Ealing comedy film. Yet though operating on two, if not three levels, *Sing About It* with its laconic, economical style and acid humour is refreshing and stimulating.

And finally, two mammoth offerings for readers who like their fiction to come in outsize packages. It is always difficult to invest the long-drawn saga type of novel with some element of originality. Alan Scholefield's *The Stone Flower* does not really seek to differ from the accepted formula, yet within these limits it is successful and always interesting. Opening in the year 1578 with a shipwreck off the coast of what is now the Republic of South Africa, it traces the history of that country up to the late eighteen hundreds through the activities of men and women obsessed by passion and greed. *Helliconia Spring* is altogether different, the first of a trilogy by Brian Aldiss, a successful writer of science fiction. The present novel has little in common with the usual account of small men from Mars arriving mysteriously in California or Somerset. With the assistance and approval of prestigious scientists, Brian Aldiss has devised an entirely new solar system in which one particular planet, Helliconia, works out its destiny on a totally separate calendar structure from that of Earth. Thus a single night may and does last for many years: periods of heat and cold are of similar duration. Our own particular species of humanity watches the antics of the inhabitants of Helliconia from a platform in space far beyond Earth's stratosphere. Some of the creatures, human, half-human and animal, who inhabit the far-off planet of Helliconia are as weird as their names and archaic mode of speech. They are far removed from a state of civilisation which would enable them to cope with the extremes of climate to which they will eventually be subject. Or so it seems. That is the question that will be answered in the third and final novel of the trilogy, *Helliconia Winter*—a theme so fascinating and compulsive that struggling on through the difficult first volume seems well worthwhile.

Also Received:

Ah, But Your Land is Beautiful. Alan Paton. Cape. £6.95.

Ever since the publication of *Cry, the Beloved Country,* Alan Paton has symbolised the underside of life in the Republic of South Africa. In *Ah, But Your Land is Beautiful* the story is again told, although updated, with impressive results. It builds up to a fitting climax through narrative, comment and the use of letters and documents.

Motive in Shadow. Leslie Egan. Keyhold in Crime. 95p

This enterprising firm has as its policy the republication of high-quality thrillers and detection stories. In *Motive in Shadow* Leslie Egan has an intriguing central character, a lately deceased woman, owner of a successful family business, who leaves her considerable assets away from her only son. The reason for this is tantalisingly unfolded.

Letters to a Younger Son. Christopher Leach. Arrow Books. £1.25

Letters to a Younger Son is not strictly fiction, as it takes the form of letters from a bereaved father to his adored younger son Whether it was an entirely

wise decision for the gifted novelist, Christopher Leach, to exhibit a private grief is debatable. There is much to be said for assimilating suffering before conveying it in fiction through some quite different theme.

A Meeting by the River. Christopher Isherwood. Magnum Books. (Methuen Paperbacks). £1.50.

In *A Meeting by the River,* letters provide the framework for a story of reconciliation between two brothers. With a strong underlying influence of religion in the East, and India in particular, this is an extremely satisfying, if unusual, piece of fiction as well as a valuable example of Christopher Isherwood's skill and style.

The Park is Mine. Stephen Peters. Blond and Briggs. £6.95.

Yet another spin-off from the Vietnam war, although *The Park is Mine* certainly breaks new ground. Stephen Peters presents an original situation in which a veteran of the War decides to capture and take possession of New York's famous Central Park, conducting the enterprise as though it were a military operation. Very much more than a suspense thriller, this is a gripping and very well constructed novel which raises some important issues.

ROSALIND WADE

NORTHERN IRISH POLITICS IN FICTION

The Last Ditch. Roy Bradford. Blackstaff Press (3 Galway Park, Dundonald, Belfast). £7.95. (Paperback £5.95.)

From Disraeli to his Socialist admirer, Maurice Edelman, down to Douglas Hurd who, despite Ministerial office, continues, with his co-author, his series of political thrillers, the novel of this genre is eagerly scanned and read as a *roman à clef.*

But in the case of *The Last Ditch* could Roy Bradford supply the *clef?* His deftly-delineated characters in this fast-moving, fictionalised version of the Ulster troubles centres on the supersession of Stormont by the Heath Administration are largely composite figures. Is Sir John Packham, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Terence O'Neill, or does he have something of the earthiness of O'Neill's predecessor, the first Viscount Brookeborough, and of his skill at Minister-management? If the Minister of Trade, James Gillan, is Brian Faulkner, an injustice is done to a statesman who, like many others in our history and our time, have suffered for, or despite, their fidelity to the British paramount power. Two of the actors, from opposite tribes and camps, are unmistakable: Mullins, the clerical and charismatic Bible-puncher and Gerry Ryan, the intellectual Southern Minister with his Northern ties, 'a ruffled teddy-bear figure, with the slightly intense air of the academic'. Anyone moreover who has followed Northern Ireland politics may pick out a John Hume and a Gerry Fitt and hazard a guess at the identity of the devious diplomat. Nor is any prize offered for recognising 'the plummy voice with the shop-soiled vowels'.

If the personalities are jumbled, the events are telescoped. The disbandment of the Ulster Special Constabulary, the 'B Specials', ogres to one side, paladins to the other, for they 'put the fear of God into the IRA', was imposed from London in 1969; Stormont was suspended in 1972; the Ulster Workers Strike brought down the power-sharing Executive in 1974. Mr. Bradford makes these events to follow hard upon each other. The fatal loyalist strike is presented

as a reaction not to power sharing but to direct rule. Yet we could have done with an application of the astringent treatment to Sunningdale.

The Right Hon. Roy Bradford is eminently qualified to interpret the Ulster troubles and tragedy. He served in both O'Neill's and Faulkner's Cabinets and again under Faulkner in the Northern Ireland Executive. He has, often as not, taken a hard line. Like his Minister of Home Affairs, the symbolically named Desmond Carson, he sees through 'the high-principled liberals or moderates'. He was never a bigot but sophisticated to the point of cynicism. Mr. Bradford visits the South and appreciates it. He shone at Trinity, Dublin, where your reviewer took part with him in a recent Philosophical Society debate on the Northern Ireland 'problem'. After war service in Army Intelligence Mr. Bradford experienced both BBC and ITV as producer and writer as well as broadcaster. He is a shrewd man of business. Being one of the most talented of Unionist politicians has not made him the most successful.

An acute observer of scene and detail, the author evokes with brilliance and economy of the latter-day blight and desolation of the once clean City of Belfast, the ravages of the bomber, the almost frivolous calculations of Cabinets, the wider perfidy of politics, the obscene cruelty of a Provo punishment crudely thrust upon the reader at the start.

It is in the way of Irish novels that Carson falls for a Catholic girl in his Private Office who proves the unwitting siren of his destruction. The *Last Ditch* marks not a last stand but the end of an order that Britain imposed, neglected and abandoned. The Irish have a proverb: 'Beware the teeth of a wolf, the heels of a horse, and the word of an Englishman'.

JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON, M.P.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF POLAND

God's Playground. Norman Davies. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. £27.50.

When Norman Davies, of the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, began writing this book he could hardly have known how remarkably well-timed its appearance would be. The final chapter concludes '. . . recurrent crises in Poland can be safely predicted'. And to it he added a Postscript recognising the existence of Solidarity, and it in turn ends by posing the question 'What sort of Poland?' There can hardly be a more thorough study than this of the history and character of the many sorts of Poland that have marked its tortured history.

Poland emerges into a discernible shape in the tenth century. Long before the existence of distinct states called Prussia and Russia, Poland was the major power of Central Eastern Europe, a kingdom that was firm in its Catholicism, a curious blend of big estates and democratic instincts of military prowess and of successive political crises and collapses. It was its elective monarchy that made it vulnerable to foreign interference and on four occasions—in 1772, 1793, 1795 and 1939—it was partitioned among its greedy neighbours. Amid all its turmoils its culture is complex, Catholic not Greek Orthodox, western-oriented and sophisticated, tolerant and—happily for it—with a wry and robust sense of humour. This—and its pride in its religion—have helped it to survive

recurrent crises and catastrophes. With its name wiped off the map again and again (as Julian Niemcewicz wrote in 1841: 'Everyone has a homeland; but the Pole has only a grave') the idea of Poland remains stubbornly alive. Its history provides a great, and a too-little-known, tale.

Norman Davies brings distinctive qualities to this survey. First, to the heavily factual and detailed narrative, he adds a series of interpretative essays on, for example, the Roman Catholic Church, the Jewish community and the Communist movement; each of these is valuable in itself. Secondly, he writes with humour and verve. He has, in his own words 'a satirical stance towards methodology', and he dots his story, fascinating and complex as it is, with illuminating quotations, and even with whimsy. But, thirdly and most important of all, he offers an original and highly personal survey, with constantly fresh questions and observations. Poland is vulnerable because it is largely flat, landlocked and open to invasion—but so is Prussia, so is Russia; so, why did Poland go down to partition in 1772, 1792, 1795 and 1939? Poland is democratic-minded—but why did this not give it the capacity to ride the storms of the twentieth century, and why did it fall—in 1919—to a dictatorship? And —not least—he dwells on the place of chance, or will, or people. Whatever Poland's situation, geographic, economic or political, it has been men and events that have at each point saved or condemned it. It was the election of a Pole to the Papacy that gave an international dimension to Poland's problems. Here Church and Nation—though not Church and State—are one and interlinked, and the one draws strength from the other. This is a rich, handsomely illustrated and most readable survey.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE AUTONOMY OF SCULPTURE

Sculpture and Enlivened Space. F. David Martin. Kentucky University Press. $24.

Professor Martin, who teaches philosophy at Bucknell University, concerns himself with a subject which has drawn surprisingly little attention from either art critics or art historians, the relationship between aesthetics and three-dimensional forms. His theory is that sculpture needs to be considered as a separate type of artistic expression, the child, as it were, neither of painting nor architecture but an individually based medium with its own motivation, field of perceptions and tactual sensations. Sculptures, unlike pictures, possess the reality or a physical presence and have a more touch-determined image than other visual art. Their effect is to transform the real space surrounding their material body, making that space more perceptible and impacting. Visual perception of such work involves a state of tension involving the surrounding space which compels movement on the part of the viewer. The material body of sculpture and its space therefore form, he asserts, a semblance of organic life. To this end, he adopts Sir Herbert Read's contention that sculpture owes its individuality to unique plastic qualities, consisting in its realisation of an integral mass in actual space, and embracing three essential factors, a distinctive sensation of the tactile quality of surfaces, a sensation of volume as denoted by plane surfaces and a synthetic realisation of the mass and ponderability of the object. To this Professor Martin adds the conception of original unity. Stimulations of vision and touch being passed on to the mind so they can be integrated through an association of ideas.. He compares, for instance, the impact of a portrait by Rembrandt and the bronze version of Arp's *Growth*

in the same gallery at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. 'The Rembrandt seemed to stand up and stand back. The Arp seemed to bend toward me. The space in front of the Rembrandt appeared vacuous. The space around the Arp appeared dense. I perceived the Rembrandt from across what seemed to be an impossible divide. I perceived the Arp coming toward me, for it seemed to have been created from the inside out'.

There is a good deal of originality, intelligence and force in the case which Professor Martin puts forward. In advancing it he brings to his exposition the advantages of a trained logical mind, knowledge of both aesthetic theoreticians and literary sources over a wide field and a good deal of infectious enthusiasm. His analysis of three major sculptors from the present century, Brancusi, Henry Moore and Giacometti is, for example, extremely illuminating. Brancusi, he argues, brings out the core of all things as sustained by a transcendant reality, symbolised by the sky; Moore brings out the core of the human body as sustained by nature, symbolised by the earth; Giacometti brings out the core of human will, a world without dependence of either element but based on human predicaments and the will to fight back. As an indication of his ability to evoke a major work of sculpture which I had never seen, I particularly enjoyed his description of Brancusi's *The Endless Column*, erected in 1937 in a park of Tirgu Jiu, the small town near which the sculptor was born in the Carpathian mountains of Rumania:

> As I came into the park for the first time, a very large and open rectangular area allowed the column to be perceived from a considerable distance. The column appeared high, the half-module at the top, like the impost block above the head of a caryatid, seemed to support the load of the sky. But as with most of Brancusi's works the surrounding space is powerfully centripetal and, as I was drawn in, the column seemed to grow higher and higher, more like a celestial ladder made of crystals than a supportive column. The park, the dome of the nearby Church of the Holy Apostles, the town and the mountains—all those objects that my eyes were using as guides for my spatial orientation—gradually gave way to only the column and the sky. As I approached the base, the column was absorbed by the swinging sky in a way that even the towers of Chartres or the RCA Building in New York cannot rival. No structure I have seen has such an absolute vertical thrust. The column penetrated and almost lost itself in the dome of heaven, a sublime effect heightened even further by the dizzying disorientation caused by the changing shapes of the modules—despite their mathematically precise uniformity—as my body was pulled around the base . . . . With each step everything changed again, except the soaring. My feet gripped the ground, for the earth seemed to move and the sky seemed to be drawing me upward.

Mention of the Church of the Holy Apostles makes one wonder to what extent Brancusi must have been influenced by the strange onion-shaped domes of Orthodox churches in his own country as well as the transcendent thrust of medieval sculpture with which Martin associates him. He is, I think, a little inclined to be over-selective in his choice of analogies and background influences for the works with which he deals and is occasionally inaccurate over detail; Henry Moore's country home, for example, is at Much Hadham in Hertfordshire and not in Herefordshire as he suggests. A more serious criticism lies in the ugly fashion in which a good deal of his argument is expressed; the book is peppered with ugly phrases like 'now I am as close to the thing in its thingliness as I can be' or 'our awareness of acting on things to help their presencing unfold is the origin of possessive experience of our

experience of "mine" ' which are more redolent of the lecture-room on phenomenology or kinaesthetics than the civilised literacy of William James.

Whilst acknowledging that there is a need to make the surrounding space more of an integral part of a work of art as a result of the technologically dominated times in which we live and that sculpture, in particular, can find its proper place in the centred spaces of nature, he fails perhaps to give adequate attention to the significance of sculpture as part of a generalised setting, especially with Mannerism and the Baroque, such as the extraordinary palaces and abbeys of Central Europe and Portugal or the work of the remarkable Brazilian sculptor, O. Alelljandinho, who designed the famous stairway of prophets for the Bom Jesus de Matozinhos at Congonhas do Campo. I am surprised too that he did not find space to mention one of the most imaginative experiments with sculpture of modern times, the Billy Rose Art Garden created by the famous American-Japanese architect Isamu Noguchi to hold a permanent display of pieces by major modern masters at the Israel Museum in Jerusalem.

He is extremely persuasive, however, in presenting a central part of his own thesis, that, unlike painting, the space around a sculpture, although not part of its material body, is still an essential part of the perceptible part of that sculpture.

> 'With a painting' he writes 'our tactile mental associations are only directly engaged with an imaginary world, discontinuous with the real world. There is a disassociation of our perceptual systems between what is being perceived in imaginary space and what is being perceived in real space. Psychological tactility and physical tactility are synthesised without reinforcement, mainly because physical tactility is irrelevant to our perception of the painting and thus is kept in the background of awareness . . . . When we see the material body of a sculpture and its enlivened space, we see them as directly continuous with our space. Thus our tactile mental associations are reinforced by all the physical tactile associations of the environment that our perceptual systems are experiencing'.

This is an important projection and one which can add considerably to the pleasure we can take from many works of art of this kind. Whether it is universally applicable I am not so sure; for example its relevance is more dubious when it comes to instances like the smaller creations of the Animalier sculptors or the kind of objects that were included in Colnaghi's splendid *Wunderkammer* exhibition last year.

More difficult to follow I found was Professor Martin's development of his conception of 'the between' as part of the perceptible structure of sculpture, that centred space is centripetal, insisting on drawing us inwards.

> 'Space' he writes 'is a breathing space, a clearing, and yet space exerts its power by pushing in upon us. Gravitational force is the most obvious manifestation of this power, for gravity works continuously on every aspect of our lives . . . . By carving open an inside space within an outside space, architecture creates inside and outside clearings for man to dwell. Sculpture fills those clearings and sometimes the clearings of nature', nature as well, with the solid and penetrating materiality of things: their smooth and rough textures, voluminosity and density, repulsions and attractions, and, especially, their direct pressuring on our senses' their "push and pull witness". It is sculpture, more than any other art, that reveals our minds and bodies and other things as somehow a prior gathered unity, despite the give-and-take "otherness" of those things that causes bumps and bruises as well as soothings and satisfactions'.

Sculpture is, therefore, on this assumption of all visual arts, an art of gathering which relieves man's apartness and alienation from things. I am

not sure that this is not distinguishing qualities of the medium as a physical presence ('the freedom of Sensa from the solitude of things makes painting more like music, sculpture more like dance') a bit too far in terms of exact application.

The second half of the book is taken up with an interesting analysis of the reasons which cause mankind to create and treasure sculpture. Chapters deal here with the subject matter of sculpture, sculpture in the round, the representation of the human body, the instinctive need to bring forth 'truth to things', sculpture and place and avant-garde sculpture. It makes an interesting survey and is summarised with the challenging conclusion:

> Sculpture is a gift of presencing thingliness. For a thing to come forth, it must take space (sky) and a place (earth). The sculptor's wings are made of clay, and so he can only reveal the sky from the earth. Space sculpture makes us more sensitive to the sky; earth sculpture makes us more sensitive to the earth. Both kinds of sculpture are rooted in the origin of all sculpture: the basic instinctual need to vivify and make clear our primordial unity with things.

The book is extensively illustrated, unfortunately not always to a very high standard of reproduction. It should stimulate a good deal of thought and controversy on what has, rightly, been called the least understood of the arts.

ERNLE MONEY

NUCLEAR WAR

As Lambs to the Slaughter. The Facts About Nuclear War. Paul Rodgers, Malcolm Dando and Peter van den Dungen. Arrow Books. £1.75 (paperback).

Nuclear war is, of course, the ultimate environmental and ecological catastrophe. Nikita Krushchev once said that if it ever erupted 'the survivors would envy the dead'. John F. Kennedy said of a full-scale nuclear exchange lasting less than an hour that it would kill 300 million people and leave a planet 'so devastated by explosions, poisons and fires that we cannot conceive of its horrors'.

In recent years a huge literature has accumulated on the effects of nuclear war. This is mainly because the 1980s are perceived as an era of mounting danger for the human race. Both Superpowers, already in the possession of a mind boggling 'overkill' capacity, are in the process of increasing their arsenals even further—possibly by as much as 50% by the mid-1980s; the concept of deterrence is rapidly being overtaken by the counterforce doctrine predicating that nuclear wars can be fought and won; the control of nuclear proliferation at the global level has egregiously failed and by the end of the decade we face the awesome prospect of some 15 to 20 states, many of them unstable and malign dictatorships, willing and ready to fabricate atomic weapons.

Literally millions of words have been written on these issues since the bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki 37 years ago. It there any need for a recapitulation? The answer must be in the affirmative because of the obvious merits of the present book—its lucidity, its topicality, its broad international perspective and above all, the impressive array of factual data which it provides in language comprehensible to the non-specialist.

The opening chapters of the book describe the composition of the nuclear stockpiles of the Superpowers and of Britain, France and China. The reasons for the slow but inexorable drift towards atomic war are reviewed with some comments as to how such a holocaust might start. Britain is in a particularly unfavourable geographical position should hostilities erupt and the description

of the short and long term effects of a nuclear attack on this country in respect of lethality, environmental depredation and medical consequences with special reference to cancer and genetic damage, is mandatory reading for those not already conversant with this theme.

Possibilities for civil defence in a nuclear war receive consideration. The Swiss exemplar based on 'in-place' sheltering of urban populations is duly lauded providing, of course, that sufficient warning time is vouchsafed to move the population to shelters. The USA does not yet appear to have evolved a coherent civil defence system in spite of much discussion on this topic since 1946, whilst that of the Soviet Union, which has as its epicentre mass urban evacuation and relocation, presents inordinate practical difficulties, though it may go some way to reducing the number of immediate casualties. The authors have virtually no favourable comments to make about current British defence policy against a nuclear attack. The system is described as 'rudimentary', of marginal significance and no guarantee of survival on any worthwhile scale.

Later sections of the book reviewing approaches to global disarmament present little information which is new. This is a well trodden field and the sad litany of failed disarmament talks is plain for all to hear. Obvious aims for the future (which in 1982 seem illusory to say the least) are the negotiation of a binding comprehensive test ban treaty at the international level, continuation and expansion of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks by the Superpowers and serious attempts to strengthen the basis of the weak and ailing Non Proliferation Treaty. In an atmosphere of almost unremitting gloom some comfort is drawn from the grass roots concern which has recently arisen in relation to the nuclear arms race particularly in Western Europe. The wheel of history is now spinning fast and if a sufficient number of people, fearful of the future and prepared to work with all the energy at their disposal, bind themselves together in a common cause, then global disarmament may eventually become a reality rather than a chimera.

There is no escape from the force of the arguments presented in this book or from the urgency of the warnings which are repeatedly given. One can only hope that the views expressed will rapidly gain ground. Time is very short indeed and the survival of mankind is at stake.

JOHN A LORAINE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Practising History (Macmillan. £9.95). This volume of selected essays by Barbara W. Tuchman covers a period of forty years with the exceptions of the 1940s and most of the 1950s. The majority of these pieces are after 1959. Mrs. Tuchman is, of course, a distinguished historian. *August 1914* is one of her best known studies. Discussing, in this new volume, the writing of history, Mrs. Tuchman emphasises that she does not write contemporary history. She is affected by a personal sense of involvement and is not detached or objective. Indeed, this is inevitable; in most cases contemporary history is a contradiction in terms. On the other hand, Mrs. Tuchman does write as a commentator on current affairs with great distinction and impact. Most of the essays in this volume come within this category. She has, for example, two penetrating articles on Israel before and after the Six-days War in 1967. There are interesting commentaries on Vietnam in March 1968 and May 1972. She has four short pieces on Watergate. In September 1974, she attacks the

power of the Presidency, 'a greater risk than it is worth. The time has come to consider seriously the substitution of cabinet government or some form of shared executive power'. There are numerous other contributions, always penetrating when written; some of permanent value, some out of date in retrospect; but they are all worth reproduction in this engrossing volume.

Contemporary Soviet Politics (Prentice-Hall International. £9.70). The first edition of this admirable introduction to the Soviet political structure and its operation was published in 1978. In this second edition the authors, Donald D. Barry of Lehigh University and Carol Barner-Barry of the University of Baltimore, have done further research into this vast, elusive subject. Students of Soviet politics 'try to squeeze every possible drop of information out of whatever data they can get'. Their study includes the nature and function of Soviet ideology, economic politics, structure and process. Form and reality are so often vastly and deliberately apart. For example, the constitution is form without substance. As the authors point out, it has many features, such as basic rights to freedom of the individual, to be found in Western constitutions. Yet there is no effective method of enforcement of constitutional rights. 'It fails to spell out the powers and procedures of the Communist Party, the really dominant force of the system'. On the other hand, 'the USSR *does* have a genuine constitution—unwritten, or rather unpublicised, yet perfectly well understood and recognised by all concerned'. The authors proceed to examine this real constitution. This volume should help to dispel the widespread ignorance of how the Russian totalitarian system operates.

Venice, the Most Triumphant City (Michael Joseph. £7.95). This fascinating and informative volume by George Bull, Renaissance scholar, author and journalist, has been published again after a first publication by the Folio Society in 1981. With much skill and erudition, he brings to life the cultural and artistic history of Venice since the fifteenth century. He describes the form of his book as 'an anthology strung along a thread of historical narrative, interspersed by personal impressions and experiences'. The latter include, among many others, Sir Philip Sydney, Thomas Coryat, Sir Henry Wotton, Milton, John Evelyn, Joseph Addison, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, Goethe, Shelley, the Countess of Blessington, Ruskin, the American William Dean Howells, Henry James and Marcel Proust. There are, of course, also the great artists and works of art inseparable from Venetian history. The book contains numerous illustrations, including a number in colour. This is a volume which can be enjoyed and appreciated by a reader who has never visited Venice or by one who knows it well.

Women in Love (Penguin Books. UK £1.50, USA $4.95). Dr. Charles L. Ross, of Hartford University, Connecticut, has written a long and valuable Introduction to this edition, in the Penguin English Library of D. H. Lawrence's novel, the structure of which 'relies on prophetic equivocation leading to a tragic *peripeteia*'. The text employed 'is that of Thomas Seltzer's 1920 edition with the one addition from Secker's English edition'. It 'corrects all major substantive errors in Seltzer. As a result it has the double distinction of being the most accurate text that has been least impeded in its transmission to the public by the non-aesthetic demands of the market place'.

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WEST EUROPE'S NEW ANTINUCLEAR WAVE

by Joseph F. Pilat

THREE Mile Island (TMI) was everywhere—in the industrial West. Throughout Western Europe, the reverberations of the nuclear accident near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania in the spring of 1979 revived an apparently waning antinuclear movement. A wave of demonstrations swept the continent in its wake, creating expectations among the adversaries of nuclear power of an Antinuclear Europe in the 1980s. However, in 1980 and 1981 powerful pronuclear coalitions of government, industry and labour began to eclipse the fragile and fragmented antinuclear umbrellas formed in Europe during the 1970s. The antinuclear movement has endured in the early eighties; but almost everywhere a decline in the frequency of its activity has been evident, especially in the light of the expectations that emerged in the highly-charged post-TMI atmosphere.

The decreasing frequency of antinuclear activity does not mean the antinuclear movement is dying. In the early eighties, antinuclear green parties polled respectably in French and German elections, and the Dutch antinuclear D '66 doubled its representation in 1981 legislative elections. Fierce antinuclear activity, which has even climaxed in terrorism, continued among local and regional opponents of nuclear power in Europe, notably the Bretons of France and the Basques of Spain. And, the popular appeal of opposing nuclear power, on occasion, erupted in massive demonstrations in 1980 and 1981. In the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG), where the largest demonstrations in recent years have taken place, over 50,000 demonstrated at the site of the proposed Brokdorf nuclear power plant near Hamburg in February 1981.

At present, the decline in the frequency (but not in the intensity) of antinuclear activity may not mean the foundations of the movement are crumbling; it may only mean they are being radically refashioned. In Western Europe, new antinuclear patterns appeared in 1980 and 1981, not only on the pale of European politics, but more forcefully than ever before in its very core—in the parties and parliaments themselves.

The post-Harrisburg politicisation of the nuclear debate profoundly imprinted parliamentary politics in Western Europe, and the nuclear politics that arose have not been a unifying force. On the national level, the new nuclear politics opened or widened fissures not only between governments and their opposition, but within government parties and

coalitions.

The established political order in Europe was virtually unaffected by antinuclear sentiment in the 1970s, but it could be deeply affected by antinuclear discontent in the 1980s. It is true that pronuclear coalitions presently dominate nuclear decision-making in almost every European state, but their ability to decide has often been diminished. For the nuclear question cuts across virtually all political configurations, and an antinuclear posture has been assumed by prominent groups, organisations, and parties (or factions within them) everywhere in Europe. No longer confined in green political ghettoes as the preserve of the new green parties, the antinuclear cause is especially appealing to the socialists, social democrats, and other non-communist leftist parties.

Depending on the country, differences in the political affiliation or the relative power of the antinuclear politicians may occur. Nevertheless, all over Europe existing nuclear programmes are confronted by opponents both from within the government and from among its political opponents, with potential consequences not only for nuclear power but for national politics.

In France, where the nuclear decisions of President Mitterrand are unlikely to satisfy the antinuclear wing of the *Parti Socialiste* (PS) and might in fact rupture the party, nuclear politics could attain a state of critical mass in the immediate future. The situation in the Netherlands could do likewise in a relatively short time, especially since the expected national nuclear debate, if it finally come to pass, will be convened amid an open campaign against Tomahawk cruise missiles and Pershing IIs that has had implications for protest against power reactors. In the FRG, finally, a critical situation may already have been reached, and a national nuclear explosion appears imminent. The West German nuclear programme, sponsored by the governing coalition to Social Democrats (SPD) and Free Democrats (FDP), is depressed. Although a complex of economic, technical, legal, and political questions are involved, the presence of powerful antinuclear elements within the SPD and the FDP has not been the least significant factor.

All in all, the growing politicisation of the nuclear issue in the 1980s appears to have been a disintegrative force in European politics, with the potential profoundly to affect old political patterns and alliances. Paradoxically, if it could foster the assimilation of the moderate majority of the antinuclear movement, by defusing or destroying their cause, the movement could dissolve. More probably, it would become the preserve of extremists, with the potential for violence and terrorism.

Only in the eighties have the opponents of nuclear energy begun to enter the ranks of the opposition to nuclear weapons *en masse*. It is not as if the antinuclear movement had been ignorant of the weapons issue during the seventies. The nuclear question is extraordinarily complex, with military as well as economic and environmental dimensions, and the antinuclear movement has clearly been concerned with nuclear weapons and their proliferation since its emergence in the late 1960s and

early 1970s. However, there was no broad-based, abiding peace movement which antinuclear activists could support, or with which they could merge, until the early 1980s.

In December 1979, a decision was taken by NATO to modernise its theatre nuclear forces (TNFs) in Western Europe by deploying Pershing IIs and Tomahawk cruise missiles. It provoked a powerful popular reaction in Belgium, the Netherlands, the Federal Republic, and the United Kingdom, which blossomed into an antinuclear missile movement in the early 1980s.

The movement was to some degree unified by the early August 1981 decision of the Reagan Administration to produce and stockpile enhanced radiation weapons, or neutron bombs. This decision appeared not only to jeopardise proposed US–USSR discussions on limiting TNFs in Europe, but to introduce a new element into the arms race on the European continent, deepening European suspicions that the Reagan Administration was not genuinely committed to arms control and disarmament. These suspicions were intensified by statements of Administration officials that have implicitly or explicitly suggested to the Europeans that the US could conceive of a nuclear exchange limited to Europe. Not even President Reagan's 'zero option' speech and the opening of talks with the Soviets in Geneva have mollified these feelings.

The mood of pacifism and neutralism was nurtured and grew. By the summer and autumn of 1981, a broad coalition, or rather coalescence, of protestants, pacifists, socialists and social democrats, environmentalists, feminists, extreme leftists, and disaffected youth had developed in northwestern Europe. The massive demonstrations that drew tens or hundreds of thousands to Amsterdam, Brussels, Bonn, Berlin, Paris, London, Rome, Milan, Brussels, Helsinki and other European cities in October and November 1981 revealed the popular appeal and political potential of the opposition to nuclear weapons. If the imposition of martial law in Poland has diminished the momentum of the movement, linkage of Polish events to Geneva talks on limiting TNFs could ultimately enhance the political appeal of pacifism.

Despite vague proposals for a European nuclear-weapon-free zone from Poland to Portugal, or the Nordic zone supported in certain Scandinavian circles, the movement has not been constructive. Primarily a protest movement, it has focused its opposition, first, on the deployment of Eurostrategic missiles; second, on the neutron bomb; and third, on the perceived nuclear warmongering of the US, and, to a lesser extent, the USSR. While the focus of the European nuclear disarmament movement reveals its parochialism, European opposition to Eurostrategic missiles and enhanced radiation weapons, and to the strategic thinking that would seem to make their use in Europe inevitable, may be the earliest and most visible manifestation of a heightening concern over nuclear weapons and nuclear proliferation in Western Europe.

In this light, it is not surprising that the opponents of nuclear energy are strongly embracing the movement. Political opportunism, however,

is not the only, and perhaps not the most important, reason for their growing concern about nuclear weapons and their spread. Among anti-nuclear activists, there are growing numbers who appear genuinely to believe that nuclear weapons pose the greatest ecological danger—that Harrisburg pales before Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

To be sure, there is at present no unified movement opposed to both nuclear power and weapons, and the pacifists and advocates of nuclear disarmament have not shown an interest in merging with the opponents of nuclear energy. However, we might witness a dramatic manifestation of the political potency of an unified antinuclear movement in the not too distant future. In the FRG and the Netherlands, nuclear weapons concerns, and in particular the TNF issue, are at present reinforcing existing divisions within and among German and Dutch parties on the nuclear energy questions. But a deeper and more abiding effect might emerge in the next decade if nuclear bombs and power become the dual focus of a broadly based antinuclear opposition. In that event, we could imagine serious consequences for the domestic politics of virtually every European nation, a reduction in the power and cohesion of the Atlantic Alliance, and even the Finlandisation of Europe.

Although the great majority of the antinuclear movement is exclusively engaged in protesting against a particular nuclear power plant, or even in demanding that the security or safeguards of a single plant be improved, a not insignificant minority demand more. The latter may oppose nuclear power in a region, a nation, or over the globe, or they may oppose the powers that be, protesting against traditional parties, bureaucracies, institutions, and values. Among them are the French and German greens, who focus their opposition against national nuclear programmes, but also oppose the materialism, the militarism and, ultimately, the meaninglessness of modern life. The vague ideologies and programmes of the greens and other antinuclear activists disillusioned with the politics and society of the advanced industrial West oppose rather than propose, and although they imply an alternative to existing society, their advocates have rarely even adumbrated their vision of an alternative future.

A latent alternative, both ideological and political, appears to be awakening in Western Europe. It is evidenced in the French and German greens themselves, who suggest an alternative to existing society for those who are excluded from it, and thereby appeal to environmentalists, feminists, and leftists. And it is evident in an even broader constellation of disillusionment and discontent that seems on the verge of coming together in Western Europe, especially in West Germany.

One impressive manifestation of such an alternative occurred in the May 10, 1981 West Berlin elections, where the Alternative List (AL) received 7.2 per cent of the vote. An umbrella of ecologists, pacifists, feminists, squatters, and leftist extremists, the AL reflects the needs of the politically and socially alienated. The organisation and ideology of the AL are not developed, and its prospects for growth are not great;

but its reservoir of support is not likely to be drained. And during a great societal and economic crisis it could flourish, and not only in the FRG.

In the early years of the 1980s, the antinuclear movement in Western Europe has prominent and articulate advocates, and the opposition to nuclear power is particularly powerful in the Federal Republic of Germany and the Netherlands.

However, throughout Western Europe, the antinuclear movement is apparently being transformed, and the opposition to nuclear power in the 1980s is virtually certain to have a fundamentally different face. Its features are unformed, even fluid, for the future of both the antinuclear movement and the sociopolitical milieu in which it arose are uncertain. But, the contemporary trends we have considered do suggest the direction of development in the 1980s.

The movement of the 1980s could be more politically powerful than ever before, primarily because it will be conducting its struggle from within the established political system, as well as from without. But also because the antinuclear opposition may be commanding both the nuclear power issue and the potentially more sensitive, and potent, nuclear weapons issue.

The movement of the 1980s may also become more extreme than that of the 1970s. More radical, ideological, politicised, and violent, it would be more capable of playing the role of a genuine alternative to existing society, basing itself upon a broad coalition of those excluded from society. Whether or not it becomes more extreme, it will certainly be a more disruptive and divisive force—even as a broad-based movement involving the pacifists, who have not yet shown a willingness to merge with old antinuclear opposition.

All of these emerging trends suggest a destructive rather than a constructive role for the movement in the 1980s. Thus, it is not surprising that the movements where disintegrative tendencies have developed the furthest—the German and to a lesser degree the Dutch—are the survivors of the seventies and the spearheads of the eighties.

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FINLAND AFTER KEKKONEN

by David Kirby

FINLAND has a new head of state for the first time in twenty-six years. Urho Kekkonen was first elected President in 1956, by the narrowest of margins. In subsequent elections, he managed to build up an unassailable position as the only man for the job, until age and ill-health finally caught up with him last year.

Kekkonen's departure from the scene came as a great shock to the Finns, accustomed for so long to the powerful presence of the man whose name has become synonymous with post-war Finnish foreign policy. Now, six months and a presidential election later, that initial sense of loss has faded and Finns are beginning to take stock of the old era and to look ahead to the new.

Kekkonen's successor is Mauno Koivisto, a fifty-nine-year-old Social Democrat. Both men are from humble backgrounds. Kekkonen is the son of a small farmer from the impoverished north-east of the country. Koivisto is the son of working-class parents, and worked in the docks in his home town of Turku before going on to higher education. Urho Kekkonen made a name for himself in politics before the war and went on to be prime minister five times in the 1950s. By contrast, Koivisto's political career has been rather brief—a couple of spells as Minister of Finance in 1966–1967 and 1972, and two periods of office as Prime Minister.

Koivisto's huge success with the electorate may with some justice be regarded as due to his refusal to be identified too closely with the political circles around the ageing former President. The forty-three per cent of voters who turned out in a very high poll to back Koivisto were probably voting as much for a man who was seen to have bucked the system as for the candidate of the Social Democratic Party. It is certainly extremely unlikely that the Social Democrats will rise much above their twenty-three per cent share of the 1979 vote in the parliamentary elections in the next election, which may be held later this year.

Koivisto was careful not to identify himself with socialism during the election campaign. He managed to maintain a profile so low as to be at times almost out of sight: but this was enough to win the day. His rivals were never likely to produce a serious challenger to the personally popular Koivisto, and they were further handicapped by internal party strife. Kekkonen's old party, the former Agrarian Union (the name was changed to Centre Party in 1965) was badly divided from the start. The rank-and-file delivered a sharp blow to the political junta led by the young party chairman, Paavo Väyrynen, and chose the veteran Johannes Virolainen as the party's candidate. Virolainen received less than enthusiastic support from the discomfited leadership, and there were persistent rumours of a 'dark horse' in the lugubrious shape of Ahti Karjalainen (the man backed by the party bosses) being entered at a second ballot should the electoral college fail to choose a President at the first.

In the event, Virolainen won fewer mandates than the Conservative candidate. Koivisto was able to secure the required majority on the first ballot with the support of the one Rural Party delegate and twenty-one People's Democrats. Ironically, the eleven other elected candidates on the People's Democrat slate, who had given only the faintest support to their own socialist candidate, remained loyal to him in the first ballot.

In the last months of the Kekkonen era, Mauno Koivisto successfully resisted an attempt by the 'President's men' within the Centre Party to break up his majority coalition government. This intrigue was attributed to Paavo Väyrynen, a ruthless politician in the true Kekkonen mould. Väyrynen now finds himself out of office in the new government, headed by the Social Democrat Kalevi Sorsa. The Centre Party has thus been forced to relinquish control of the key post of Foreign Minister, and it can no longer rely on the favours of a President from its own ranks.

There is in fact something of a question-mark over the future of the Centre Party, which has played a central role as government-maker (and breaker) since the war. It has failed to make much impact on the urban voter in a country where a massive shift of population from the countryside to the towns has occurred in the past thirty years. The party's claim to be the best guarantee of the continuity of the Kekkonen line in foreign policy is no longer so certain. In Soviet eyes, Ahti Karjalainen was seen as the most suitable man to continue that line, and he was rejected by his own party.

The leaders of the Soviet Union were quick to welcome Koivisto's election, and he has been equally swift to respond by planning his first official overseas visit to Moscow. In the fifties, the Social Democrats were distrusted by the Soviet Union. Thanks mainly to Urho Kekkonen's untiring efforts, the Centre Party acquired a reputation of being loyal to the spirit and letter of the 1948 Friendship, Cooperation and Mutual Assistance Treaty, the cornerstone of Soviet-Finnish relations. Centre Party men managed to entrench themselves in important positions in the administration, especially in the Foreign Ministry.

Since the early sixties however, the Social Democrats have succeeded in gaining the confidence of Moscow. Given that political appointments in public service has become an established feature of Finnish democracy, it may well be that many Centre Party appointees are wondering what the future holds for them.

Of the three major parties at present in government, the Social Democrats would seem to have the least to fear in the immediate future. The party is not riven with conflict as it was in the fifties, and barring a sudden decline in its support which may be occasioned by recession, it should hold its vote in the next election.

The Communists, who form the core of the People's Democratic Union, are hopelessly divided. The majority may best be described as left-wing socialists who choose to remain in government, though with little hope of effecting socialist reforms. The minority is composed of hard-line, embittered and alienated dogmatists, who cling fast to a faith which has all but vanished elsewhere in western Europe.

The Centre Party went into government reluctantly, largely through fear of a drubbing in a premature parliamentary election. There is little love lost between Social Democrats and the Centre. On a number of issues, such as regional development and industrial investment, the Social Democrats are a good deal closer to the Conservatives than they are to the Centre.

The Conservatives have not been in government since the period of political fragmentation and governmental instability which followed the split in the Social Democrats in the late fifties. They have worked hard to improve their image, and to become *Regierungsfähig* by adhering loyally to the Paasikivi-Kekkonen line, but the Centre Party has hitherto resisted their attempts to prise it from the left. Kekkonen's policy since 1966 has been to form a government majority on the centre-left. Now that the fulcrum of political decision-making has swung towards the Social Democrats, there does appear to be the possibility of a realignment in Finnish politics. Cooperation between Social Democrats and Conservatives in local government is not unknown in Finland, though whether the Social Democratic Party's powerful left wing would be prepared to contemplate such an alliance at a national level is another matter. At all events, the next elections should see the Conservatives and the Social Democrats emerging as the two largest parties once more, with over half the seats in parliament.

Finland's domestic politics are affected by the necessity of having to place foreign policy at the forefront of all major political debate. Since there is unanimity amongst all the major parties on the need to maintain continuity in relations with the Soviet Union, and since the chief function of the President is to steer the ship of state on this unwavering course, the presidential election lacked controversy and bite. Much of the discussion during the campaign focussed on the personal qualities of the candidates rather than on issues.

There is no reason to believe that the new President will depart from the well-worn lines laid down by his predecessor. During the election campaign, there were a number of caustic comments about the liturgical cant of official statements on relations with Russia, which would seem to indicate a desire for a more flexible approach. However, a recent suggestion by a professor of political science that the 1948 Treaty should be scrapped because it no longer serves the true interests of Finnish neutrality was soon shot down in flames by the press. There is a desire to do away with some of the bad habits of the previous regime, but certainly no clearly-articulated wish to depart from its foreign policy.

The basic desire of the Finns is to remain outside the conflicts of the great powers. President Kekkonen's great achievement was to persuade his fellow-countrymen that this could only be achieved by what he termed 'active neutrality', and by ensuring that Finland enjoyed the confidence of his great-power neighbour. It is this last aspect which has caused many Western commentators to adopt a sceptical attitude towards Finnish foreign policy. Not only do they overlook the lessons of the past and the inescapable accident of geography which has placed Finland on the borders

of the Soviet Union: they also fail to see the true purpose of Finnish foreign policy.

Finnish foreign policy is not simply a cover for Soviet interests. It is founded on the Finns' own desire to remain neutral, and the best guarantee for this lies in the continued stability of Europe. Anything which profoundly upsets this balance, especially in Northern Europe, would have severe consequences for Finland.

It is in this respect that the Finns are so anxious to keep alive the spirit of the European Security Conferences in Madrid. The deterioration in East-West relations which has increased with the Polish crisis is a blow to Finnish hopes for detente, which it was hoped the Helsinki conference would foster.

The Finnish view of the Polish crisis reflects this anxiety for stability. For the Finns, what has happened in Poland is seen as an economic collapse caused by inefficient and corrupt management, not a political power struggle which would have repercussions throughout Eastern Europe.

In February, a delegation of members of the Socialist International, headed by Kalevi Sorsa, was taken to task by *Le Matin;* the gravamen of the charge was that the depleted delegation did not speak about Poland, but preferred to hold discussions with President Brezhnev, during its visit to Moscow. The Finnish position would be that talks about disarmament are more productive than empty statements about the internal affairs of another country. Although not unsympathetic to the plight of the Poles, the Finns also realise that their own position and interests do not allow the luxury of political rhetoric.

The conduct of foreign policy is a difficult balancing act for Finland. In many respects, she has been remarkably successful in coming to terms with the dilemma of having to pay heed to the interests of her mighty neighbour whilst still keeping in touch with the West. Bilateral trade agreements with the Soviet Union help provide work for thousands of Finns in labour-intensive industries and on projects within Russia itself. They also allow Finnish industries which have trading links with the West to cover fixed costs on guaranteed orders from the Soviet Union, which gives them a considerable competitive edge.

The relationship is essentially based on conservative desire to avoid change. Continuity is the keyword, and the whole process is conducted from the top down. This is why the President is such a crucial figure in the Soviet-Finnish relationship. Some years ago, a Norwegian commentator suggested that the Soviet leadership might welcome a weak head of state in Finland, since this would allow them to exercise a degree of influence in Finnish internal affairs comparable to that of eighteenth century Russia in a party-ridden Sweden. Certainly this is an option: but there would appear to be little advantage for the Soviet Union in seeking to create an unstable political situation in a country which shows no signs of departing from its well-established foreign policy.

In the end, of course, there is very little Finland can do to influence the affairs of the world, other than to keep plugging away at detente.

Were Sweden to slide even more firmly into the orbit of NATO, or were a belligerent Cold War spirit to arise in the German Federal Republic, should Chancellor Schmidt give way to Helmut Kohl, then Finland might find herself in trouble. The old Finnish nationalists of the nineteenth century, incorrigible pessimists that they were, used to console themselves with the thought that a united nation could survive the *dies irae* which they believed would come one day. Today, unanimity on foreign policy has become a similar consolation, with the significant difference that the strategy employed to promote that policy is actively directed towards a world theatre. And if the Finns fear the *dies irae*, they rarely voice these worries aloud.

Mauno Koivisto is a new face on the European political scene, but the contours of the presidential policy on foreign relations will not change very much. Koivisto may well decide to forge closer relations with Sweden and even Norway, in order to bolster the delicate Nordic Balance, disturbed by the Soviet submarine incident of last autumn. He may also offer some quiet support to Helmut Schmidt's attempts to keep open the lines of communication between East and West.

Mauno Koivisto wears his socialism very lightly, and it would be unwise to expect any radical changes in Finland as a result of his electoral success. Finnish television will probably remain as boring as before, and the economy is hardly likely to be nudged in a socialist direction by a President who is highly orthodox in his views—as befits a former head of the Bank of Finland.

In the early 1970s, the Social Democrats were briefly interested in constitutional reforms designed to divest the President of some of his executive powers. It will be interesting to see if such plans are resuscitated by the left, as it will be to see how Koivisto approaches the thorny problem of defining Finnish neutrality within the context of Finland's 1948 Treaty obligations. There are considerable differences of interpretation within Finnish political and academic circles, from the right-wing's stress upon the necessity of a strong defence force to defend neutrality to the left's view that the 1948 Treaty places clear obligations upon Finland in the event of conflict, which she should take heed of in peacetime.

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THE SUPER-POWERS, SOUTH ASIA AND THE INDIAN OCEAN

by Buddhadasa P. Kirthisinghe

SINCE the occupation of Afghanistan by Russia, the other super-power, America, has made known its counter-action by military aid to Pakistan. This is a serious situation as the two democracies in South Asia—India and Sri Lanka—the kingdoms of Nepal and Bhutan and the government in Bangladesh have vigorously opposed such action at all times in the Indo-Sri Lankan subcontinent.

The peoples of the South Asian nations have noted with very deep concern the agreement announced in Istanbul on June 15, 1981 of the immediate sales by the U.S.A. of F16 aircraft and other military hardware to Pakistan, over and above a five-year package of arms sales and economic aid commencing in October 1982 and said to be of the value of $3,000 million.

A dangerous dimension is added when the super-powers start using these South Asian nations in the quest to gain advantage in their global strategy. America may achieve short-term gains by arming Pakistan, but in the long-term the process would defeat the very objectives the US is seeking to achieve.

In this contest, the occupation of Afghanistan by Russia has been given close attention by all South Asian governments. These governments are interested in the security, independence, sovereignty and territorial integrity of Afghanistan. They have consistently urged the USSR to withdraw its troops from this friendly country.

The peoples of South Asia strongly oppose military aid to Pakistan. American aid has been used twice against India, also to commit genocide on fellow Muslims in former East Pakistan, now the Islamic nation of Bangladesh.

Pakistan has been misruled, mainly by military dictators. The last Prime Minister, Bhutto, was hanged in defiance of public opinion all over the world. Now, the present head of the military junta, General Zia, has banned any future general elections and for the present at any rate democracy in Pakistan seems dead.

Despite having developed a high degree of sophistication in nuclear technology during the past two decades, India has voluntarily chosen not to produce or acquire nuclear weapons. This has been the consistent policy of successive central administrations of India. However, if India is pushed into a corner by US military and financial assistance given to Pakistan to make possible the manufacture of atomic weapons (although such US aid is barred by law), then India has no alternative but to develop atomic weapons. If American military aid is given to Pakistan despite protests from India and other subcontinental nations, it will be a serious blow to the welfare and stability of the whole area up to Sri Lanka. It is questionable whether even with American military aid Pakistan could successfully

confront the super-power, Russia, at the Khyber Pass. What, then, is this military hardware given to Pakistan expected to achieve? Is it for use against India? Clearly, the proposed arms sales, which include F16 planes, go beyond Pakistan's defensive needs.

The recent agreement signed between India and the Soviet Union for the supply of Soviet defence equipment should be viewed as part of a long-standing relationship extending over a decade between the two countries. Much of the equipment that will be replaced is obsolete and of Korean war vintage. The military supplies valued at approximately $1.6 billion are spread over a number of years, and the purchases are not excessive in terms of our own defence requirements, or when compared with the defence expenditure of other countries.

The Agreement had been under discussion for 19 months, having been initiated by the previous Indian Government. India's defence expenditure in relation to GNP at 3.5% is among the lowest in the world, given India's security environment and policy of non-alignment. India procures defence equipment not only from the Soviet Union, but from many other countries, including the USA. Further, the Indo-Soviet Military Supplies Agreement does not involve the diversion of any additional resources towards defence, nor an increase in the defence budget.

America was not willing to supply India's defensive military needs at very modest financial terms as Russia has done. India, as a poorly developed country, goes to the world markets and accepts those tenders which are most favourable to her exchequer. These purchases are not directed against America or the West. America has given India and other South Asian lands vast economic aid, and they are duly grateful. India, being a democracy, prefers economic and technological aid from America, Canada and other Western democracies. It must be stressed very strongly that South Asian democracies are neither pro-Russian nor anti-American. Their foreign policies are based on non-alignment and their aim is to develop peace and goodwill with all humanity.

The American people are not anti-South Asian. When Mahatma Gandhi was leading his satyagraha movement to gain independence for India, President Franklin Roosevelt was one of his strongest supporters. Possibly the 'silent majority' led by Mr. William Buckley may be anti-Asian, but does he represent all the American people? No one in South Asia would imagine that President Reagan is against them. People in India and Sri Lanka look forward to a visit by the President and Mrs. Reagan.

There is nearly one-fourth of the world's population in South Asia, and nearly forty per cent of them live in dire poverty and misery. Therefore, what is needed here is technological aid to raise the standard of living. If the situation is not corrected soon, communism could arise internally, particularly as there is already a communist state government in West Bengal. Some of the poorest people in the world live within and around the Calcutta metropolitan district. This area, including the Indian State of Assam and the sovereign state Bangladesh, are in a constant turmoil. The population explosion inevitably contributes to the general destitution.

The American Secretary of State, General Haig, believes in distributing

arms to all trouble spots in the east. His thinking is running into universal opposition, as most of the recipients of his kind of aid are the oligarchies and dictators who try to keep themselves in power at the expense of the common people. Former Secretary of State Mr. Cyrus Vance, at a news conference in New York City, protested against General Haig's announcement of military aid to China, and other military supplies to Pakistan, as not in the best interests of US and world peace, and the new Socialist President, Francois Mitterrand of France, said he had 'serious reservations' about United States' policies internationally. Mrs. Gandhi has recently visited Paris with a view to discussing arms sales, but the final outcome of the negotiations remains uncertain.

The nations of South Asia (all except one) are proud of their democratic heritage. They (again, except one) are not looking for guns, but are seeking means to provide food and shelter for their under-privileged masses. Will the most affluent democratic nation—America—offer assistance? Or will the Reagan-Haig administration confront South Asia with the results of gigantic arms sales, unnecessary for the defence of any South Asian land?

The super-power activities in the Indian Ocean are a matter of deep concern to the nations on its periphery. If a nuclear war between the USSR, from its central Asian bases, and the American bases in the Indian Ocean, e.g. the island of Diego Garcia, occurs, it is these South Asian people who will be annihilated. As the Indo-Sri Lankan saying goes: 'When two elephants fight, it is the grass that gets killed.'

In 1969 the Prime Minister of Sri Lanka (Ceylon), Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, appealed to the conscience of mankind to make the Indian Ocean a zone of peace and goodwill. She was joined in her appeal by the Prime Minister of India, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, not only because peace is essential to the area for economic and technological development, but because of the link in sentiment between two of the greatest promoters of peace, the Buddha and, in our time, Mahatma Gandhi.

When it became apparent that the voices of Sri Lanka and India would not be heeded by the two super-powers, 13 Afro-Asian nations, living on or near the Indian Ocean and likely to be most gravely affected by naval rivalry there, introduced a resolution into the General Assembly of the UN in 1971. This resolution, declaring the Indian Ocean an area of peace, was adopted by an overwhelming majority of member nations. China joined India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Burma, Indonesia, Thailand and a host of African states in deciding to honour the resolution. However, both the Soviet Union and the United States abstained.

In 1972 and 1973, the UN General Assembly reiterated the appeal for a 'zone of peace' in the Indian Ocean. It set up a committee of Asian and African states, including Australia and China, to study the reactions of the two super-powers, with special reference to their naval deployments. With the reopening of the Suez Canal and the growing importance of the Persian Gulf, not to mention the arming of submarines with long-range nuclear warheads, any escalation constitutes a serious risk to the people of Asia and Africa.

TURKEY IS NOW A PART OF EUROPE

by Semih S. Umar

THERE has been some criticism of Turkey in the European Parliament lately because of the Army take-over of September 12, 1980, yet those who know Turkey and the Turkish Army are aware that this armed intervention was and is only aimed at saving democracy from total destruction at the hands of those who, using democratic rights and liberties, wished to destroy it for their own purposes. What came into the open after the Army take-over was far more advanced as a programme of action than the most ardent admirers of democracy had thought possible.

Irrespective of this aspect of the question, however, we would like to examine the causes of the attitude taken by some members of the European Assembly towards the military regime in Turkey. It appears that there are three basic elements of thought and feeling.

The most obvious of these is the overt and covert activities and provocations of Greek Members of Parliament who, for ulterior motives of their own, are all out to blacken the name of Turkey in international circles. The second is the agitation of Turkish terrorists who have fled the country in complete disarray following the success of the Turkish Army in breaking the backbone of clandestine communist activities and armed preparations, including a Kurdish separatist movement, and for undermining the very existence of Turkey as a member of the free world.

Most of the Scandinavian MPs in the European Assembly and some others, having little if any acquaintance with Turkey and her problems, let alone her traditions and culture, seem to have fallen prey either to the Greek or to the communist provocation and have remained outside the third current of feeling and thought which I am going to emphasise. (And I use the word 'feeling' deliberately because what I am about to underline is really a sentiment rather than reasoned behaviour.)

For the first time in the history of Turco-European relations, Western Europe is showing its genuine concern for Turkey as an indivisible part of the European tradition and culture, i.e. as a member of that club of elite societies who derive their soul from the Greco-Roman civilisation. It is significant to recall in this connection how little genuine interest was shown in the Turkish Army take-over in 1960 and how practically no criticism was levelled against her on that score. Without realising it, Greece and the communists have exposed a development that will have far greater significance and consequence in the future of Europe than anything else that seems important at the present time. Turkey is now an inalienable part of Western Europe in soul and spirit as well as physically and technically. That is what General Evren meant, deep down in his heart, when he said: 'Turkey would have democracy, not because other countries wanted it, but because it was a regime that suited and fitted the Turkish people better than anything else.'

Andreas Papandreou's advent to power in Greece as Prime Minister has brought about some major changes in Greece's policies and tactics in all directions, and in her policy *vis-à-vis* Turkey in particular. Mr. Papandreou is openly and vociferously voicing his contention that Turkey constitutes a threat to Greece across the Aegean Sea. This affects the entire NATO alliance in South-East Europe and therefore it is of great interest to everyone in NATO to examine Turco-Greek relations in some detail in order to get a clear view of what is happening in this highly sensitive part of the world.

Since the creation of the Republic of Turkey by Kemal Ataturk in 1923, one of the most basic principles of Turkish foreign and military policy—in fact, this is so fundamental that it goes beyond mere government policy and forms one of the main pillars of the Turkish State—has been (a) peaceful co-existence with all countries, (b) absolute rejection of any ambitions to move beyond national frontiers, and (c) a vehement objection to any attempt by anyone (e.g. the Russian attempt to alter Turkey's Eastern frontiers at the end of the Second World War) to change the status quo in the geo-political position of Turkey.

There were quite a few pretexts, and many opportunities, since 1923 that Turkey could have used to bolster territorial or other ambitions, if any existed, against her neighbours, but these were most categorically eschewed and in fact everything possible was done by successive Turkish governments to curb efforts by irresponsible elements to promote such ambitions.

The late Faik A. Barutcu—one of the most trusted colleagues of the late Ismet Inonu, the second President of Turkey—relates in his Memoirs, dealing with events following the collapse of Greece during the Second World War, how the British approached the Turkish Government urging occupation by Turkey of three major islands in the Aegean, including Mittilini, which could be a great threat to Turkey in hostile hands. According to Barutcu, the British have intimated that the Greeks themselves would soon make a similar request to Turkey. Meanwhile, the Germans, who had been trying hard to convince Turkey that they themselves had no intentions against her, had similarly offered these islands to Turkey. No action was taken by Turkey, however, and when Inonu was questioned about this by Barutcu, he replied that no message had come from the Greek Government in exile as the British had intimated.

When this is considered in conjunction with something else that Barutcu relates in another part of his Memoirs, it should make Turkey's attitude quite clear. Barutcu quotes Inonu as urging the Turkish Prime Minister at the time to give 'our Greek friends' everything that they ask for—foodstuffs, arms, etc., and to provide every possible assistance and shelter to refugees from Greece. This was Turkey's attitude at a time when, with some minor political manoeuvring, she could have easily occupied, with everybody's consent, most of the Aegean Archipelago. And what has Greece been doing in the last one hundred years, other than seeking territorial aggrandisement against Turkey, including an

all-out invasion of Anatolia which ended in a dismal defeat? The debacle seemed to have taught Greece a lesson only for a short time, and until her ambitions were rekindled by the Enosis campaign in Cyprus and by possibilities of discovering extensive oil resources in the Aegean Sea.

Attempts by Greece to annex Cyprus and to dominate the Aegean region to the exclusion of Turkey would drastically alter the status quo in the area to the detriment of Turkey. As a matter of basic principle, Turkey would, if necessary, embark on total war to prevent such a development.

No amount of clamorous protestation by Greece about the so-called Turkish threat is likely to affect Turkey's determination to prevent her Aegean lifelines and continental rights from falling into Greece's hands.

It was because Ataturk's Kemalism was seriously threatened by terrorism, owing to the helplessness of politicians under an unworkable Constitution and by the inability of the regime to act in the face of economic crisis and to introduce much-needed reforms, that the Army, after repeated and timely warnings, decided to act in order to save the country from ultimate chaos and to prevent the complete destruction of Kemalism by subversive elements. As has been emphasised on many occasions by General Evren, Turkey is going to have democracy, not because this or that country wants it, but because the Turkish people want it and demand it and because without it Kemalism becomes meaningless.

Let those in Western Europe who are sincerely concerned about the restoration of democracy in Turkey, and who are not simply naive tools of destructive communist elements, rest assured that democracy will soon shine with greater vigour and lustre in Turkey and that the entire credit for this will go to the Turkish people and to their armed forces. Armies in all countries are basically the most conservative and non-progressive (if not anti-progressive) of all forces and are usually anti-democratic, at least to the extent that freedom and discipline are irreconcilable. Democracy is considered by many to be the antithesis of discipline and that is why it is so important in democratic countries that the armed forces should not be allowed to become involved in politics. It is this tradition of non-political armed forces in Western democracies that has created the pre-conception that any type of major or minor involvement by the army in politics is essentially anti-democratic. Yet this is not so in Turkey for various reasons. In Turkey the Army, as such, has no political or ideological alignments, or any inclination other than being a Kemalist force, and is politically involved only in so far as Kemalism requires it to be. Therefore, the way in which the Army interprets and understands Kemalism is of paramount importance.

Actually, there is nothing very complicated about this, because Kemalism comprises certain fundamental principles which are well understood in all Western democracies. One of these is secularism—the separation of the State from the Church—and another is expressed in various forms which amount to the protection of human rights and liberties.

Kemal Ataturk was a dictator, but unlike any other dictator. One of

his basic aims was to create a democratic system of government to fulfil his well-known maxim that 'Sovereignty belongs to the nation unconditionally.' This is now engraved in bold characters over the Speaker's Chair in the Turkish Lower House in Ankara.

Ataturk did not live long enough to reap the fruits of his educative mission, which was aimed at raising his people to a level of preparedness for democratic freedom. It fell to his great successor, Ismet Inonu, to complete the task, and it was the Turkish people's good fortune that in the level-headed Inonu they found a leader whose faith in democracy and freedom was so profound that even in moments of extreme tribulation he did not lose faith in its ultimate triumph.

It was because Ataturk's Kemalism was threatened so seriously that the Turkish Army found it necessary to intervene on 12 September, 1980, and it is because of the Army's concern for democracy that the Constitution of the Third Republic is being prepared in the hope that the Turkish people may once again take their rightful place among the nations of the Western world.

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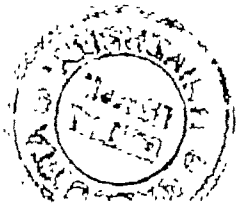
The June issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The International Political Economy of US Arms Expenditure* by Paul Hallwood, *A Communist Policy for Britain* by George Matthews, *Anti-Slavery: the Protection of Human Rights* by R. P. H. Davies and *Jesus and the Ordination of Women* by Gillian Clark.



THE CHANGING FACE OF SOCIALISM

by Norman P. Barry

NOW that the ideological consensus that once characterised Western social and political thought has well and truly disintegrated, the intellectual world is more polarised between Left and Right than at any other time since the 1930s. Yet, curiously, the particular socialist (or collectivist) contribution to the present debate is strikingly anti-intellectual (sometimes deliberately so). Indeed, the present effectiveness of socialism is a consequence not of its demonstrated success in contributing to the improvement of mankind but comes from the power that socialist organisations wield in our society. Today, the socialist 'thinker' appears more as a sloganiser, moraliser or romantic pedlar of some far-distant cockaigne than a serious analyst of issues. Perhaps this was always so and that the late Ludwig von Mises highlighted a permanent feature of the minds of all socialists when he wrote: 'They invariably explain how, in the cloud-cuckoo lands of their fancy, roast pigeons will in some way fly into the mouths of the comrades, but they omit to show how this miracle is to take place'.

In practice, however, the most deleterious feature of contemporary socialism is the abandonment of any serious commitment to the interests of society at large in favour of the relentless support of almost all sectional groups in their struggle for special favours and privileges which can only be distributed by government.

Thus while the original socialist appeal rested upon the hubris that the deliberate use of 'reason' could improve upon the automatic operation of natural social forces, such as a market exchange process, today the socialist is the least likely to apply intellect to social affairs. Nowadays, the socialist economic programme seems to consist of a collection of absurd ideas: the mindless, if not punitive, nationalisation of private property, the consolidation and expansion of union privileges (the main victims of which are the workers themselves), the handing over of public money to bankrupt industries at the behest of pressure groups rather than economic rationality and the futile attempt to stimulate by inflation an economy whose workforce has been rendered almost immobile by decades of socialist housing, welfare and union policies.

The fundamental error in all collectivism lies in its persistent pursuit of superficially attractive policies which nevertheless run directly counter to well-established laws of individual and social behaviour. An obsession with the immediate and visible effects of government intervention blinds even well-intentioned men to those remote consequences of such action that must eventually assert themselves.

Recent history is replete with examples. In housing, successive governments have sedulously protected the interests of owner-occupiers through tax privileges, council tenants through uneconomic rents and private tenants through rent control and security of tenure, with the obvious result that

people in these sectors consume more housing, thus producing the paradox of a housing shortage in the midst of an adequate housing stock. It is significant that the homeless consist of the young, the mobile and the single, all of whom are politically insignificant. Governments have tried to solve their self-created problem of inflation by incomes policies only to find that as soon as a group realises that the market value of its services exceeds the government norm it eventually breaks through the policy. They have conferred legal immunities on trade unions and then, in effect, begged them in the national interests not to use them (as if sports-car drivers were exempted from the speeding laws and then asked to drive carefully). Governments increase the value of welfare benefits and then look on in amazement as more people choose welfare rather than work. They increase taxation and wring their hands as people resort to tax evasion and retreat into the black economy.

The trouble with even moderate socialism is that it asks people to act for the common good or the public interest while at the same time it enacts policies which encourage people to pursue ruthlessly those private interests that are antithetical to social well-being. The worst consequence of all this is that the failure of such policies always leads to the demand for even more government intervention. Thus, in the housing example, socialists invariably meet the problem of homelessness with a strident request for an orgy of local authority house building (which is just as likely to increase homelessness) and rarely enquire into the causes of the original problem. But if these causes are persistently ignored, government will eventually be driven to allocating all housing space by force. This is how even benign acts of intervention can lead to massive government coercion and the process is visible in all welfarist and socialist economies. There are those who say that we have not had *real* socialism yet. But real socialism is simply an extension of the logic of moderate socialism and the outcome is predictable—*real* misery.

It could only be otherwise if there were some change in human nature which not only made people voluntarily act for the public interest but which also made them see immediately what that was. There is a socialist-Marxist fantasy that people are only 'selfish' because of capitalist institutions such as private property and money, and that if these were eliminated a 'new' and altruistic man would emerge. Of course, where this has happened the new man has turned out to be considerably nastier than the old since that little property and money that does remain under *real* socialism (the only place where they were abolished entirely was, instructively, Kampuchia) can only be distributed by the methods of politics and violence. Yet none of this prevents the ineluctible advance of socialism amongst the middle class intelligentsia. To adapt a phrase of Noel Coward's—how strange the potency of cheap *ideas*.

The main explanation of the retreat of the socialists into irrationality is their deliberate contempt for the working of the free market in the allocation of resources and their admiration for planning and politics. Now the overwhelming theoretical and practical evidence is that the private enter-

prise market economy is superior to any known planning system in the production of wanted goods and services: partly because price signals automatically allocate productive resources to their most efficient uses and partly because competition is the only economic method which permits the natural self-interest of individuals to work (accidentally) for the public good. The decisions of the market are rational while those of the bureaucrat or planner are at the best guesses and at the worst arbitrary ukases. Even the emasculated and emaciated market economy of Britain today easily outstrips all planned economies in the production of those things that people actually want. Indeed, capitalism's greatest problem has been its undoubted success.

There is a number of reasons for the rejection of the market by socialists. First, there is the stubborn refusal to believe, encouraged by much teaching in political science, sociology and macro-economics, that impersonal market forces, subject to no 'rational' plan, could produce an outcome superior to that designed by an omniscient and benevolent dictator, or that which emerges from the deals and compromises between pressure groups. Second, there is the grubby reason that socialists find very little demand for their skills in the private market (a fact which simply indicates that their fellow citizens do not value them very highly) but can earn high incomes as administrators, educators, co-ordinators, planners, counsellors, directors and researchers in an enforced collectivised economic system because in this there is no way of knowing anyone's true value to the community. Last, socialists are paternalists: they simply do not trust ordinary people with the responsibility of spending their own incomes on such things as education, health and welfare.

All of these reasons, especially the second, can be seen at work in the socialists' sullen hostility to those radical schemes that seek to widen people's choice in welfare, such as vouchers for education; and to the spread of private medicine.

In all areas the consequence of the retreat from the market is an increase in the government of man over man and therefore the employment prospects of socialists. It is clear that if the price system is abandoned the only way an efficient output of goods and services can be even approached is by the direction of labour. One reason why socialists do not fear this is that, if present trends continue, they will be doing all the direction and none of the labour. As with medieval religion, the burdens of socialism are borne by the masses, not the priesthood.

In addition to the retreat from the market, socialists also display a contempt for the ideal of law as a restraint on political action. Law is presented by them as a system for the preservation of bourgeois privilege when, in fact, a proper system of law protects everyone from arbitrary power, especially political power. One reason why socialists appear as reactionary defenders of the British 'constitution' is because this system legitimises virtually unlimited parliamentary power. It is our much-vaunted parliamentary democracy which has done most to undermine liberty, the rule of law and the market economy in this country. The point is that socialism

does not normally emerge from the voluntary agreement of individuals, but flourishes in systems where the restraints of the market and of general rules have been removed.

It is only through a free market system that working people can ever liberate themselves from misery, deprivation and political oppression. For without a market there is no *value*; there is no way of knowing what goods and services people want, or how they can be produced, and no way of knowing the worth of a person's labour. In its absence, we have either dictatorship or a battleground in which groups bargain and threaten for shares of resources for which no reason can be given except one that reflects the non-market power and influence that they have. To extend the role of the state in social affairs is to extend the domain of unreason and politics and, ultimately, to enthrone violence.

The refutation of socialism does not emanate from any party political standpoint, but from rationality. Unfortunately, 'reason' itself has become politicised in some Left circles in higher education, and associated with Right-wing policies, precisely because it has been so successful in exposing socialist fantasies. It follows from this that any policies, however 'moderate', which run counter to well-established laws of individual and social behaviour must fail. Regrettably, the new Social Democratic Party seems intent on pursuing such policies.

While the leaders of the Social Democratic Party have shown a commendable, if belated, revulsion for the rampant statism of the Labour Party, what specific policies they recommend are the ones that have made the advance of statism well-nigh irresistable. This is exemplified by their repeated advocacy of an 'incomes policy', the very thing that in the past has not only failed to solve inflation but has also further increased the influence that trade unions have over government. While they favour a 'mixed economy' their approval for free enterprise is no more than grudging. Indeed, their attitude towards capitalism is not unlike that of the Victorians towards sex: they know it is essential but it is not the kind of thing that you talk about in public. Indeed, Mrs. Shirley Williams's expressed opposition to private education augers ill for those who believe that freedom depends on a great reduction of the power of the state over individuals in all spheres of their lives, even though during her recent successful campaign for the Crosby by-election, she moderated these views to a considerable extent.

The electoral success of the new party, exemplified by Mr. Roy Jenkins's capture of the previously Conservative-held seat at Hillhead, Glasgow, is not difficult to explain. An understandably confused electorate is likely to be attracted to a party of moderation which appears to stand for old and trusted ways of doing things. But it is those trusted methods of 'wise' and paternal state direction that have turned a reasonably homogeneous community into a collection of disparate and quarrelsome pressure groups. Thus the string of impressive by-election victories by the Social Democrats is a tribute to their success in evading reality and their assiduous cultivation of the notion that 'sensible' people with 'moderate'

policies can eliminate the need for painful readjustment to new circumstances. But, of course, no amount of political success can resist the laws of economics, and there is no sign yet that the leaders of the Social Democratic Party are seriously prepared to come to terms with these laws.

In fact, the cardinal error in the Social Democrats' programme consists in assuming that the way to salvation lies in the identification and representation of a 'centre' majority. Unfortunately, if there is such a majority it is almost certain to consist of a coalition of interest groups, all in receipt of some privilege which has no economic justification. The tragedy of the British electoral system is that to secure election, parties are driven to bribing interest groups with favourable policies; and the fact that a collection of such bribes may secure majority support doesn't make the policies right.

However, if the Social Democrats are serious about proportional representation and constitutional reform they may perform the admirable task of radically reforming the British political system; thus making the implementation of their policies impossible. Creeping collectivism has been allowed to proceed in this country by a political system which permits the maximisation of group interests, dressed up in the anodyne language of socialist virtue, to the ultimate cost of the public interest, of which every group member is ultimately a constituent. While genuine socialism has little popular support outside the middle class public sector it is nevertheless almost certain to come upon us by stealth as long as our present 'constitution' persists in its present form.

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SANCTIONS AGAINST SOUTH AFRICA

by Milivoje Zagajac

THERE are few problems in international affairs on which general agreement exists in the international community. But such problems do exist, and they deserve special attention. One of these is apartheid in South Africa.

The United Nations General Assembly had apartheid on its agenda for the thirty-sixth time at its 36th Session last autumn. In all, 16 resolutions relating to the political situation in South Africa have been adopted by the General Assembly: on isolating the racist regime, economically, militarily, and with regard to its nuclear potential; on political prisoners in South Africa; on the living conditions imposed on women and children by apartheid; on an arms embargo against the regime; on cultural and sports boycotts of South Africa; etc. The UN General Assembly has spoken on all the issues and aspects of the policy and practice of apartheid. The number, nature and content of the resolutions adopted bear witness to the full seriousness with which the international community regards apartheid and its general agreement on the essence and character of the problem and the approach to be taken in dealing with it.

Apartheid cannot be viewed as a problem strictly of the current conduct of a government reacting in its own way to the social and political problems it confronts in ruling. Apartheid is also more than a problem to which the United Nations responds as required by its Charter and the documents adopted by its General Assembly and Security Council. Apartheid must be seen and treated in the light of the consequences it brings as an instrument of violence and oppression: in terms of the majority population of South Africa and in terms of the current international situation and the social-ethical order in the world.

Apartheid has become familiar in social-political terminology since World War II. In application, it began to assume its final shape, formulation and institutionalisation after 1948, when the conservative National Party came to power in South Africa. This, at the time, was the traditionalist party and a political grouping under the racist influence of Nazi Germany. The political programme of the National Party offered apartheid as its commitment in Government to complete political, territorial, residential, cultural, economic and overall separation of the population according to skin colour, racial descent and ethnic identity.

The roots of apartheid reach back into the earlier history of this part of the world. The ethnical, political, economic and social conditions which would breed it began to be shaped with the establishment of the first Dutch settlement in the south of Africa, in 1652 on the Cape of Good Hope. From the first, Dutch settlers clashed with and began to push back the native Khoi and San tribes of the region. Hottentots and Bushmen were enslaved to work on settlers' plantations and ranches. British colonists followed, and, in 1806, the region became a British

colony. Slavery was abolished in the British Empire in 1833. With the advent of the British, the descendants of Dutch settlers, known as Boers and traditionalist and conservative in their thinking, began to withdraw into the interior. Increasingly, the fight for survival meant conflicts with the black tribes in the north. Religious fanaticism and constant disputes with non-Christian populations gave birth to ideas of exclusiveness and predestination. Frequent victories over weaker and disunited natives bred conceit and a conviction of the physical and spiritual superiority of whites. The right of the white race to be masters and exploit other races, the Boers came to believe, was age-old and justified in the Bible. During this period, the seeds of apartheid (Afrikaans: 'apartness') began germinating. In recent times, apartheid has grown into a total system of violence, oppression and exploitation. The history of apartheid is no more than the history of the creation of the South African Republic, of national and racial conflicts and a constant struggle for the land on which to feed a growing population.

Modern apartheid can be traced back to the start of the 20th century and the Peace of Vereeniging which ended the Anglo-Boer War of 1899 to 1902. The peace treaty gave whites in South Africa a privileged position and promised that the black and coloured population would not be given national or social rights without the prior consent of the white population. The treaty between British colonial rule and the Boers came only a few years before the granting of independence in 1910 to South Africa. It revealed the white minority's determination to retain for itself the advantages and privileges and so guarantee a comfortable and easy life in the future new state through exploitation of the majority population. The Commission for Native Affairs, set up on the basis of the treaty, made the concept of segregation and the territorial separation of whites and blacks official in its 1905 report.

Apartheid received more explicit conceptual formulation in the 1930s. Afrikaner intellectuals, seeking the total vertical separation of the races, founded the South African League for Racial Studies in 1935. Its purpose was to organise the elaboration of a complete doctrine. Over the next 15 years, a period running parallel with the rise and fall of the racist Third Reich, the apostles of apartheid worked diligently at their job. The concept of racial segregation and discrimination was enunciated and the climate gradually created for its political inauguration as the official programme of the newly elected National Party.

Apartheid today is politically systematised racial separation and inequality. It perpetuates the feelings of superiority shared by whites. It underwrites and protects their privileges and rights decreed by law, and limits or minimises the possibilities for progress of blacks and coloured people. A whole series of laws have been passed in South Africa since the turn of the century, and they are rigorously enforced: the constitutional acts of 1909 and 1961 by which only whites may be elected to parliament; the 1913 Land Act denying the blacks the right to own land and introducing the principle of territorial segregation; the 1949 law prohibiting racially mixed marriages; laws in 1950, 1954, 1955, 1959, and 1969 setting

up 'Bantu homelands' so as to divide up the black population by region of origin and establishing 'homeland citizenship' as the basis for denying freedom of movement and employment to non-whites. Thus, some three million people have so far been resettled by force. The 1953 law banning the transport of whites and coloured in the same vehicles; the 1955 law on separate schools, are just two further examples.

An entire body of law now gives apartheid its full shape. South Africa's people are separated on the basis of skin colour with regard to where they live, shop and how they travel. They have separate administrative institutions, concert halls, movie theatres and stadiums; they are separated in factories and throughout the economy, in public and private life. The aims of apartheid would seem to have been fully achieved. Four million whites live entirely separated from two million coloured (mixed blood), one million Asians, and 19 million blacks. The question now is how long can this social system be maintained?

The laws of apartheid are not without effect on those in whose name they were passed. Whites are limited in many of the freedoms they would normally enjoy in other capitalist countries: the freedom to work and live where they wish; to marry who they like; the freedom to choose their racial and national identity; visit their friends, etc. This, however, was not sufficient to keep the National Party from winning at the last parliamentary elections in 1981. Once again, as since 1948, they have absolute and unreserved support of the white population of South Africa.

There is no need to detail the full impact of these laws on the black and coloured population of South Africa. The UN Special Committee Against Apartheid has reported arrests and torture of opponents of apartheid as daily events. Violation or opposition to the laws of apartheid is met by harassment, intimidation and persecution. The reign of terror has spread and its victims are not just the activists and sympathisers of the African National Congress and Pan-Africanist, Azania, Congress—the two political organisations of the black population operating illegally since 1960 and which, aside from their political activity through trade unions and other mass organisations, have been leading an armed national liberation struggle. Children, women and old people are increasingly the victims of racial oppression, an indication of the scope and depth of opposition to apartheid. Opposition increases from day to day, and it is becoming more and more difficult for the police to deal with demonstrations, strikes, boycotts and the growing guerilla activity. The bloodshed in Sharpeville in 1960, when 60 people were killed and 180 injured, and in Sowetto in 1976, when police gunned down 176 blacks and wounded 1,200, stand as tragic monuments of resistance to injustice, terror and exploitation.

Equal in importance to the internal resistance to apartheid is the support received from the international community. The fight against apartheid at the international level takes two forms: action through non-government, inter-government and other institutions and organisations within national frameworks and the fight being waged through the United Nations. The two forms complement one another and are aimed

at the full isolation of the apartheid regime.

At the United Nations, the fight began in the earliest days of the world organisation. Its greatest achievement has been the adoption in 1973 of the International Convention to Fight and Punish the Crime of Apartheid. The Convention proclaimed apartheid to be a crime against humanity and defined it as the policy and practice of racial segregation and discrimination. The Convention denounces apartheid as the practice by which one racial group imposes its domination on another, amounting to the denial for members of other races of the human rights and freedoms guaranteed under the UN Charter and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The Convention has so far been signed by 66 states.

Historical explanations of the emergence and elaboration of apartheid in South Africa and of other manifestations and isolated instances of racism and discrimination in other parts of the world are sometimes used to evolve a theory of the right of every racial group or nation to guarantee the survival of its own identity. Separation is shown as a practical alternative to conflict. Stripped of the trimmings of an illusory line of democratic and logical argument, these interpretations champion the ethics of 'might makes right'. In the case of South Africa, the might of the white race becomes its right to perpetuate domination and privilege.

Closer to the truth is the recognition of apartheid as the ideological umbrella of a system wherein capital and profits require cheap labour. The objective is effective and unscrupulous exploitation of the national and human resources of South Africa to secure super-profits. Today, 38 countries, primarily western, still maintain diplomatic, consular, commercial, financial and other relations with Pretoria. Without this co-operation, apartheid would be hard put to survive. In future, therefore, the main course of action in fighting apartheid must be aimed at increasing pressure on those countries to end their co-operation with South Africa. This would deny apartheid the material and moral support it has enjoyed during its reign of oppression and exploitation.

In response to the immediate goals and strategy of the fight against apartheid, the 36th General Assembly proclaimed 1982 International Year for the Mobilisation of Sanctions Against South Africa. Action will be directed towards familiarising international public opinion with the seriousness of the situation in South Africa. A maximum effort will be made to achieve the adoption, on the basis of Chapter Seven of the UN Charter, of comprehensive and binding sanctions against South Africa by members of the international community. In keeping with its responsibilities in organising action during this International Year, the UN Special Committee Against Apartheid has already held its first meeting. The need was emphasised at the meeting for the international community to become a forceful factor in the struggle to eradicate apartheid.

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KHRUSHCHEV

by Margaret Rooke

THE 11th September 1982 is the eleventh anniversary of the death of Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, the only dead but not deified Russian statesman to be so popular that his grave has had to be barred from the public. The Novodyevichi Monastery holds the grave of a man whose rule marked a definite break with some of the worst traditions of Soviet History. This is not, of course, acknowledged by his successors although the effects of Khrushchev's career on both the Soviet Union and the world are still felt. It is not only his overt and direct contribution to de-Stalinisation that gives Khrushchev his claim to be remembered.

Food is the basic preoccupation dominating Russian History. The geography, climate and soil of Russia and its ill-defined 'ethnic outskirts' make her the only great nation to be principally absorbed in feeding herself. All her rulers have had to cope with hungry masses. When the overwhelming majority were peasants, keeping them in order was relatively simple. In the 19th Century Russia was the only European country in which the death-rate actually rose—while grain was being exported to pay for the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution. Stalin continued this tradition. The labour camps of the Soviet Union provided a good 'moral' reason for keeping people underfed and overworked. However, by the end of his life the bulk of the population was in the towns, which could in certain circumstances be harder to control.

Khrushchev's great achievement was to change the emphasis from repressive measures to keep the hungry down to positive measures to improve food supplies and keep people satisfied. He attained power on this platform. When, in 1953, Malenkov succeeded Stalin as Head of Government, Khrushchev took charge of the Party Secretariat. Soon he undermined Malenkov by making him admit to the ruling Politburo, of which they were members, that his claim that the agricultural situation was satisfactory was far from true. He opposed Malenkov's decision to give priority to light consumer goods; Khrushchev rightly thought that people would prefer more bread and meat to radios or washing-machines. On his much-publicised journeys in non-Communist countries he enquired about new agricultural methods. He had agricultural attachés sent to all Soviet embassies abroad. He was full of bright ideas and swift solution. To a nation—and party—which had seen cases of cannibalism during and after World War II and which had suffered because of Stalin's rejection of Marshall Aid, the prospect of permanent plenty was irresistible.

The virtual creation of grain farming in Kazakhstan, (which produced bumper harvests in 1956 and 1958 especially), the foundation of a fishing industry (with unfortunate ecological results) to improve the protein content of the Soviet diet, and the promise in 1957 to increase butter and meat production to United States levels by 1961 were all greeted with enthusiasm, except by some sober heads among his colleagues. Khrushchev's power was built on the promise of 'Goulash freedom';

but the promise did not materialise. Drought, excessive pushing of meat production and administrative chaos brought disappointment and food shortages. He had promised to make the USSR flow with milk and honey and ended up importing rye from Finland and potatoes from Cuba. In 1964 his colleagues feared the consequences of his actions compounded by two poor harvests and disposed of him. Food brought him to power and food felled him.

The long-term effects of his agricultural policy are still very much with us. Kazakhstan has become a huge dust-bowl. Stalin had been right to plan a forest-belt to hold the fertile soil safe from the winds of Central Asia while it was being brought under the plough. For at least a century the area will be agriculturally useless. There was little real progress in the rest of the Soviet Union. Indeed, Khrushchev's reforms included the slackening of the chains of serfdom for the peasants in the collective farms; thus there was a loss of human labour from the land, without machinery to replace it. The basic problem is that the Soviet Union's margin of survival is so narrow that hasty meddling can knock the economy off-balance for decades.

This has been particularly unfortunate as aspirations were and are rising. The Soviet Government can no longer order its subjects to tighten their belts. Strikes and riots—unknown in Stalin's day but making their appearance since—on a large scale would be the result. So in 1972 grain imports were the highest ever. Although meat production has recovered from Khrushchev's errors (in one year in his period of power it fell by 200,000 tons) there is still not enough and consumption has not reached half the US level. People want more. Indeed, they suffer from what Africans call 'the wants'. This dangerous widening of the gap between the quantity and quality of food demanded by Soviet citizens and what is available from domestic resources puts Russia at the West's mercy. It is not much use having the nuclear lead in terms of multiple overkill if one can't feed one's people. Who would wish to drop a tactical nuclear bomb on a hungry Moscow mob? Thus, Khrushchev unintentionally created both a food problem and a belief that it mattered to rulers whether or not their subjects starved. Stalin, who had been heard to say, 'What does it matter if a few million peasants starve?' would turn in his grave. The irony of Russia's present position is that living-standards have been rising steadily; there is no gratitude in politics.

Connected with this food problem was Khrushchev's initiation of change in the Soviet attitude towards other states. True, he continued the Cold War and gave the world some interesting moments, from the comic episode when he banged his shoe on the table at a United Nations meeting in 1960 to the grisly week of the Cuban War Scare of 1962. But he pressed for 'peaceful co-existence' and, with President Kennedy of the US, set up the 'hot-line' between the Kremlin and the White House. But peace and cautiously limited contacts did not imply concessions. The Berlin Wall of 1961 symbolised this. Khrushchev was determined to maintain the Soviet grip on what he saw as the protective belt of Eastern Europe—as the suppression of the Hungarian Revolt of 1956 showed.

However, within these limits there was change. Inside the Communist camp he achieved a reconciliation with Tito of Yugoslavia and started a new Cold War with China, which clung to messianic visions of world conversion and despised Russian Communism as 'revisionist' and soft. In the satellites the Stalinist-type grip was loosening. Poland was allowed some independence under Gomulka. After 1960 Kadar was allowed to follow the 'Course' in Hungary. Moreover Communist parties in non-Communist countries did not show automatic obedience to Moscow—and Moscow did little about it. Food needs dictated some of these changes in attitude. The need for Western wheat, fertiliser, equipment and experts had their effect in several ways. The economic pressure of agricultural problems made Khrushchev decrease the conventional armed forces in favour of nuclear weapons and then in 1963 sign the first Test Ban Treaty with the United States.

These tendencies have continued to the present day. There is more pressure for co-operation than competition. In 1975, a year of agricultural crisis in Russia, America and Russia combined their talents in the Apollo-Soyuz space operation and signed the Helsinki Agreement guaranteeing human rights. Brezhnev, who started his career under Stalin and was promoted by Khrushchev, has consistently tried to pour cold water on troubled oil in the Middle East. South-East Asia, where fratricidal strife rages among the small Communist powers and, indeed, among the members of the individual parties there, has been more of an embarrassment than an opportunity to extend her power. In any case, China's increasing hostility makes Russia cautious even though their relative positions on 'revisionism' have been reversed.

Although as determined as Khrushchev to hold on to East Europe, Brezhnev has pursued a softer line. In 1968 Czechoslovakia was allowed a whole spring-time of the illusion of freedom before the Warsaw Pact tanks rolled in. Even then, only a few people were killed by comparison with 30,000 in Hungary in 1956. Perhaps even more significantly, Rumania did not take part—and was allowed to get away with it. In general, the satellites have enjoyed a steadily growing measure of freedom. Each act of defiance provokes less reaction. The case of Poland illustrates this well. The Polish Army has been given the chance of 'restoring order' i.e. removing opposition before Russian tanks move in. No such chance was given to the Hungarian Army in 1956 or the Czchoslovaks in 1968—very wisely from the Soviet point of view. Afghanistan is a somewhat different case.

But even in Afghanistan attempts are made to 'press' the inhabitants into the Army, in order to relieve the Russians of both effort and unpopularity. Repression is so much more respectable when carried on by the natives themselves. So, in both Poland and Afghanistan the Soviet leaders have been compelled to follow a softer line because of their need for American wheat. If this is what Russia's foreign policy is like when her rulers wish to be conciliatory, we must be thankful to Khrushchev for unintentionally causing such agricultural damage that she cannot afford real hostility.

The achievement for which Khrushchev is most famous is what is called de-Stalinisation. In his 'Secret Speech' to the 20th Party Congress in February 1956 he made a bid for popularity with the power-base of the Soviet Union, the country's Party secretaries. The man who in the 1937 'meat-mincer' purge trials had led a mob of 200,000 in a demonstration demanding death for those opposing Stalin, 'the beacon that guides all progressive mankind', now denounced the 'base adulation' once heaped on the Vozhd. Far from being secret, the speech was discussed by 40 million people in meetings in the USSR. The rest of the world was astounded. This was a real break with the past. It became clear that not only was the age of mass semi-legal terror at an end but also that of the domination of the Party by the leader. Henceforth the leader was to rule by grace of the party; he was to emerge by consent, but power was still to be concentrated in the hands of the Party, the iron hand be concealed in a thicker velvet glove.

Up to 8 million political prisoners were released in the following years. Greater cultural autonomy was granted to the non-Russian national groups. As nearly half the population of the USSR are not Great Russians and 104 languages are spoken in the Soviet Union, this was indeed liberalism at the expense of efficiency. There were no political executions during Khrushchev's term of office, though a new legal code in 1961 stipulated death for economic crimes, armed robbery etc. Khrushchev's defeated enemies, Malenkov, Molotov and Kaganovich, escaped not only with their lives but their freedom and good jobs—far away from Moscow. One wonders how Molotov felt as Ambassador to Mongolia. Khrushchev began the practice of sending inconvenient people to psychiatric hospitals rather than to labour camps, though a fair number were still sent to these spartan institutions.

Naturally, in the West, it is the liberalisation in literature which has impressed itself most firmly on people's minds. Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*, Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* and Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone* all came before the reading public, though with difficulty. *New World*, edited by Tvardovsky, took a cautiously liberal line. The stirrings of what one could call the *samizdat* community appeared and were not stamped out. Although 1956 and 1961 were the peak years of de-Stalinisation, there was never any danger of a return to the grim days of Zhandov's persecutions of the 1940s.

When Khrushchev became an 'honorary pensioner', Brezhnev and Kosygin did not try to restore the pre-1956, let alone the pre-1953, state of affairs. They could only slow down the relaxation of the grip of orthodoxy. The trials of Daniel and Sinavsky in 1966 ended in prison sentences inflicted by a régime which disliked criticism, particularly from Russian writers of works published abroad. But the accused were allowed to state their case in open court. In the satellites repression was even slacker. A Hungarian, Haraszti, who wrote a book criticising government handling of industry received a prison sentence of one day. Both Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov were treated with great latitude (by Soviet standards).

Slowly but surely the right of emigration by Jews in limited numbers and after great publicity and pressure was conceded. Persecution of inconvenient people became indirect and often caused more trouble than it was worth, as the difficulties experienced and inflicted by the Medvedev brothers showed. The writers of the *samizdats* multiplied and became more daring. There were even attempts to start free trade unions, though as a rule their founders were swiftly removed to psychiatric hospitals. One psychiatrist, Dr. Koryagin, actually pronounced such a trade unionist sane—though he lost his hospital post for his courage. Films like *The Theme,* which criticised the well-paid élite, have recently been shown. One film, *Rasputin,* even portrayed Czar Nicholas II as a kindly man in his private life.

Khrushchev's departure from office into peaceful retirement shows the extent and acceptability of de-Stalinisation. It also showed how such a policy was turned on its initiator; the lesson had been learned that the leadership was truly collective and controlled by the Party. Perhaps when Khrushchev lamented that his worst problem in retirement was boredom he could at least console himself with the thought it was a problem never suffered by Stalin's defeated enemies. When Khrushchev died his one-time colleagues and eventual supplanters published a brief notice expressing 'sorrow'.

Thus, although the Soviet Union is still a collective totalitarian dictatorship, life is much easier than it was. Political life in particular is not nearly so ruthless. Indeed, for any survivors from the 1930s and 1940s it must seem a bed of roses. The process of de-Stalinisation illustrates the truth that once a society starts moving towards freedom it cannot effectively be stopped. However, the diminution of physical pressure applied by the government also means—under Russian conditions—the loss of moral force. The official atheist publication *Science and Religion* deplores the 'spiritual emptiness' of the younger generation. So there is not enough goulash and little real enthusiasm for Communism as a faith. This was made painfully clear in Brezhnev's speech to the Party in February 1981. The Party is allowing attacks on the faith and not vigorously defending it.

In conclusion it can fairly be said that Khrushchev, both intentionally and unintentionally, for good reasons and bad, did more than any other Russian statesman to give a better life to his people—and a more peaceful one to the rest of the world. It is sad that the eleventh anniversary of his death will not be publicly remembered in his own land.

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AGENCIES FOR WHOM?

by Tim Parks

IT is some fifteen years now since the first great boom of the secretarial agencies, those concerns who advertise so consistently in the daily newspapers and the London Underground and with whose name every personnel manager in the city must be familiar. At first there were only a few important names and a smattering of very small concerns. Now there are literally hundreds of such agencies in London alone, handling between them thousands of jobs every day. For the young woman at the beginning of her career they constitute—like it or not—a very significant part of life.

Most of these agencies, and particularly the smaller ones, as opposed to the large chains, are run by women and apparently for women and call themselves by women's names. The young woman searching for an appointment is attracted by the possibility of advice from someone of her own sex. Yet it must remain an open question whether, over the last decade, they have really helped, or perhaps on the contrary actually hindered the female cause in the commercial world of the city.

Recent investigations into the effectiveness of the Equal Pay Act have shown that women are losing, rather than gaining, ground against men at work. A study initiated by the Equal Opportunities Commission and the SSRC which reported in November, 1980, isolated the problem as one of segregation. 70% of women still work in jobs in which no or very few men are employed. Hence it is impossible for them to claim parity.

On the factory shop floor segregation can often be practical and understandable. Alternatively, it can be artificially engineered for the purpose of maintaining low wages for one particular type of job—which is disgraceful, but still comprehensible. Yet in the office, the maintenance of job segregation is far more profoundly the result of very strong and generally held attitudes towards the role of men and women in society and at work. There is no practical reason why there should be any kind of job segregation here, and yet the fact remains that 87% of management and executive positions are still held by men and over 90% of secretarial positions by women. Obviously, there still remains—and to a certain extent among women as well as men—the attitude that a man in a responsible position, supported by a woman as his assistant, is the proper way business should be done. The question that must be asked of the Secretarial Agencies is, whether they have done anything to erode this attitude, or whether in fact—by exploiting the present situation—they have actually contributed to its perpetuation.

The women working in the agencies are caught in something of a cleft stick over the feminist issue. Though many of them are aware and motivated and would like to see the situation change, they are not a political organisation. They are in business to make money. And the money naturally comes from the employers to whom they supply secretaries—not from the women who come to them looking for work. Many

of the agencies do also compete for the appointment of women to higher executive positions, some even specialise in it, but in the final analysis they have only a very limited ability to persuade the—almost certainly male— employer against his prejudices. And even to try to do so can be dangerous for them commercially. Because, being in very strong competition with each other, they are usually obliged to bend over backward to satisfy the employer's demands. Which means they often have to find very talented, able women, and then persuade them to accept jobs which offer no career prospects and involve merely being the perpetual assistant to a man of probably no greater, often lesser, ability than themselves.

The agencies actually vary a great deal here in their attitude to the women they place. Certainly many of them—particularly the smaller agencies—are very concerned indeed. But the problem is that the higher a girl's sights are set, the less likely she is to bring an adequate return to the agency on the amount of work they will have to undertake to place her. To make matters worse, individual employees within the agencies usually receive commission for their work only when they actually place somebody in a job. Hence some of them are reluctant to deal with difficult highfliers, while others frankly have no qualms about persuading people to take jobs they could never be happy in. Unfortunately, it is in their interest to deflate, rather than encourage, expectations. For the young woman approaching the job market for the first time, it can be extremely dispiriting to be told by another woman to accept that she can expect no more than so much in a man's world.

More generally though, in advertising to attract women to come to their particular business, some of the agencies are guilty of openly perpetuating precisely the old narrow vision of life that maintains segregation of appointments in the office and the low wages and career difficulties that go with it. Consider, for example, an advertisement like this: 'Creative executive, top ad-agency, up to his eyeballs in ideas, needs cheerful, unflappable secretary (graduate) to get them down on paper'—or this—'Break into the exciting world of films—Extrovert Media Manager requires super-sec to arrange his hectic, disorganised life.' It is clear how the agencies play upon the assumed attractiveness (even to a graduate) of an appointment that is in the end no more than menial—the woman behind the supposedly dynamic man. It is sad to see female-run business concerns involved in promoting this kind of attitude.

The tube advertisements of the larger agencies (not generally run by women) have likewise created for 'temping' an image of ease and carefree independence which again glamourises, as if it were a privilege, a role that for many is practically a last resort—the only thing they are able to do given the impossibility of obtaining any better position.

The agencies argue of course, and with some justice, that they must take the world as they find it, that these are the only jobs generally available to women, that women should even be glad that they have the secretarial slice of the job market to themselves, and finally that they, the

agencies, have achieved a great deal in helping young women to find any work at all and in keeping temping salaries at a reasonable level. All this is true. But the fact remains that in working with the system as it is and being obliged (in order to survive) actively to present it as attractively and positively as they can, many of the agencies have simply become an agent of its perpetuation.

One of the women working in a smaller agency—sympathetic but utterly without illusions—explained her predicament like this:

> In 95 cases out of a hundred, I admit I have to place people in jobs that are quite frankly dull and poorly paid and, for many of the girls, well below their capacity—simply little administrative jobs that should really be just a small step on the way for everybody, men as well as women. All I can do is check that pay and working conditions are reasonable. But when a girl comes along who truly has talent and is tough enough to hang on for something good—then I really work hard to get it for her. And sometimes I do.

Sometimes.

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HERBERT SPENCER AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCE

by Betty Abel

HERBERT Spencer lived from 1820 to 1903, becoming in his long life a notable scientist, philosopher, sociologist (the earliest of importance in the English-speaking world) and an authority on educational matters, especially those concerning the reform of the curriculum and psychological, developmental theories of learning. By 1867 he had been offered but had refused the Chair of Mental Philosophy and Logic at University College, London, and the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh. Yet he had received no formal university education in any of these disciplines, hardly any schooling except at the hands of a clergyman uncle, and his early working life was spent as a civil and locomotive engineer on the newly-developing railways. Twelve years were consumed in unsuccessful career experiments. He was a teacher for less than one year, an engineer for eight, these being interrupted by a spell of three years as a journalist. During the railway boom of the early 1840s, he invented all sorts of ingenious devices—a velocimeter, a dynamometer, a cyclograph, type-founding machines, sewing machines, pumps, devices for hurling mail-bags from moving trains—not one of which was a permanent commercial success. By 1848 at the age of 28 he was still unsettled, still poor, not having any clear ideas for the conduct of his life.[1]

However, an unexpected appointment in 1848 as sub-editor to *The Economist*, a journal originally founded by the Anti-Corn-Law League, gave shape and purpose to the rest of his career. This stroke of good fortune is less surprising than it appears, for Spencer had for a number of years been active in local political affairs in Derby, his home town, had taught himself a great deal of science, economics and politics and had contributed letters to *The Nonconformist* at frequent intervals. These, collected into a pamphlet, had influenced the editor and proprietor (James Wilson) of *The Economist* in his favour. He had been chosen out of 'more than 70' applicants, none of the others having even received replies to their letters.[2] Holding this post until 1853, living at first above the office at 340 Strand, he met some of the most advanced thinkers and writers of the day. There and in the neighbouring office of Mr. Chapman, the publisher, he began his enduring friendship with George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, T. H. Huxley, the great physicist Tyndall (he who made lightning in test-tubes for the delight of Queen Victoria),[3] the historian Froude, Horace Greeley (editor of the *New York Tribune*) and Thomas Hodgskin, anarchist and disciple of William Godwin. All were willing to cultivate his friendship, seeing in him a forceful and original thinker. It is often assumed that Spencer's social life was dreary and uneventful.[4] No one reading *An Autobiography*, published posthumously in 1904, can imagine this to have been so, for Central London became his village where he moved easily between the houses and offices of his scientific and journalist friends and the Athenaeum Club. Sir Joseph Hooker, the distinguished

botanist, and John Stuart Mill were readily accessible for discussion of the theory that became Spencer's preoccupation, that of the scientific evolution of biological species. Hooker and Tyndall were his constant companions on walks and fishing holidays in Scotland: with George Eliot he talked about some of his most unusual ideas and learned to respect her serious view of fiction as an art form. By 1860, when the famous debate took place at Oxford between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce in which Wilberforce refused to regard monkeys as his ancestors, Herbert Spencer was the foremost exponent of the Darwin-Huxley school of thought.

When, in June 1871, Spencer launched his series of eighteen articles on 'The Study of Sociology' in the *Contemporary Review*, he was carrying out an important part of his design, originated in 1860, to write a comprehensive work called *A System of Synthetic Philosophy* in which he proposed to run a logical slide-rule over all the known life-sciences. Philosophy, the mother-science, was to provide the structure, the matrix into which were to be fitted, book by book, the evolutionary study of biology, psychology, sociology and politics. The chief significance of the articles in the *Contemporary Review* and of the remarkably popular book which they subsequently became is that in them Spencer makes a preliminary survey of the whole sphere of a subject then new to the orbit of science. The essays deal first with the need for a science of society; second, with the possibility of such a science; third, with its nature; fourth, with the peculiar emotional and ideological difficulties it has to face; and finally with its bases in biology and psychology. His synthesis of knowledge assumes the pre-eminence of science over religion but, at the same time, that of the individual over society and its legislative arrangements. For he had become confirmed in two over-riding beliefs, both of them central and vital to his sense of identity. One was a strong conviction of the truth of the scientific theory of evolution (even before the publication in 1859 of Darwin's *Origin of Species*) and a consequent agnosticism about the prevailing Christian theory of divine creation: the other was that man's most precious asset was his individuality and that an essential iniquity resided in excessive legislation. That these two passions were mutually exclusive becomes clear when the logical pattern of his system is examined. For, in the description of human society as an extended version of biological growth, as a complex 'organism' on the analogy of man's own development, he regards the functional, necessarily legislative groups thus formed as 'limbs' of the main trunk, each with its particular role to play in the smooth running of the whole. Or, again, like the tadpole, the social organism grows discardable parts which serve their turn. Diversification of function ('heterogeneity') succeeds herd activity ('homogeneity') in the social as well as the biological organism. Specialisation of function would surely, then, require a legal 'limb', if society were to carry out the many reforms which Spencer envisages. It would, too, require some means of educating the scientists who would understand how to discriminate between those reforms.

Spencer's assumption seems from first to last to have been that his two beliefs were never incompatible. The strategy and technique of his lengthy expositions can be seen working to highlight the coherence of these two self-identifying characteristics and to minimise their inner contradictions. The *Contemporary Review* is fortunate in having in its pages, only six years after its own inception, full explanations of Spencer's two philosophical positions. The first statement consists of the 'Study of Sociology', printed between June 1871 and October 1873; the second, of four articles published between April and July, 1884. These four essays, avowedly political and *laissez-faire* in attitude, have titles that indicate their polemic character: 'The Coming of Slavery', 'The Sins of Legislators' (two essays) and 'The Great Political Superstition'.

There are two reasons why Spencer chose to write at so great a length in his first series. One was that by 1871 he had reached a stage in his grand design for the *Synthetic Philosophy* when, although he had become well-known, often opposed and much publicised for his agnostic views expressed in volumes on biology and psychology, he hoped to prepare the minds of potential readers to take an imaginative leap into the even more controversial waters of evolutionary sociology. *The Principles of Sociology,* the next projected book in the philosophical scheme, was to be the crown of the system. But it required an explanatory bridge of a semi-scientific kind between it and the *Principles of Psychology.* 'The extra book', he called it in letters to his American publisher.[5] *First Principles* had appeared in 1862, *The Study of Biology* in 1864 and *The Principles of Psychology,* Vol. 2, in 1871. A second reason for publication in parts in the *Contemporary Review* was that Spencer's immediate plans for the classified *Principles* and the *Descriptive Sociology* had struck a reef: he needed money, especially for the 'accumulation of materials . . . which I was carrying out by proxy'.[6] This accumulation involved the payment of numerous field-workers whose task was to bring back news of tribal customs, national habits, stories about the beliefs and practices of alien peoples in every known clime and culture from 'primitive' to 'civilised', all to be fitted into the vast jig-saw puzzle of *Descriptive Sociology.* The immediate problems were solved when Spencer's greatest admirer in America, Professor Youmans, came to London to invite him to contribute to a series of volumes in *The International Scientific Series,* published by Appletons of New York. However, in view of Spencer's reluctance to do so at once, Youmans 'volunteered to arrange . . . that the successive chapters of *The Study of Sociology* should be first published serially, in England and America at the same time. Here the *Contemporary Review,* then owned by Mr. Strahan and edited by Mr. Knowles, was the contemplated medium; and a fit medium in the United States, Professor Youmans proposed to negotiate with as soon as possible after his return'.[7] Youmans failed in New York to find 'a fit medium' but, with the backing of Appletons, he took the opportunity of founding an appropriate journal himself, called *The Popular Science Monthly.* It was an immediate and lasting success.

Spencer's first article, in June 1871, was preparatory. On 'Mental

Evolution', it explained the general principles of evolution in psychological terms, showing the progressive development of human capacities through 'acquired characteristics' and embracing Darwin's ideas of natural selection: indeed, Spencer had already so far agreed with Darwin that he had, in his *Principles of Biology*, Vol. 3, Chapter XII, coined the phrase 'this survival of the fittest'. But the Sociology proper begins in April, 1872 (Vol. 19), describing his view of the connection between social phenomena and the essentially scientific character of 'social causation'. Largely, it indicates the style of writing that he follows throughout the series, being, as he says later, 'popular in matter and manner', using 'much piquant illustration'.[1] This article and the next (in May, 1872) shows Spencer fighting on several fronts. He pleads for the recognition of social science as primarily the most significant of the sciences, with its central position in relation to man in the universe. He demonstrates 'an immense incongruity between the attitude in which the most disciplined minds approach other orders of natural phenomena and that in which they approach the phenomena presented by societies': in view of the inevitably slow pace of evolutionary change, modifications can only be hindered in their development by interference from outside agencies like the state, and scientists should be aware of it. Minds in which the conceptions of social actions 'are thus rudimentary' seem to imagine that every evil admits of cure and that 'the cure lies within the reach of the law'. Here he reveals one of his major logical contradictions, for to him an essential stepping-stone in evolutionary 'progress' is a legislative agency as one of the means of dividing labour. History should deal not only in the deeds of great leaders but also in the 'natural rhythm' of the societies behind these leaders. The 'King and General' or 'great-man' account of history is vestigial superstition, often implying, as in Froude's *History of England*, that the leader acts as God's deputy. Spencer's two chief enemies, religion and the law, are blamed for their power to block man's upward progress to a higher plane of evolution.

Examples he gives of administrative bungling are topical ones. Of planned architecture, the chosen design for the new Law Courts (which were eventually opened in 1882) 'meets with almost universal condemnation'. The introduction to London of a main drainage system (inaugurated between 1858 and 1865 by Sir W. Bazalgette, in response to concern about the prevalence of typhoid fever) had produced 'foul results' such as 'the fever at Lord Londesborough's'. In Windsor, the epidemic 'had been very fatal in good houses', for all had been connected to sanitary arrangements. The poor part of the town had escaped, having no drains.[2] Strangely, no mention is made of the untimely death from typhoid of Prince Albert ten years before, or of Queen Victoria's conviction that want of drainage was to blame, or of the fact, now recorded by Lady Longford in *Victoria, R.I.*, p. 372, that at that time one man in every three died of an infectious fever. The nationalisation of railways is opposed by Spencer, whilst 'being advocated by those who every morning read of . . . cross-purposes in the dock-yards, or wretched army organisation, or the diplomatic bungling that endangers peace . . . all

without having their confidence in officialdom shaken'.[10] Building Acts cause fruitless expenditure: after Messrs. Barry and Reid had spent £200,000 on failing to ventilate the House of Commons, what hope was there for the ventilation of small houses? There is no reference to the disastrous fire in 1834 which had necessitated the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament. The solution to all ills seems to be 'wait and see', for hasty action is costly to redress.

Throughout the subsequent essays, Spencer continually reverts to his theme of legislative inefficiency and its possibilities of error. Do not provide alms for the poor lest you increase the number of those unwilling to work. Worst of all, by allowing idle married couples in workhouses to consort together, you risk an upsurge in population numbers, laying a further charge on an already over-burdened state. It is a familiar argument but an unseemly one from the prophet of the new Utopia. Spencer's method is a curious mixture of homely illustration given as 'evidence' and a strict interpretation of well-validated conclusions reached in the exact sciences. He blames others for slipping too easily into opinions about social questions; even careful scientists do it, he says, whilst he ignores the mote in his own eye. Not that he ever claims for sociology the status of an exact science like Astronomy. His view of social science gradually unfolds with astonishing completeness, so that at least two aspects of it are clearly revealed.

One is that the system he builds, whilst logically consistent within its own terms, rests on assumptions which he takes to be 'given'. They do not hold if any one of these assumptions is questioned. Individual evolution is the fundamental mode of change, both in organisms and in the cosmos: that society changes would certainly now be accepted as 'given', but his classification of societies themselves in their 'progress' from primitive to civilised status is questionable, as is his conviction of the inevitability of progress itself in such terms. But his arguments for understanding the various sciences and their relevance to man in his environment are unsurpassed. And his excursions into what he considers examples of bad laws sometimes hit their mark, as when he objects to certain protective measures for the mentally handicapped, saying 'and here is Dr. Maudsley speaking of asylum-made lunatics . . . as evidence of the mischief often done by measures supposed to be curative'.[11]

In May 1872 (Vol. 19, 'Is There a Social Science?'), Spencer attacks those who would deny it by citing first some arguments against 'the theory of divine government' at the heart of the religious interpretation of man's destiny. It lends credence to the 'great-man-theory' of history, inculcated from childhood through exclusively biographical accounts of great events. The two notions of divinity and the great man are allied; for, if social progress is due to decisions by the leader, 'his origin is supernatural or it is natural'. If supernatural, 'then he is a deputy-god and we have theocracy once removed—or rather, not removed at all'. We then have to agree that 'the determination of Caesar to invade Britain was divinely inspired' and that, from him down to George III, 'successive rulers were

appointed to carry out successive designs'. These were all war-like and invoked the help of God or gave him thanks for victory. If, however, this solution is unacceptable, then the great man is natural and must be the product of his antecedents. Then comes the evolution of 'acquired characteristics':

> If all biological science . . . convinces you that by no possibility will an Aristotle come from a father and mother with facial angles of fifty degrees and that out of a tribe of cannibals there is not the remotest possibility of a Beethoven arising; then you must admit that the genesis of the great man depends on the long series of complex influences which has produced the race in which he appears, and the social state into which that race has slowly grown.

Further, his race would not be ready for him, should he arise out of due time; a Shakespeare without the wealth of a language enriched over a hundred generations, or a Watt in a tribe ignorant of iron. The great-man-theory usually ignores 'that vast pre-existing supply of power which he unlocks. . . If you wish to understand the phenomena of social evolution, you will not do so though you read yourself blind over the biographies of all the great rulers on record, down to Frederic the Greedy and Napoleon the Treacherous'. On the subject of acquired characteristics, few present-day sociologists would see eye to eye with Spencer, largely because it is almost impossible to trace their origin or to see a clear distinction between them and faculties that are innate. Anthropologists would be quick to deny his assumption that great men arise only at a particular stage in the evolution of a race: the proliferation of specialist sciences, welcomed and even initiated by Spencer, has meant that social anthropology has superseded his interpretation of social facts. Primitive men are seen not to be the child-like creatures he supposed them to be, nor is religion to be wholly explained in terms of ancestor-worship and the Divine Right of Kings.

He does, however, administer some useful correctives to the historians of the day. Froude, for instance, actively objects to social evolution on the ground that in historical studies no predictions are possible. But here Spencer brings up his main contention that there are general motives in man which can be recognised. How could Froude advocate legislation for the punishment of criminals if it were not a likely deterrent? Certain desires must be held in common for men to form societies at all. Scientific pre-visions have varying degrees of definiteness and 'if there is *some* pre-vision there is *some* science'. Froude and Charles Kingsley both deny their own assertions when they imply 'causes' deeply rooted in human nature, having results in political action.

One good reason for the popularity of Spencer's articles in the journal would surely be found in his lively contention that the 'bias' of the English nation was to denigrate its own achievements. In 'The Bias of Patriotism' (Vol. 21, March 1873), he takes detractors to task, particularly Matthew Arnold whose comparative method of criticism he praises whilst deploring the fact that, in *Culture and Anarchy*, Arnold dubs the English 'deficient in ideas'. Arnold attributes to the British success in practical matters alone, seeing practice in antithesis to the

ideas in which the French, for instance, excel. Spencer, in one of his best passages, shows how firmly good practice depends on sound ideas. An enterprise, to be successful, requires 'thoughts that are true'. Always an engineer at heart, he lists the following remarkable undertakings by the British all over the European Continent. There was the supplying of water to Amsterdam; the draining of Naples; Toulouse and Bordeaux were lighted with gas by an English Company; The Rhone Hydraulic Company, an English firm, harnessed 10,000 horsepower of energy at the Bellegarde rapids to sell to manufacturers; many of the chief towns in Belgium, Holland and Germany were lighted by our Continental Gas Association; the first English steamer 'astonished the people of Coblentz, in 1817, by making its appearance there, so initiating steam navigation'; the first English steamer started across the Atlantic. Then, enumerating some achievements since 1800 in scientific discovery, Spencer shows his real strength, his wide-ranging grasp of scientific methods and principles: Sir John Herschel's inductive methods of observation and inference have revolutionised Astronomy, and John Stuart Mill has systematised them in Logic; Boole's application to Logic of mathematical practice has been 'a step more important than any since Aristotle'. Only those, like Matthew Arnold, with an exclusively literary education could underestimate inventions like Babbage's calculating machines or the logic-machine of Jevons. Arnold's contention that we are backward in pursuing abstract knowledge comes at a time when 'we have lately done more to advance the most abstract and purely-ideal science, than has been done anywhere else at any past period'. There is the morphology and classification of biological species accomplished by Huxley; and no book of recent times has influenced the conceptions of modern scientists like the first edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species;* Sir William Herschel's contribution to Sidereal Astronomy has been at the base of the work of Huggins, Lockyer and others in 'conceiving the structure of our galaxy'. Continental sources are quoted in support of the view that the English are far from being uncreative, as Arnold alleges. The notion that fertility of ideas is foreign to science, and is somehow superior in the arts, is demonstrably false.

Nonetheless, Spencer goes badly astray in the face of Arnold's description of language. Here, the accusation he levels at Arnold of possessing an entirely literary education may be turned against Spencer whose knowledge of the arts is minimal, and often misconceived. He admits this but does not hesitate to argue that Arnold's suggestion for something like the French Academy in new form could prevent an obvious deterioration in English usage. Spencer's account of the Academy's ineffectual supervision of French is couched in humourless and ignorant terms. Given his pre-occupation with logical structure, he ignores or fails to understand one of the human aspects of all language: that it requires mediation if the speaker is to be fully heard and that repetition in some form is often necessary for emphasis or clarity.

> Among the most conspicuous defects of the [French] language . . . there is in daily use the expression *Qu'est que c'est?* and even *Qu'est que c'est que cela?*

> If, in some remote corner of England is heard the analogous expression,—'What is that there here?', it is held to imply entire absence of culture: the use of two superfluous words proves a want of that close adjustment of language to thought which even partially-educated persons have reached. How is it, then, that though in this French phrase there are five superfluous words (or six, if we take *cela* as two) the purifying criticism of the French Academy has not removed it?

Again, why have they not tidied up their language in other ways, such as removing the double negative, or systematising the genders? After all, these have been systematised in English. How, with this excellent example before them, have the French not benefited from it? And then, as though these solecisms were not offence enough, Spencer blandly and incongruously reverts to his usual principles about society's natural emergence, describing how English has developed 'naturally', without benefit of Academy, its progress having been aided by many apparent corruptions and illogicalities.

The Study of Sociology was published in book form one month after the appearance of the final article in the *Contemporary Review*. No modern author can ever have had a similar experience. By 1888, it had run to fourteen editions, in the *International Scientific Series*. It was reprinted in 1961 in the latest known edition. Spencer calculated that, with his fees from the *Contemporary Review* and the *Popular Science Monthly*, he would have gained from its sale £1,500 by 1873. (*An Autobiography*, Vol. 2, p.255). He writes to Professor Youmans, 'The publication of my articles in the *Contemporary Review* . . . greatly increased the demand for my books; and the increased demand proved to be permanent'. Inexplicably, he adds 'I am getting quite popular with women'.

NOTES

1 Biographical information summarised from *An Autobiography* by Herbert Spencer, 2 Vols. Williams and Norgate, 1904.
2 *Ibid.*, Vol. 1, pp. 334-335.
3 *Victoria R.I.* by Elizabeth Longford, p. 382. Pan Books.
4 'Herbert Spencer and the Individualists', Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw in *Social and Political Ideas of the Victorian Age*; lectures at King's College, London, 1931-32. 'His passage through this world was an existence rather than a life.'
5 *An Autobiography*, Vol. 2, p. 242.
6 *Ibid.*, p. 252.
7 *Ibid.*, p. 243.
8 *Ibid.*, p. 244.
9 *Contemporary Review*, April 1982, Vol. 19, pp. 555-572.
10 *Ibid, op. cit.*
11 *Ibid., op. cit.*

[Betty Abel will contribute a second article on the life and work of Herbert Spencer in the July issue.]

EXHIBITIONS AT THE HAYWARD, SERPENTINE AND ANTHONY D'OFFAY

by Simon Passmore

THE exhibition of Edward Hopper's paintings at the Hayward Gallery showed how difficult an artist he is to classify. Attempts to label him as a 'naturalist' or 'realist' are unconvincing; Hopper in fact employs a highly formal and deliberate organisation, as in 'Early Sunday Morning' (1930). This presents a section of a street, shops below and apartments above, offering a pattern of light and shadow emphasised by the rhythm of identical windows and doors, and broken by a barber's pole and hydrant. It is neither realistic nor naturalistic, since such terms take no account of the moodiness so important to this painting: its sense of the lives lived behind those shades and curtains, not shown yet strongly suggested. Observation—the essential act of naturalism and realism—is combined in Hopper's best work with his power to draw substance to the surface, and fix there what he has seen with what he knows.

Hopper is in an important sense part of an American tradition, one which is particularly concerned with light. When he began to paint at the turn of the century, there was already a well-established luminist tradition in the United States: painters such as Bingham and Fitz Hugh Lane had infused the light in their pictures with a spiritual quality which had much in common with Emerson's transcendental mysticism. Luminism was diametrically opposed to the impressionism which Hopper imitated while a student in Paris (four paintings in this style, and painted in 1907, are included in the exhibition). Monet's light is a disintegrating, scattering force, while Bingham's and Hopper's suggest a material solidity. When light penetrates a window in 'Woman in the Sun' (1961) it has an almost physical quality of presence, acknowledged by the woman herself who stands naked in the blaze of sunshine, facing its source. She is not alone.

But light can be forcefully divisive, as well, and in 'Second Storey Sunlight' (1960) a girl and an old woman are isolated on an upper verandah above the shadowed ground, as though trapped in an area of sunshine. Again, in 'Office at Night' (1940) the tension which is so evident here is organised by luminous contrasts: a pool of lamplight isolates the man at his desk, while the standing woman is picked out by the bar of more garish light from the window, which lies on the wall above her head. She responds to the bright lights of New York at night, while the man ignores the city's harsh glitter and sees only the papers within the illumination of his reading lamp. Painting of this depth has more in common with Emerson than with photorealism.

It is this sense of presence which makes Hopper's forms so solid. His fine landscape 'The Camel's Hump' (1931) has a material, physical quality which makes the hills in a similar, contemporary picture—such as Grant Wood's 'Stone City, Iowa' (1931)—seem something squeezed out of a tube. These are effects Hopper achieves with light, and with his

sense of it as a strong, creative force. The American light of New York City and Cape Cod, Hopper's two homes, gives a sharpness and definition to landscape unknown in Europe.

Early oil sketches done in Paris show Hopper studying the corners of human life which would later reappear in the major paintings: a disused yard, doors and staircases, empty rooms. 'The El Station' (1908), painted a year or two later, depicts a scene typical of the later works, and set in New York. Yet despite the heavy, strong light which characterises the best paintings, this lacks the defined figures so important to 'Nighthawks' (1942) or 'New York Movie' (1939). When the figures cease to be impressionistic daubs and assume life, the power of the paintings increases dramatically. But Hopper's mastery is most impressive when, as in 'Early Sunday Morning,' the presence of his figures is not made explicit but rather felt behind blinds and curtains, through his confident handling of the strong American light.

The Arts Council of Great Britain once again provoked criticism, this time by purchasing the exhibit of Bruce Lacey and Jill Bruce from the recent Serpentine Gallery show, *Continuous Creation*. Yet the theme of that exhibition was a dissatisfaction with the way a work of art is seen as a fixed entity, to be bought and sold. Other exhibits included newspaper constructions updated daily, tape recorders which recorded and later reproduced visitors' remarks, and words painted on canvas which proliferated slowly across the wall. In each case, artists defied the sort of classifications which appear in an auctioneer's catalogue, resisting the marketing of art which relies on a consensus of financial worth.

Many other strategies for avoiding traditional definitions of art are current, and examples are common: performance, installations, video. The multiple series also functions in this way, avoiding the primacy of a single 'masterpiece' and suggesting in its place the possibility of unlimited and equally valid variations on a theme. Rainer Fetting's two paintings of a man showering were among the best contributions to the Royal Academy's *New Spirit* show; several further versions were more recently hanging at Anthony d'Offay, where they formed part of a powerful exhibition.

Fetting's images are vivid and strong, as in his *Self Portrait* (1981) with its piercing eyes and brilliant green skin; he suggests a morbid energy diametrically opposed to Lacey and Bruce's laid-back healthiness. Their celebrated 'dung exhibit', with its dead wood and straw and photos of quaint rituals, is moving steadily towards the condition of mulch, a sort of continuous decay. Within the gallery setting it appears whimsical and bland, merely opting out of the questions of value within which Fetting works. His sense of continuity and creation is not trivial, and he has produced paintings which are both more traditional and more subversive than the Serpentine artists.

CINEMA: A QUARTERLY REVIEW

by David Shipman

WHEN the BBC televised *Pennies From Heaven* there was much discussion as to whether it was the worst programme ever seen on the box or merely the worst to emanate from the BBC. I watched, or tried to, one later episode, since there were some warm reviews, but only gathered that everyone over forty—i.e. those that remembered the period—considered that Dennis Potter, who wrote it, understood neither that era nor its music. He attempted to tell the truth about the Thirties, the grime and gloom, with the contrast of the myth—the ever-optimistic songs, as recorded then and now mimed to by the cast. Potter failed to see, or at least to convey, the reasons for the optimism, while his plot was an irrelevant fable about a travelling salesman who leaves his wife for a nice young teacher who becomes a whore.

Girls who Sinned to Survive were a staple of the films of the Depression, but there was more to them—the films—that that. Since the concept was arty, the interest in M-G-M's film version is why it interested a good commercial director, Herbert Ross, and whether it works as transferred to the mid-West. Ross enjoys making musicals and the numbers here are done with that old Hollywood pizzazz, while the American cast seems at ease miming to the sweet harmony of singers like Bing Crosby and Connee Boswell (the British artists on the soundtrack were working in the American idiom). Steve Martin, imitating the more spineless leading men of the period, is likeable and more relaxed than Bob Hoskins was on television; and in his cameo as an oily wolf, Christopher Walken does a striptease—to Cole Porter's 'Let's Misbehave'—borrowed from the stage musical *Chicago*. Potter's screenplay is so humourless and witless that after a while the musical numbers come as no relief. Such is the pall it casts. At the end, an extended clip of Fred and Ginger doing 'Let's Face the Music and Dance' confirms the film's failure (in the U.S. it has been called *Pennies From Heaven's Gate*): *Follow the Fleet* is almost fifty years old and no one will want to look at this movie even six weeks from now.

You know which film you would rather be watching, and the same thing happens in *Shoot the Moon* as some kids watch a TV screening of *The Wizard of Oz*. This is the film with which Pauline Kael of The New Yorker killed off whatever shred of her reputation was left after that accurately-aimed hatchet job by her colleague Renate Adler in *The New York Review of Books* (concluding that Kael's latest collection of criticism was worthless not only overall but in every sentence). Kael said of *Shoot the Moon* that 'there isn't a scene . . . that rings false' and that Diane Keaton and Albert Finney 'give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary', but for most other critics Finney's awfulness is already a legend. As a successful author who leaves his wife (Keaton) he seems to have thought his assignment was Dracula, effectively killing whatever truths were in Bo Goldman's screenplay—those,

that is, not assassinated by the director, Alan Parker. In *Melvin and Howard* and *The Rose* Goldman proved an attentive and witty observer of the contemporary scene; in *Midnight Express* and *Fame* Parker turned out to be chiefly interested in showing off. As a television director he underplayed his situations, as critics of that medium like, but he tries to please movie critics by going in for overkill. The excesses he wreaks on Goldman's script are such that the finale—in which Finney goes berserk —only evokes a weak 'ho-hum'.

Ms. Keaton, giggling as usual, nevertheless attempts a portrait in depth of a four-time mother suddenly bereft of the father. Hers is the tragedy, but the film cares not to plumb it, and as much may be said of Kate Jackson's loss in *Making Love.* Both films follow in the wake of *Kramer vs. Kramer;* they are made by the new 'concerned' Hollywood. *(Shoot the Moon* borrows its plot from *An Unmarried Woman,* with the husband again wanting in after walking out) and both parade their cultural references—Gilbert and Sullivan and Rupert Brooke in *Making Love,* Jack London and 'that restaurant in Provence' in *Shoot the Moon.* Both are carefully set in upper suburbia—Marin County and Beverly Hills respectively; and *Making Love* is also po-faced on the matter of separation and divorce. The director is Arthur Hiller, closer to his *Love Story* form than *The Americanisation of Emily* and that is because he is over solicitous. The industry regards this film as a trail-blazer: for Ms. Jackson's husband, a doctor (Michael Ontkean), leaves her for another man, a writer (Harry Hamlin). Since both men are sort-of gay versions of the upright blacks Sidney Poitier used to play, the tale is little more than soap opera; but Barry Sandler's screenplay is convincing in the crucial scenes, as when the writer admits his homosexuality (a word, incidentally, never mentioned) in order to get the doctor to confess that he isn't, after all, straight. Wisely, the latter is shown to have 'predilections' despite a happy marriage—which has no chance of surviving once they are realised.

The traditional Hollywood is on display in *Rich and Famous* and *Body Heat*—indeed, both feed on old movies, but more advisedly than others in recent years. *Rich and Famous* is an updated version of *Old Acquaintance,* now with Jacqueline Bisset as the highbrow novelist and Candice Bergen as the empty-headed friend who writes trashy best-sellers. The cultural references in this case are laughable, but elsewhere Gerald Ayres's screenplay is sneakily funny and George Cukor's bears witness to his fifty years in the business. (As it happens, I saw parts of this film again on a transatlantic flight without benefit of earphones, which emphasised the *texture* Cukor had given it.) *Body Heat* is a smooth directorial debut for Lawrence Kasdan, handling his own screenplay after writing such films as *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Continental Divide.* His source is *Double Indemnity* and the 1946 version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice,* but when taxed with plagiarising James M. Cain he observed, soundly, that the plot had been around since Aeschylus. He follows Cain in providing a hundred and one twists after the wife (Kathleen Turner) and her lover (William Hurt) have successfully bumped off her ageing

husband (Richard Crenna)—and that's at least fifty twists too many. However, Hurt is excellent—a stud in the sack but not too bright at his profession, which is the law; and the dialogue is at its best with the two cops, pals of Hurt's, who are not sure when and how to nab him.

Prince of the City is about the police. Jay Presson Allen and Sidney Lumet wrote it from a novel by Robert Daley based on the experiences of Robert Leuci, a dedicated cop who gave evidence to a Senate commission on the corruption rampant among New York's finest. He 'ratted' while demanding reassurances that his colleagues would not be touched, but since they and he were as guilty as anyone else he finds himself sucked into a whirlpool as dangerous as it is degrading. Lumet has stated that as long as he lives he will never understand the motives of anyone involved, and quotes Leuci as saying that five per cent of the police will always be dishonest, as many again will be incorruptible and the other ninety per cent will follow whichever is the stronger. The moral issues involved are debated for almost three hours and every minute of them is riveting. Treat Williams achieves a blend of modesty and vitality as the cop based on Leuci, and Lumet uses his actors and locations as brilliantly as in his earlier films about crime in New York, *Serpico* and *Dog Day Afternoon.* Another critic, Richard Roud, did his bit for absurdity by claiming in *The Guardian* that the film 'has no shape, very little structure . . . to put it bluntly, Lumet has no style'—as if such qualities were requisites of an entertainment whose goal is to persuade audiences that they're watching real life with all the loose ends dangling.

It is not that Lumet is perfect. Every so often he miscalculates, usually in over-emphasis, and the same is true of Costa-Gavras, the Greek-French director now expatriated to make his first American film, *Missing.* Like Lumet, he has always stressed that he is not a career director, but a film-maker 'who just gets on with the job'—and thank God for them both. Roud also disapproves of Costa-Gavras, and when I pointed out that the virtue of *Z* was its foundation in contemporary event—and a mighty important one at that—he retorted that those interested should read the *New Statesman,* which is, of course, all the justification that Costa-Gavras needs. Fortunately there are more perceptive critics, and *Missing* opened to rave notices in the States. It has also created an uproar, since the American news media in many parts of the country has not been too forthcoming about CIA involvement South of the Border and the film states forcibly that the US government connived at the killing of a young American during the 1973 right-wing coup in Chile. His father, Ed Horman—played in the film, and superbly, by Jack Lemmon—later sued eleven high-ranking officials for $4 million, but though the case was thrown out for lack of evidence, no commentator in the US was impressed by the three-page rebuttal by the State Department issued just after the film's premiere (I saw the film in the US, where youngsters handed out leaflets to cinema-goers against American involvement in El Salvador). Horman's lawyer, Thomas Hauser, wrote a book about the case, and it is that which Donald Stewart and the director have drawn upon for their screenplay. I did not care for the devices by which the

hawkish father warms both to his daughter-in-law (Sissy Spacek) and his dead son's radical views, but the facts themselves are set out as persuasively as in *Etat de Siège,* Costa-Gavras's earlier piece about CIA dirty work in Latin America. Since the result is as compulsive as Lumet's film, we might ask for all our thrillers to be based on actual events and to hell, please, with the likes of Brian de Palma.

Away from Hollywood, the news is with Australia, Poland and Japan. The BBC's extensive Australian film season demonstrated that that industry has far more guts than was apparent from the nostalgia-shrouded Aussie movies which have received distribution in this country, while the stockpile of recent Polish films finds each of them criticising the regime. Neither Kieslowski's *Camera Buff* nor Zanussi's *The Constant Factor* take on the big guns, as did Wajda in *Man of Iron* and *Man of Marble,* but they are nonetheless telling in their portraits of cynicism and corruption at the bottom end of the bureaucratic barrel. Zanussi's *The Contract* further confirms him a director of astute observation and intellectual sinew: he may lack Wajda's power but is far more disciplined. As for Japan, the National Film Theatre mounted a month's season of mainly-rare films to coincide with The Great Japan Show at the Royal Academy. Kobayashi's *Harakiri* is as exciting and masterly a study of the samurai code of honour as I had been led to believe, and Tadashi Imai's *Night Drum* proves that director to be as conscientiously adept at feudal tragedy as he is ferocious in his dramas of social realism. But the revelation was Heinosuke Gosho's *The Fireflies,* a study of hotel life at the close of the Edo era. The films of Gosho that we have seen—less than a handful out of the hundred he made—have indicated a meticulous craftsman and one lovingly involved with his characters; but the flurries of action in this one show that he can handle such matters as well as Kobayashi and Kurosawa. He would seem to be a film-maker of their quality, so it is imperative that the NFT gives us a chance to be sure.

[David Shipman, author and film critic, will in future be contributing *Cinema: A Quarterly Review* on a regular basis. His publications include the forthcoming *The Story of Cinema* in two volumes (Hodder and Stoughton).

We are extremely grateful to James Morton for *Quarterly Film Review* over a period of more than ten years.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

KISSINGER'S ACHIEVEMENT

Henry Kissinger: Years of Upheaval. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 1,283 pp. £15.95.

This is a weighty tome. It would be good for bedside reading since it might induce sleep, but its size and weight would tax tired wrists. So one puts it down with relief, but also with deep respect for the ability, the achievement, and the political range of one of America's greatest Secretaries of State. The pride in himself is obsessive, words like 'creative' and 'spectacular' occur too often, and even for Kissinger 1,300 pages for a story of eighteen months in power is too much. But whatever the telling the record is impressive, and the story a dramatic succession of crises.

Inevitably, this is a book haunted by Nixon's presence. Kissinger is (usually) frank, open and totally loyal. If there is an element of evasion (we still do not know from this account whether the two men went down on their knees and prayed together on Nixon's last night in office), this analysis of the 'two Nixons' is fascinating. There was, he says, 'no true Nixon, several warring personalities struggled for pre-eminence in the same individual. One was idealistic, thoughtful, generous; another was vindictive, petty, emotional. There was a reflective, philosophical, stoical Nixon; and there was an impetuous, impulsive and erratic one.'

If there is nothing especially novel in the picture drawn here, Nixon's basic insecurity and loneliness are drawn with frightening power and in all-too-much detail. He had few real friends. Even in his electoral triumph in 1972 he won because of the Democrats' selection of McGovern rather than from his own merits. He saw himself as the permanent butt of journalistic satire and venom. He lived his political life, from first to last, 'in enemy territory'. Indeed, the book is dotted with some brilliant and perceptive pen portraits: of Haig, of Ehrlichman and of Allende in Chile ('moving to a fate that he both dreaded and invited'); of Haldeman, of Sadat in Cairo, and notably of Edward Heath, who, Kissinger thinks, must in his youth have been 'jolly and gregarious but who had steeled himself by iron self-discipline to rest his eminence not on personality but on performance. . . . In the process his smile grew mirthless.' Heath was, in Kissinger's view, 'the most difficult British head of government we encountered.'

It is tempting to review the book in these personal terms. For a while Kissinger was the pre-eminent world statesman, acting in practice as — until Watergate befell—Nixon would have been acting himself, a world peace-maker at large. Kissinger brought, of course, unusual talents, a schooling and experience in Nazi Germany and thus a deep and historically-rooted knowledge of European politics rare in Washington D.C., a German-Jewish intellectual training (with a consequent addiction to a tautological prose happily less obvious here than in his earlier studies, but still with an over-addiction to abstract forms), a rare capacity to see woods as well as trees and to see global inter-relations, and, after Watergate; acting as 'a Presidential surrogate', holding the fort as the redskins attacked. But for Watergate, the Californian pro with *his* world-view and the German Jew with *his* (in all their apparent contrasts of personality and background) would have made a formidable *duo.*

As it is, Kissinger had to go it alone, to uphold the state as he worked for détente, and to soldier on when his Commander-in-Chief went down in ignominy. To allow him to do so, he was, as far as possible, cushioned from the rumours, and the fall-out, caused by Watergate.

Perversely, it was Europe that he got totally wrong. The Year of Europe was a disaster; Heath was too European to see any value in an American dramatic incursion. Brandt was too much a prisoner of *Ostpolitik* to be of use, and too complex a personality as drawn here to be the ally Adenauer had been. And Michel Joubert, the French Foreign Minister, did not respond to the incursions of Danny Kaye into statemaking—in other tellings this would have been hilarious reading. Each of the European leaders, power barons in their own little democratic worlds, was all too aware of the weakness of the U.S. in the age of Watergate and Vietnam.

But Kissinger had some remarkable successes to his credit. Although he did not get as far as Carter did at Camp David (and how far, the cynic will ask, *was* that?) without Kissinger's efforts the hopes of Camp David could never had been realised; the peacemaking after the 1973 War owed everything to his own personal skill, his patience, his physical endurance in shuttle diplomacy, and his dexterous handling of very touchy people. So was it also with the Soviet Union and detente. His sense of history left him with no illusions, just as it equipped him with a deep awareness of the extent to which the foreign policy of the Kremlin today, like that of the Tsars of yesterday, was the product of fathomless insecurity, of peasant brutality and crudity wedded to dogma of inflexible simplicity. Through it all he walked with rare delicacy, and remarkable judgement. He was sustained by his own enjoyment of the appurtenances of power, by the flattery of his acolytes and by his own self-importance.

To the Nixon years of gloom, however, he brought a welcome touch of drama, success and zest. His world was infinitely more complex than that of his master Metternich but he bestrode it like a colossus. Unfortunately, peace-making and peace-securing are unending tasks, and the job in 1982 is as daunting as ever it was in 1973. He cites aptly the Spanish proverb: 'Traveller, there is no path. Paths are made by walking.' The paths he made were many and wide, and we must be grateful for them, even as the jungle keeps growing over them remorselessly.

ESMOND WRIGHT

HAROLD MACMILLAN

Harold Macmillan. Nigel Fisher. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £12.95.

It seems only a year ago that George Hutchinson wrote his short book, *The Last Edwardian at No. 10. Impression of Harold Macmillan,* which I warmly commended in this journal. The final instalment of Harold Macmillan's six volumes of autobiography is entitled *At the End of the Day.* But this political biography by Sir Nigel Fisher is not the end of the affair. It is an open question whether in this biography we get to the heart of the matter. So we must await the posthumous and definitive life to be written by Alistair Horne. It is, however, true as Nigel Fisher says in his Preface: 'I have been greatly helped by Harold Macmillan himself. He has kindly read every chapter and made factual amendments where these have been necessary.' So far so good. The author has taken his own line on the many controversial actions taken by Macmillan.

Nigel Fisher's narrative is written in a straightforward, simple style and will be useful for the general reader who wishes to read the story of a distinguished statesman, in a reasonably short book, and more particularly Macmillan's experience in the House of Commons. The more discerning student must await further revelations of Cabinet records and Alistair Horne's official biography, not to mention Antony Howard's official life of R. A. Butler.

Already Conservative M.P.s of varying tendencies, wet and dry (to use the modern jargon) have expressed their anticipated views on Nigel Fisher's middle-way interpretation of Macmillan's complicated character. But one would like to know if some of them held the same views during Macmillan's ascendancy as they now pronounce their views with rather pompous dignity. I have used the adjective 'middle-way', but in fact Macmillan's book *The Middle Way* converted Nigel Fisher to conservatism. I remember the book vividly, because at that time Political and Economic Planning (P.E.P.) an influential research body, of which I was joint founder, was sympathetic with some of Macmillan's views. Harold Wilson has already praised the premiership of Harold Macmillan. It remains for history and the official biography to see Macmillan in the round. Meanwhile Nigel Fisher has performed a public service to all subsequent writers by clearing away much of the undergrowth and by giving us most of the facts and a brief outline of the political history surrounding Macmillan's controversial leadership. My own view based upon observation in the House of Commons and on friendship (never intimate) is that he was a distinguished and contentious public servant and Prime Minister. The rest must be left to history.

KENNETH LINDSAY

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

Social Democracy in Britain: Must Labour Lose? Peter Zentner. John Martin. Hardback £9.95. Paperback £2.95.

Workmanlike, accurate and perceptive look at the origins of the SDP and the Alliance, Peter Zentner's journalistic account of *Social Democracy in Britain* is a must for those not familiar with recent history in the making. It is clear and simple without pretensions. Its undisguised bias supports the thesis that Britain is witnessing a radical realignment reflecting the decline of an increasingly narrow Labour Party and loss of support by the Tories. It is an argument I have repeated myself in *Contemporary Review* and in my own *Backbencher's Dilemma* published coincidentally with the launch of the SDP.

Mr. Zentner has the merit of topicality and brings us right up to 1982. As the author points out, the speed of events in 1981 was astonishing. He maps out the period from Roy Jenkins's return via Limehouse, to Crosby and beyond. A large part of the book traces the internal struggles of the Labour Party which carried the embryonic Social Democrats.

One wonders whether the coincidence of Thatcher's monetarism and the advance of Labour's militant polyocracy contributed to 1981 as the key year or whether these developments were inevitable in an age of growing social mobility recognised by those who warned the Labour Party of increasing isolationism. There was clearly an intense frustration at the straitjacket of the traditional Parties.

One quotation aptly selected is from Dick Taverne's *The Future of the Left:*

> Sometimes in the past one major issue has so deeply divided a party as to cause it to split. The Corn Laws led to the Peelite revolt from the Tories and Irish Home Rule led to the secession of Chamberlain from the Liberals.

The Common Market is not wholly analogous but I believe it was the catalyst or turning point for many who like me now find themselves at home in the SDP.

The book displays great insight and leads the reader through a fascinating transition. It is not spectacular or inspired but a solid and sensible account. It omits many questions that need to be asked about the future nature of Social Democracy as a 'people's party'.

Social Democracy in Britain may be accused of shallowness, omission of important details, not least about grass roots developments and events which I myself lived through, before and after opting out of Parliament in 1979, that are more complex than left-right simplification. Nevertheless, this account is a must for those concerned with contemporary politics and its curiously stifling electoral system. A table shows how small percentage shifts can alter the whole political complexion of Parliament. Mr. Zentner captures the atmosphere of 1981 in writing:

> It would be no exaggeration to say that many see the SDP as a belated if not final chance to do something positive to arrest a national decline. . . . Anger could once again be directed outwards against the wrongs afflicting society. Political action could again become constructive and outward looking rather than something destructive and inward looking.

This 'chance', leading to Limehouse and the launch of the SDP and the Alliance, now has political credibility. The question remains whether the electoral system and entrenched attitudes will prevent this chance being grasped by 1983 or 1984. That Social Democracy will have a future whatever the short-term results I now have no doubt after reading Mr. Zentner's account of what I thought I knew.

PAUL ROSE

SECRET WAR IN NORWAY

Operation Jupiter: SOE's Secret War in Norway. Dorothy Baden-Powell. Robert Hale. £8.50.

With Dunkirk, Norway is widely thought of as a scene of Allied heroism but German success. On the other hand, the cold ill-wind from the fjords brought the party revolution at Westminster and the replacement of Chamberlain by Churchill. Dorothy Baden-Powell also reminds us that by invading neutral Norway, Nazi Germany opened to her enemy the possibility of stopping the traffic in Swedish iron ore to the furnaces of the *Reich*. (Having as a young Lieutenant of Marines taken part in the British descent upon neutral Iceland, I recall qualms at the breach of international law, justified by the threat of German occupation, with dire consequences for the Battle of the Atlantic.)

Churchill, who endeavoured to exploit the European Resistance to the full, also believed that Operation Jupiter could open a Second Front in Norway, 'unrolling the Nazi map of Europe from the top'. General McNaughton and his Canadians were among those who shared the Prime Minister's enthusiasm. The operation never took place. But Hitler saw it as a logical move for the Allies to make and German troops were withdrawn from the Russian front to counter it.

The Anglo-Norwegian authoress knew the Special Operations Executive from inside: she served with the Scandinavian Section Churchill started in July 1940. She rebuts the charge that SOE was too much recruited from the

well-connected. Her tale of cloak and dagger derring-do is lucid and readable. It is an indispensable chapter in the history of the Second World War. Clear maps are provided.

JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON, M P.

AN ASSESSMENT OF IRIS MURDOCH

Iris Murdoch: Work for the Spirit. Elizabeth Dipple. Methuen. £12.50.

Iris Murdoch is a genuinely mysterious contemporary figure, because the Common Reader, greatly attracted to her compelling narrative powers and Bacchic undertones, is unable to assimilate the philosophical content, which he perceives to be immanent, and yet may not even be consistent or meaningful judged as a whole. The mystery is none the less so, paradoxically, by virtue of of her amiable willingness to expatiate upon the art of the novel both in interview and articles. Therefore, readers and reviewers alike fall back upon lame efforts to place the novels 'in order of merit', to spot the symbolism, and to 'castigate' her for being 'novelettish' or 'careless' or 'bourgeois'. All such piffling is seen to be mere puerile scratching at the surface, in the light of Professor Dipple's extended thesis, an impressive work of modern academic criticism. Miss Murdoch has here an exegetist worthy of her own mettle. A. S. Byatt's *Degrees of Freedom* (1965) remains the best Murdoch criticism under British imprint: it examined the way in which the individual lives in a world where there are degrees of freedom, where he is free and separate but 'related to a rich and complicated world from which as a moral being he has much to learn'.

Professor Dipple's Iris Murdoch, whom, we trust Miss Murdoch would not repudiate, viewed fifteen years and thirteen novels later, is most engaged with moral and religious themes. She is primarily a religious writer. Moreover, 'It is clearly in the great tradition of Scott, Austen, Tolstoy, Dickens and Proust that Murdoch wishes her best work to be placed'. Professor Dipple sees no falling-away of Iris Murdoch's powers in her later, maturer novels, but shows how although her ideology has changed only slightly from time to time, there has been a development of increasing seriousness, especially a preoccupation with the relation of the good to death. She shows how the Existentialist element belongs more to the earlier novels, but has remained glued to Iris Murdoch's reputation in a way which has hindered a proper understanding of her increasingly profound religious discussion. In the matter of style, Iris Murdoch now, she very ably demonstrates, conceives form as having its direct echo in human personality, and being more dependent on the nature of character and the direction of event than it was at the start of her career. There has been a switch from concentration on mechanics to the free deployment of character and story, as her persistent interest in the disciplines of the characters of the good continues to provide a 'device of unshakable authority' against which the failed majority of the characters of the middle range can be set. 'Her attention to the entire panoply of people who clothe her novels is the compelling force which shapes the fictions, and as we watch these characters in the struggle of a life we all share in the violent confusion of the twentieth century, the perpetual idea of a moral imperative as shown by the touchstone characters of the good serves as a reminder of what we half wish to be'. Professor Dipple's own style, it will be seen, is very much of its genre, but has a certain awesome grandeur.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE MYSTERY OF BERENGER SAUNIERE

The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail. Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln. Jonathan Cape. £8.95.

The genesis of this work was three Chronicle programmes on BBC 2: The Lost Treasures of Jerusalem?, The Priest, the Painter and the Devil, and The Shadow of the Templars which examined the mystery of the curé Bérenger Saunière of the church dedicated to Mary Magdelene at Rennes-le-Château. When he took up his post in 1881 his annual income was about £10, yet in 1896 he spent more than that in postage alone; and by the end of his life in 1917 he had dispersed 'the equivalent of several million pounds at least.' Over the decades theories have proliferated to explain the source of this money and the authors have spent more than a decade investigating these. The last of the programmes ended enigmatically; this book is an attempt to establish a solution that would fit logically with all the rumours, theories, traditions, cryptograms and history.

At the Frankfurt Book Fair last October the publishers informed any and all interested parties that 'the subject . . . could constitute the single most shattering secret of the last two thousand years.' They thought it so momentous that they decided to have the text printed in separate establishments so that no one would spill the beans.

Apparently the three authors took all this probing very seriously; it is a shame that having devoted so much time the end result is no more than a punctured balloon. Ingenuously they state: 'In the past, historical research had been, for the most part, an unreliable affair, resting on highly tenuous foundations—on legend and tradition, no personal memoirs, on exaggerations promulgated for the sake of one or other cause.' 'They [the "Prieuré document" and the literature it spawned] could not be compared, for example, to von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods,* the sundry accounts of the Bermuda Triangle or the works of Carlos Casteneda.' 'It [Fry's *Waters Flowing Eastward*] gives, amongst other things, a photograph "proving" that Czar Nicolas II was killed in ritual murder by a Jewish Cabalist! To see this type of illiterature still being published in 1965 is somewhat disconcerting.'

Yet *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail* is itself a sensationalist work based on superstition, rumour and prurience. The solution they provide moves from supposition to probability then to an established fact furnishing a result and could not have been written were it not for the subjunctive tense.

The 'shattering secret' disclosed is that the treasures of the Knights Templar and the Cathars were derived from the cryptic superior order of the Prieuré de Sion which they say was the Holy Grail; not an object but (by way of a pun —San Graal or San Gréal was actually Sang Réal) the Holy Blood of Jesus who did not die on the cross but married Mary Magdalene. Further they propose that she, together with his munmified body, was alive and well with a brood of sacred children, basking in the South of France in the first century AD. From this holy issue sprang the Merovignian kings of France who, apparently, were not exterminated by the treacherous Carolignians and their blood has been filtered down the years to the present. And those who share the secret, members of the Rose-Croix or Rosicrucians or carry the blood in themselves, have been plotting over the centuries for the restoration of the heirs to their rightful position as sovereigns.

FELIX BRENNER

THE BRITISH MIDDLE CLASS

The English Middle Classes are alive and kicking. Ian Bradley. Collins. £6.95.

If anyone in Britain seriously continues to believe in the doctrines of Karl Marx, or indeed if anyone in Britain seriously sees a chance of the present Labour Party ever again winning an election, he had better read this book. It is a vivid reminder not only of the strength but of the growth of the middle class, and of its capacity to survive all the social challenges of the post-war years. When Sir Angus Maude and Roy Lewis wrote their *The English Middle Class* in 1949, they appreciated that the middle class was fighting back, despite post-war austerity and the coming of the Welfare State. In 1976, the late Patrick Hutber's study was entitled *The Decline and Fall of the English Middle Class;* to him it was a time of crisis for the middle class, 'who are subjected to unprecedented pressures and, at the same time, to unprecedented denigration'. By contrast Ian Bradley's report on the British class system is optimistic. In places, indeed, he comes close to suggesting that we have had—and still get from a media morbidly pre-occupied with the idea of 'class'—very much too much of this class pre-occupation. The Hoggarts and E. P. Thompsons have done very well out of the social transformations they affect to lament. Ian Bradley could indeed have gone further, for the erosion of working class values he recounts here could be buttressed by reference to the plight of professional football, to the fantastic growth of package holidays abroad, to the scale of television advertising, etc. In fact, it is not the middle class and certainly not the State but the proletariat that is withering away: and with it goes the Labour Party, and its working-class base. The middle class is growing steadily in numbers; the civil service and many of the professional classes, especially lawyers and doctors, have done themselves very well in the last decade; and the life-style, the salaries, and the background of a considerable number of today's power-barons, the Trade Union leaders, suggest that the middle class has now some curious members. Ian Bradley has some interesting chapters tracing the rise of the middle class and sees—somewhat fancifully perhaps—John Locke and Samuel Pepys as among its Founding Fathers. But this is a shrewd perceptive and original interpretation of Britain today. And the commuter to Waterloo—if his train is running—will find himself sketched here with wry affection.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

Record of a Friendship The Correspondence Between Wilhelm Reich and A. S. Neill. (Gollancz. £12.50). An absorbing, often touching, intact correspondence edited by an American psychologist, Beverley R. Placzek, which spans the twenty years from 1936 to 1957, between Reich in his last, de-railed phases, grandiose and optimistic, and A. S. Neill, briefly his patient, tentative, striving and pessimistic. Both in their

separate ways genuinely persecuted, their friendship of the intellect matured into a mutually supportive, unevenly symbiotic relationship. Reich was touchy and difficult, and repeatedly threatened to sabotage the abundant reservoir of good will which lay between them by rejecting Neill's Baptistic efforts to foster his reputation in Great Britain. Professor Bernal remained unconvinced. Loyal to the end, Neill sat shivering in his Orgone Energy Box, but reported ruefully that his baby daughter showed more of 'Life-ality' than of genitality. And so the eagerly awaited letters criss-crossed the Atlantic between the lively poles of Organon and Summerhill and commented on the macrocosm without profound agreement, but always with edge and intensity. There is much for those of all disciplines to enjoy here.

M. T.

A Short History of World War I and **A Short History of World War II** (Hale. Each volume £11.95). Professor James L. Stokesbury, Professor of History at Acadia University, Nova Scotia, has written with great skill and detachment these military histories. Both should appeal to the general reader who looks for a basic and balanced account of the two wars, together with the political and diplomatic backgrounds. There is obviously and inevitably a great deal of generalisation and the reader will not agree with every conclusion. On the other hand, each volume provides a very valuable framework within which to view the course of events. Professor Stokesbury has done a great deal of research which gives the volumes weight and impact. They are also very readable. The text is not annotated, but each volume has a considerable bibliography. More maps would have been an advantage. In World War II, the military history is preceded by an account of the uneasy peace between the wars, and the rise of the dictators.

The English (Arrow Books. Paperback. £5.95). This attractive volume on 'the countryside and its people' is all about village England as seen by local people in villages spread over the country. The author, Michael Watkins, chooses eighteen village personalities to tell about their activities and the local life. There are, for example, the Cornish fisherman, the publican in Dorset, the lifeboat coxswain in the Isle of Wight, the Suffolk country parson, the Lincolnshire gamekeeper, the schoolteacher in the Peak District, the shopkeeper on Holy Island and the shepherdess in Wensleydale. Clearly the characters have their local outlook and traditions, which adds to the pleasure of the book. There are a large number of excellent photographs by Peter Pugh-Cook.

A Dictionary of Literary Terms (Penguin Books. Paperback. £4.95 UK; $8.95 USA). This is a new edition of J. A. Cudden's dictionary first published in 1977. The object 'is to provide a serviceable and fairly comprehensive dictionary of those literary terms which are in regular use today; terms in which intelligent people may be expected to have some interest and about which they may wish to find out something more.' Most of the words in this volume find their way naturally into the main English dictionaries. The advantage of this book is that Mr. Cudden can go into much more detail with reference to the historical background and literary allusions relating to the entry. As such it can have a useful role.

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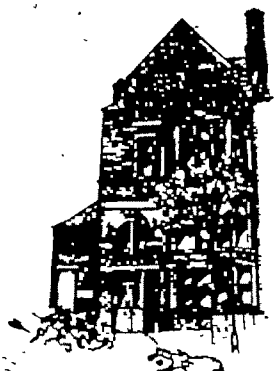

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Contemporary Review

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AMERICAN ARMS EXPENDITURE AND THE WORLD ECONOMY

by Paul Hallwood

OVER the coming five years a total of $1,428,000,000,000 will be spent under President Reagan's military budget. Military spending is to rise in real terms at an annual average rate of 7.5%, outpacing even the build up of the three peak Vietnam war years (1966-68) and it is the largest military build up in peacetime history. By 1987 military procurements will amount to 7.4% of America's GNP, a significant advance on the 5% of 1979. Some six million workers will be employed as military personnel, in civilian employment in the Defence Department and in defence related industries.

The international economic ramifications of US military expenditure are, however, likely to be quite different compared with the Vietnam war experience. While America exported inflation in the late 1960s and early 1970s, thus levying a kind of inflation-tax on the rest of the world (helping to pay for the Vietnam war), changed international financial circumstances mean that in the 1980s America will no longer be able to do so. In fact, changes in the nature of the international monetary system are so significant that President Reagan's arms drive may well have effects entirely opposite to those generated by the Vietnam war and its financing. Now American military expenditures are quite likely to be a factor helping to depress the world's economy: America as an exporter of economic recession, as it were. The received view (which is a misinterpretation of Keynes) that arms expenditures are good for employment levels needs to be qualified for the impact depends crucially upon how those expenditures are financed. President Reagan has declared that 'our security based defence programmes are right and necessary for long run peace and prosperity, and must not be tampered with in a vain attempt to cure (budget) deficit in the short run', (*Wall Street Journal*, February 8th 1982). Yet the administration is wedded to a policy of 'sound money'. The implication is that US budget deficits, especially large budget deficits, must be financed by non-inflationary means. Such considerations were not uppermost in the minds of the Johnson and Nixon administrations, partly because American inflation was not as high as it is today and also because they knew that under the extant international monetary system excess dollars would be taken in to foreign exchange reserves by foreign central banks. 'Benign neglect' was America's policy towards the value of

the dollar as responsibility for American balance of payments deficits was devolved on to Europe and her other trade partners.

What is so different today, in the context of the international monetary system at least, is that the fixed exchange rate regime which once allowed America the luxury of benign neglect has now been replaced by one of floating exchange rates. Most importantly, central banks no longer so readily accept dollars into foreign exchange reserves. Thus, today, dollar outflow from the USA can and usually does cause the dollar to depreciate on the foreign exchanges. And dollar depreciation is inflationary for the USA.

Since the American government is the purchaser of military goods and employer of military personnel (and more are indirectly employed in e.g. Lockheed, General Dynamics), the macroeconomic effects of these expenditures depend largely upon the method chosen for financing them. Raising taxes or borrowing from private non-bank financial institutions and individuals tends to 'crowd out' private sector economic activity. Alternatively, financing budget deficits by printing money tends to be inflationary. Moreover, such effects were likely to be substantial as military expenditures amounted to a large proportion of the USA's GNP, 9.4% in 1968, or 43% of the Federal budget.

Surveying the financial implications of these military expenditures Arthur Okun of the Brooking's Institute wrote that 'the Vietnam boom ended the era of price stability and initiated an era of inflation. Much of the inflation of the late 1960's is clearly attributed to the financial stimulus of the war and the way the politics of limited war vetoed the recommendations of Johnson's economists to finance the war out of higher taxes' (Okun). Thus, during the 1965-70 period the method chosen for financing US budget deficits was, effectively, the printing of money. It ought to be understood, however, that this monetary stance was also determined with regard to economic imperatives—high unemployment in the US—as well as to the financing of US expenditures on the Vietnam war. Some simple statistics will show the important changes which came about in US monetary policy in the second-half of the 1960s. In the 1960-65 period US money supply measured as M1 or M2 increased at annual average rates of 3.1% and 6.3% respectively. In the 1965-70 period, however, the rates of money growth had increased somewhat to annual averages of 5.2% and 7.1% respectively. Over the same time periods the rate of inflation in the USA increased from an average annual rate of only 1.3% to 4.3%. Crucially, in the 1965/70 period, inflation in the USA was higher than the average for the rest of the world whereas in the earlier period it had been only one-third as high (Meiselman). By dint of its large size in the world economy the USA had for the first time become an 'exporter' of inflation.

The transmission of American inflation was by three main avenues: first, the steady deterioration of the USA's balance of payments current account was tantamount to increased net exports for the rest of the world and so helped increase aggregate demand there at a time when unemploy-

ment was anyway low and thus was likely to give rise to inflation. Secondly, increasing prices of US exports passed through into the importers' domestic price levels under the fixed exchange rate regime; and thirdly, massive outflows of dollars through the increasing official settlements balance of payments deficit and via the rapidly expanding Eurodollar market placed dollars into foreign central banks' international currency reserves so that aggregate international reserves more than doubled in the four years between 1968 and 1972 from $74 billion to $150 billion. Rising US liabilities and Eurodollar outflow accounted for the bulk of this increase. It was this increasing international liquidity which reduced balance of payments constraints on non-reserve centre countries. The 1972-74 world economic boom, unprecedented in its international scope and speed of acceleration, was financed by increases in local currency money supply (backed by enlarged international liquidity) at historically high levels—10-12% per annum—eventually outpacing that of the USA itself.

As Robert Triffin had argued well before the ultimate breakdown of the Bretton Woods international monetary system in August 1971, the system's stability was threatened by a growing imbalance between US gold reserves and US external liquid liabilities. It was expenditures on the Vietnam war which gave the latter their final shove to untenable levels and led President Nixon to end the convertibility of the dollar into gold, so unhinging the international monetary system from its gold base. But not only this, the collapse of the Bretton Woods system had brought into question America's economic hegenomy in the Western world and questioned her ability to finance the military machine.

When America was forced to allow the Bretton Woods system to collapse in 1971, and the industrial countries moved over to floating exchange rates during the early months of 1973, the scope for a deflationary bias—that is in real economic activity—in the international financial system increased. Now countries with payments surpluses, like West Germany, Japan and even Britain, have a certain amount of freedom to allow their currencies to rise on the foreign exchanges. In so doing they avoid inflating their economies so quickly in the face of inflationary pressures from outside. Such countries now prefer to run their economies with a low pressure of demand and considerable excess capacity in an attempt to contain inflation. On the other hand, the payments deficit countries like the US have found that they cannot stand by and watch their currencies constantly depreciating as their payments deficits burgeon. They have been forced to apply deflationary policies much sooner than they would have liked. It is now all too apparent to the US administration that, whereas once the US could run its economy near full employment—domestic arms expenditures were a factor in achieving this—and 'export' its currency to the rest of the world, it must now adopt corrective and deflationary economic packages or see the external value of its currency collapse.

It was into this international financial environment that President

Reagan was elected with his plans for an arms drive. But now any laxity in American monetary policy will be punished by a rapidly depreciating dollar which will have inflationary consequences for the USA though not necessarily for the rest of the world. The boot is on the other foot, as it were. Unlike earlier administrations, the current administration needs to cover its fiscal deficits not by 'printing money' but by borrowing from the non-bank public. This is precisely why US interest rates are now amongst the highest in the world.

The Reagan administration, embarked upon a new round of military expenditures like those of Presidents Johnson and Nixon, will also influence economic events in the world economy. However, while world inflation is likely to continue at high rates for some time, President Reagan's arms drive is most likely to have deflationary consequences for the world economy. This, and factors such as the desire to squeeze inflation out of the international economic system, will mean that the 1980s is likely to be a period of prolonged economic slump in the Western world.

It may appear paradoxical that in the 1980s increased expenditure on arms is likely to be deflationary while only ten to fifteen years ago expenditure on the Vietnam war had inflationary consequences. The apparent paradox is explained when consideration is given to the methods used then and now to finance US military expenditures. As pointed out earlier, during the Vietnam days resort was had by the US administration to inflationary methods of financing. This monetary/fiscal stance has now, by force of international financial circumstances, been replaced by one of 'sound money'. The Reagan administration has to plan to finance its large fiscal deficits, partly caused by enlarged arms expenditures, by borrowing from the private sector rather than, in an inflationary way, from the American banking system. The size of US Treasury borrowing from US capital markets is likely to be enormous. With total credit needs in the order of $200 million government borrowing could account for as much as 45% of available funds in US credit markets. This is compared with 35% in 1981 and only 28% in the second half of the 1970s (Morgan Guaranty Trust).

With a remarkable reversal of logic Harold Brown (US Secretary of Defence under President Carter) has blamed income tax cuts (amounting to $750 billion in fiscal years 1983-87) rather than increased defence spending ($180 billion over the same period) for America's gathering economic recession. He argued that 'the high interest rates and resultant economic slow down that are traceable to those tax cuts have already undermined the business and financial community's consensus for needed increases in the defence programme' (reported in *Los Angeles Times* February 10th, 1982). The intention is to direct blame for economic recession from increased military expenditure—a trend which began with Defence Secretary Brown himself. But, of course, tax cuts should stimulate private sector demand and production and not depress it as Brown asserts. But to avoid rising budget deficits lower government expenditure

is also needed. The social security programmes have indeed been cut back but defence expenditure stands out as the major growth element. So it is the defence programme which is at the heart of th problem of high US interest rates.

It is also important to understand that the US Treasury is borrowing and will continue to do so not only from American private individuals and institutions but also from the private sectors of those countries which do not operate foreign exchange controls. This includes Western Europe in general. Funds flow to the USA when US interest rates are above those of other countries (leaving aside technicalities relating to covered interest arbitrage or expected dollar depreciation which high US interest rates are anyway supposed to dispel). But currency outflow from the rest of the world, under the regime of floating exchange rates, weakens non-dollar currencies. It is for fear of the inflationary consequences of currency depreciation that major European countries are currently pursuing a policy of high interest rates, a policy which has been largely imposed by the USA's fiscal-monetary stance. Aptly there is a kind of interest rate 'war' going on between Western countries just as the USA pursues its arms expenditure programme and tight monetary policy forced by international financial imperatives.

Should Britain, for example, cut interest rates, through monetary expansion, currency would flow out of the UK to other financial centres, the most important of which is the USA. Sterling depreciation would follow and inflation would be given an upward twist. The idea that public sector expenditure 'crowds out' private sector production and employment is now popular. In a free economy the public sector can claim resources by one of two methods: borrowing from the private sector (pushing interest rates up); or, spending money borrowed from the banks which is inflationary.

In an open international economy, where international capital flows are not hindered by currency inconvertibility or exchange controls 'crowding out' can occur on an international scale. High US interest rates crowd out private sector expenditure in Europe and elsewhere as well as constraining economic policy choices for other governments. Thus, America's allies are likely to suffer economically for America's arms drive. This time the suffering will take the form of economic recession.

It is for these complex reasons that much of the decade of the 1980s is likely to continue to be marked by economic depression and high levels of unemployment. A substantial cut in the USA's arms programme—giving away political and military objectives—would allow interest rates in the US to fall and resources would then be reabsorbed by the private sectors around the world as world interest rates came down. It would also give scope for more expansionary budgets in other countries. Of course, US arms expenditure is not the only causative factor here just as expenditures on the Vietnam war were not alone in helping to generate the rising inflation of the late 1960s and 1970s. However, given President Reagan's large military expenditure programme, constraints on further

reductions in other parts of US government expenditure and the realities of the international monetary system, inflation and dollar depreciation are the only alternatives to tight money and world recession.

The British position in all of this is ambivalent. The Prime Minister is supportive of America's plans for increased expenditure on arms. However, she and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would welcome lower US interest rates (in both nominal and real terms) so as to stimulate growth in the world economy and to give room for a reduction in British interest rates, especially in the eighteen months or so prior to the next general election. However, wedded to 'sound money' itself the British Government is hardly in a position to try to persuade President Reagan to relax America's monetary stance. Nor is the 'Iron Lady' likely to want to ask for a reduction in US arms expenditure. Besides, high US interest rates do have one important advantage for the Prime Minister. It enables the Conservative Government to point to these high foreign interest rates and world economic recession as the main reason for continuing to pursue the government's anti-inflation policies.

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[Paul Hallwood is Lecturer in Political Economy at Aberdeen University. He has published many articles on the international economy. His latest book (with Stuart W. Sinclair) is *Oil, Debt and Development: OPEC in the Third World*, (Allen and Unwin, 1981, paperback £5.95).]

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

by Allen Gerlach

FOR a century and a half each generation of Argentine schoolchildren has been taught that the Falkland/Malvinas islands are a part of the Argentine republic. Argentine postage stamps affirm it. Argentine maps refer to the islands as 'occupied territory'. The inhabitants are included in the Argentine national census. Argentine law declares that the islands' males may be called up for military service. Argentines say that because they are British colonies their presence violates the Monroe Doctrine which eschews colonialism in the Western hemisphere.

Half of the 1,800 islanders live in the town of Stanley, about 300 miles from the Argentine port of Gallegos; but because of the dispute with Britain over ownership, the Argentines permit few direct communications with the Argentine mainland. Most of the islanders deal with the outside world through Uruguay, 1,000 miles away. When the islanders visit Argentina they are treated as Argentine citizens, and are refused Argentine visas for their unrecognised British passports.

For the last century and a half the islands were ruled by Britain, 8,000 miles distant. Ninety-eight per cent of the people are of British stock; at least eighty per cent of the 'Kelpers' were born on the islands. They fear that military dictatorship would replace tranquil democracy should the 'Argies' replace the British. They believe their standard of living would decline. They are afraid the Argentines would make them learn Spanish, a language the vast majority of them do not know. Their heritage is Anglo-Saxon, not Hispanic. In beliefs, language, habits and appearances, they are British. Many of them say they would go to New Zealand if the 'Argies' took over permanently.

The islands are comparable in size to Northern Ireland, but are spread over a much greater area. East and West Falkland are the two main islands, with a few hundred smaller isles administered as part of the same colony. From 1832 until 2 April 1982, Britannia enjoyed uninterrupted rule. The islands are a Crown Colony, administered by a Crown appointed governor and elected officials. Located in the South Atlantic some 500 miles north-east of Cape Horn, the main islands are hilly, cool, rainy, and have persistent strong winds. Sheep farming is the main occupation, wool and skins the main exports. Sheep outnumber people about 300 to one. Most essential commodities are imported, except for meat. There are some valuable minerals, including iron ore of high quality, but not in sufficient quantities to make them commercially profitable. In 1970 applications were received for offshore drilling; in 1976 an economic report referred to potential offshore oil, but there has not been extensive exploration to date.

Controversy over the name of the islands accompanies the dispute over who owns them. For the British they are the Falkland Islands, named in the late seventeenth century after Viscount Lucius Cary Falkland II,

English parliamentarian and literary figure who lived from 1610 to 1643. In the early eighteenth century, however, the French dubbed them the Isles Malouines, after St. Malo, a town on the English Channel which became part of north-western France in 1491 and turned into a prosperous commercial sea port from which French pirates operated for centuries. The ships that carried the first French settlers to the islands were built in St. Malo. The Spaniards called the Isles Malouines the Islas Malvinas, as do the Argentines.

The question of who 'owns' the islands stirs the emotions and raises the ire of Argentines and British alike. A far easier question to address is that of who has 'controlled' them. Nationalists and polemicists tend to focus on the first inquiry, and have been quite prolific in their writing. Historians are inclined to the second query, but have produced only a thin body of knowledge on the subject. Force, of course, is closely associated with control. Force was used on 2 April 1982 when Argentina challenged British rule. It was just a matter of 4,000 Argentine troops forcing 78 British Royal Marines to give in after a two-hour battle. It was the first break in Britain's 150 year rule, which began when two British warships forced a small Argentine garrison to yield. There was not much of a military struggle in that case either, as few Argentines occupied the islands. North Americans had forced most of them out a year earlier. A United States warship, in retaliation for the Argentine seizure of three American seal-hunting ships, had sacked and dismissed them and dispersed the colonists. But it is best to begin at the beginning.

Perhaps Amerigo Vespucci saw the islands in 1502; maybe they were sighted from one of Ferdinand Magellan's ships in 1520. John Davis was in the area in 1592, and so was Sebald de Weert in 1600. There you have Italians, Portuguese, English and Dutch, all in less than a century. But what they saw and what they did is largely shrouded in mystery. Englishman John Strong landed in 1690, and Frenchman Gouin de Beauchene in 1701. Little came of either landing, and not much happened until 1763, the momentous year in which the British forced the cession of Canada and Quebec from the French. That ample loss led an embittered young French nobleman, Antoine Louis de Bougainville, to gain some recompense by starting a French venture in the islands. The lure was the abundance of whales and seals in the region, and the high demand for their oils. Two ships were built at St. Malo, colonists were assembled in Nova Scotia, and in 1764 Fort St. Louis was erected on what is now East Falkland. By 1765 there were 80 colonists, and the first recorded exports of whale oil were made.

The English came close on the heels of the French. In 1765 John Byron arrived and claimed the isles for King George III. The English took West Falkland and gave Port Egmont its name. They erected a wooden block house hauled all the way from England.

From the Spanish perspective, that made two interlopers in as many years, which raised important strategic and commercial issues. From the islands an enemy of Spain's could prey upon vessels passing between the

Atlantic and the Pacific, and the Southern Cone of South America could be threatened. Moreover, the British had just defeated the Spanish and French earlier in the decade in the so-called Seven Years' War, and were speaking openly about seizing Spanish colonies to expand British trade. The Spanish made vehement demands that the foreigners depart.

The French were the easiest to deal with. All it needed was money. Bougainville was willing to leave the islands and the fisheries for a price: 618 livres, 13 sols and 11 deniers to be precise, the equivalent of £25,000 sterling. Lucrative enough. In April 1767 a Spanish governor replaced the French governor. Port St. Louis became Port Soledad. Nineteen Spanish governors followed until 1811. There were no problems with the French, who like the Spanish had Bourbon monarchs, and who viewed Britain as their major menace.

The British were more difficult. The Spanish amassed 1,600 men in 1770, dislodged the English from Port Egmont, and the two countries stood perched on the precipice of war. Deeming Britain's military might too formidable, however, the Spanish decided to negotiate. In 1771 Port Egmont was restored to Britain, but the question of ownership of the islands was left unresolved. Cycles of threats and negotiations followed for a few years.

New British strategic and financial priorities rid the Spanish of the problem. In 1774 the British simply withdrew. Spain was left in sole possession. The colony never amounted to much; in the mid-1780s the population numbered about 80, and the Viceroy in Buenos Aires was so unimpressed that he vainly suggested to the Crown that the less than thriving colony be abandoned.

In 1811, a year after the Argentine colony's revolt against Spain began, the Spanish withdrew from the islands. Forty-four years of continuous control ended, and for the next decade the islands were a haven for whalers and sealers of many nationalities, including North Americans. No nation held sway. In November 1820 the new Argentine nation took formal possession of the islands, and in 1823 a governor was appointed. Colonisation efforts failed, however, until enterprising Louis Vernet obtained cattle and fishing rights on East Falkland and embarked in earnest on establishing a 'great national fishery'. French by birth, Vernet was a naturalised Argentine citizen, and from 1826-31 brought in about 90 settlers of various nationalities: French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, and some South American Indians, many of whom were prisoners. In Vernet's view, a major thorn was the foreign whalers and sealers, who had become accustomed to fishing the area during the decade in which no country had control. The interlopers were foreigners and commercial competitors, a dual menace.

Vernet became governor in 1828, and adopted an increasingly taut stance against the intruders. In 1831 three United States seal-hunting vessels were seized. The reprisals were swift and their consequences far-reaching. An American warship, the *U.S. Lexington*, entered Port Soledad the same year. The fort was sacked and dismantled, and the settlers were

dispersed. Having made their point, the Americans left. A new Argentine governor was named in 1832, but was killed by mutineers. The islands were becoming rather unruly, and remained that way for years.

A few years earlier, in 1828, the British Ambassador in Buenos Aires informed the Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs by letter of the British claim to the islands. It was based on the events of the 1760s and 1770s.

Of course the Argentines launched protests. But the government of Juan Manuel de Rosas was the same government that had defaulted on a British loan, a debt whose service alone required about 13% of the Argentine government's annual revenue. Britain also insisted on assurances that English Protestants in Catholic Argentina be allowed to practise their religion. And behind these territorial, economic and cultural disputes stood awesome British power. Britannia truly ruled the seas. A strong Britain colonised the Falkland Islands, and a weak Argentina protested to no avail. Despite his vociferous public protestations against the British presence in the islands, Rosas actually offered to sell Britain all rights to the isles, much to the chagrin of Argentine nationalists of his and of future generations. The southern half of Argentina and much of the north-east were in the hands of nomadic, warlike Indians, and Rosas probably viewed the more remote islands as peripheral or simply impossible to regain. The British, however, were not interested in paying; as early as 1828 they had explained to the Argentines that the islands were theirs by right of colonisation in the 1760s and 1770s.

The Argentines implored the United States to enforce the no-future-colonisation principle of the Monroe Doctrine of 1823, but to no avail. Few territories in the hemisphere were more remote, and it was difficult for the United States to see that any of its interests were involved. Besides, United States relations with Argentina were so poor as to be suspended at the time of the British negotiations. The United States was hardly the 'Colossus of the North' that it later became. The Americans were focusing on internal development; their military was weak.

The Falklands grew slowly. In 1846 only 164 people resided in Stanley. Colonists first raised cattle, but soon shifted to sheep. The Falkland Islands Trading Company started with a stock of 30 sheep in 1851; by 1871 there were 48,000; by 1982 over 600,000. Whaling was big business for a time, but whales became scarce in the 1850s, and the industry declined thereafter. Sealing reached its zenith in the 1860s, and the seal population of many islands was decimated. Sealing continues, but now the pattern is to capture live animals for zoos around the world. The penguin oil industry also achieved its height in the 1860s. It took eight penguins to produce one gallon of oil, and enough of them were rendered down from 1864-66 to produce 63,000 gallons. Laws were passed soon thereafter to slow the slaughter.

Argentine national pride was further rankled in 1908 when Britain asserted her title to several nearby islands, including the Sandwich and Shetland isles, as well as part of Antarctica. But it was from the Falklands that the British destroyed Admiral Von Spee's fleet in 1914, removing the

German naval menace from American waters. Again, in 1939, British forces defended the strategic Straits of Magellan linking the Atlantic and Pacific by attacking the German battleship *Graf Spee*, which went down off the coast of Uruguay.

General Juan Domingo Peron, a nationalist president from 1946-55, intensified Argentine demands for 'repatriation' of the islands. The public applauded; there were fervent demonstrations in front of the British embassy in Buenos Aires. At Inter-American Conferences Peron's delegates rallied against all European colonies in the Americas, French, Dutch and British, and ever since Argentina has vigorously pressed its claim to the islands annually. Heightened Argentine sensitivity over the islands was expressed in 1952 when severe strains developed with Uruguay because of an Uruguayan-British treaty allowing Uruguay to carry on trade with the Falklands, and because Uruguay established a consular office in Stanley. The Argentines were incensed, deeming the actions a form of recognition of British sovereignty over the islands.

The first recourse to force came in September 1966, by a private Argentine irredentist group called the 'Condor' society, dedicated to restoring the Falklands. Twenty Condors hijacked a plane in Argentina, landed on the Stanley racecourse, planted the Argentine flag, arrested one of Stanley's seven policemen at gunpoint, and announced as they stood around the damaged plane that they represented 22 million Argentines who were determined to end the 132-year-old occupation of the isles. Within 24 hours they realised the islanders would not rise up on their behalf and support from the mainland would not materialise, and they gave up. They left singing patriotic Argentine songs, and were placed under arrest in Buenos Aires.

The Condors landed again in 1969, picking the occasion of British Foreign Minister Lord Chalfont's visit to the islands. This time they restricted their activities to distributing leaflets, written in English, declaring that when returned to Argentina the islands would be called the Malvinas, their inhabitants would have all the rights of other Argentines, and that all private property would be recognised and respected. The islanders, for their part, impressed upon Lord Chalfont that they were probably more British than the British and had no desire to be anything else.

For the last 15 years Britain and Argentina have been negotiating about the islands within the framework of United Nations' resolutions. In late February 1982, however, Argentina proposed a system of monthly meetings with a pre-established agenda, presided over by high-ranking authorities. The Argentines announced that 'if a resolution should not be reached, Argentina maintains the right to end the system and freely choose the procedure which it may deem most convenient to its interests.' They warned, moreover, that 'substantial results . . . at this state of the negotiations, should necessarily be achieved in a short time.' They were not. On 2 April 1982 Argentine troops took the islands by force.

It is quite likely that neither the Spanish nor the British were the first

to sight the islands. Yet an Englishman was probably the first to set foot on them. Both Spain and Britain planted colonies during the colonial period, but occupied them only temporarily: Spain for 44 years, Britain for only nine. Yet Britain's colony preceded Spain's by two years. Both countries abandoned their colonies, and neither was expelled by force. Yet Spain was the last to leave. Since Argentina gained nationhood, she has occupied the islands for 12 years, Britain for 150.

Thus, controversy over the islands is old, 150 years long standing, and sentiments run deep for both the Argentines and the British. For the Argentines, the islands are theirs by right of inheritance from Spain. Colonies in the Americas have long been rejected in the hemisphere, and colonialism world-wide has been on the decline for decades. Since 1945 alone, Britain has given up 44 colonies, including the Caribbean islands of Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago, Belize in Central America, and Guyana in northern South America. Why should Britain keep an enclave 8,000 miles away from her shores?

The British say that is the will of the people who live on the islands. It is. Also, Britain claims that the actual use and occupation of a territory prevails in international law over cloudy theoretical claims.

But why, after a century and a half of peace and at least a decade and a half of regular negotiations, did Argentina resort to force in taking the islands on 2 April 1982? Discussion had not broken the aged impasse, nor had it satisfied the Argentine sense of wounded national honour over the loss of the islands. The belief that the isles are theirs is deeply engrained in most Argentines.

But one must add some more immediate considerations to these long-range reasons to make the seizure of the isles more intelligible.

Army commander General Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri unseated his comrade-in-arms, Generol Roberto Viola, from the Argentine presidency in December 1981; he intends to hold power until March 1984. The military took over from President Isabel Peron in 1976 in response to a left wing terrorist campaign and to economic problems. From 6,000 to 15,000 people 'disappeared' in the course of the 'dirty war' to rid the country of extremists. There has not been a terrorist attack since 1979, but human rights violations were so numerous and severe that President Carter embargoed arms sales to Argentina in 1978. The Generals have had less success with the economy. Industrial production fell last year, businesses are failing at a steady and disturbing rate, unemployment is rising, now about 15%, inflation should approach 200% this year, and the value of real wages is declining. Before the islands were seized, Argentines were taking to the streets to protest against worsening economic conditions and military rule; few had confidence in General Galtieri. In the wake of the invasion, avenues and plazas were filled with citizens passionately applauding their government. Foreign ventures can stir patriotic pride and foster national unity; they can also distract a populace from mounting internal problems.

International developments of the last several years doubtless contri-

buted to General Galtieri's decision to occupy the islands. Argentine relations with the Soviet Union and the United States probably led him to believe that at the very least these two superpowers would not adamantly oppose the Argentine action, and at best they might help temper Britain's reaction to the occupation. Following the United States' grain embargo against the Soviets after the invasion of Afghanistan, Argentine wheat sales to the Soviets filled the gap: they soared from 109,000 tons to 2.4 million tons, just over half of Argentina's wheat exports. General Galtieri was assuredly disappointed when the Soviets did not veto the United Nations Security Council resolution condemning the Argentine invasion; instead, the Soviets abstained.

Also, relations with the United States had changed. In May 1981 the Reagan administration lifted the arms embargo on Argentina. Human rights were less of a factor in foreign policy, and President Reagan had always opposed the grain embargo against the Soviet Union. Central America had become an area of grave concern to the United States, and Argentina was doing more than any Latin American nation to help thwart the insurrectionists in that region. About 40 Argentine specialists in anti-guerrilla warfare are in El Salvador, and Argentina has donated food and medical supplies to the El Salvadoran government. It has also extended a $15 million credit line for grain purchases and agricultural equipment. Unsubstantiated rumours have it that Argentina's 601st Intelligence Batallion is being made ready for El Salvador to provide assistance in the fields of interrogation, infiltration of guerrilla cadres and field communications. Nicaragua's revolutionary Sandinista government accuses Argentina of aiding counter-revolutionary groups operating out of Honduras and Costa Rica. The Argentine military is also rumoured to be assisting the Guatemalan and Honduran governments in counter-insurgency efforts.

None of this is to excuse Argentina's occupation of the Falkland Islands. It is to suggest that while old and deep-seated disputes can be limited to words for prolonged periods of time, those controversies can also be pushed with amazing rapidity to centre stage, because of more immediate conditions and problems.

[Dr Allen Gerlach is Director of the New Mexico Humanities Council, which is affiliated to the National Endowment for the Humanities.]

On April 22nd, the European Parliament adopted the same line as other Community institutions in condemning Argentina's seizure of the Falkland Islands by endorsing United Nations Resolution 502, which had been adopted by 203 votes to 28 with ten abstentions. The imposition of economic sanctions against Argentina was agreed by the European Economic Community. On May 21st, British troops landed on the Falkland Islands and hoisted the Union Jack.—Editor.

INSIDE ARGENTINA: AN INTERVIEW WITH JAMES NEILSON

by Jamie MacKinnon

JAMES Neilson is probably in a better position than anyone to explain Argentina to the British, particularly immediately prior to the invasion of the Falkland Islands, on 2nd April, 1982. The son of an English father and Argentine mother, he has worked for newspapers in Tehran, Buenos Aires and, for fifteen months, as an editorial writer for the *Vancouver Province*. He still writes occasionally for the *Province*, as well as for *Maclean's* and *Encounter*.

Mr. Neilson is a reflective man with literary interests. He writes with equal skill about the labyrinth of Argentine politics, and the subtleties of the Jacobo Timermen imbroglio. He now spends the greater part of his time editing the *Buenos Aires Herald*, the hundred-and-five-year-old English language newspaper. The paper serves a mixed market: Argentina's well-established English speaking minority, businessmen and various ex-patriates. As Editor he has his hands full interpreting the sad and often violent events of his adopted country.

MacKinnon: What was the 'dirty war'?

Neilson: It was a no-holds-barred campaign by the military and their allies, first to eliminate leftist terrorist movements, and also to get rid of the 'intellectual authors' of terrorism. It was messy and inefficient, and the personal interests of the people involved often took precedence over any political considerations. TV sets, stereos, paintings and the like found in the homes of victims were regarded as legitimate 'war booty' and taken away in removal vans.

MacKinnon: Is there any way of knowing how many people disappeared in the 'dirty war'?

Neilson: None at all. Apologists for the regime are quite right when they say that some of the 'disappeared' have in fact gone underground, been killed by their comrades etc. These were only a small proportion of the whole, however. Argentina, moreover, is not a well-organised society and people can easily get 'lost'.

MacKinnon: Would you be able to estimate what percentage of these were innocent, whose only 'crime', perhaps, was to be in the wrong address book?

Neilson: I would guess about a third or a half, but I have no real way of knowing. I simply suspect that the full-time terrorists would have often escaped, while the person with his name in the wrong address book would have been completely vulnerable. Some people think that most of the

'disappeared' were in fact innocent. Conceivably they could be right.

MacKinnon: In a recent article in *Encounter*, the British periodical, you state that 'great political crimes tend to attract less attention while they are being committed, than they do later . . .' This was certainly true in Stalinist Russia and Hitler's Germany. How did it happen; or why? pretend that the *desaparecidos* got 'what they deserved'?

Neilson: People need security and if closing their eyes to what is happening around them is the price, they will willingly pay it. Nobody ever really wants to believe that the way of life they are accustomed to will come to an abrupt end, and so they explain away to themselves signs that it might well do so. This is entirely natural. You must also remember that 'public opinion' is formed by a fairly small minority everywhere, and in Argentina that minority, periodically terrorised by right and left, constantly disoriented by political chaos, its economic base sapped by decades of high inflation, miserable, frustrated and frightened, has virtually ceased to exist as an active force. Many Argentines of strong character have, moreover, emigrated, others were killed. Argentines explain away what happened to themselves and others because otherwise they would be unable to live with themselves.

MacKinnon: How many people are still being held with no charges filed against them?

Neilson: Several hundreds at least. The government issues periodic counts which I presume are accurate enough. The number is shrinking.

MacKinnon: Would you presume that most, if not all, of the *desaparecidos* are dead?

Neilson: Yes. There are simply no facilities for hiding thousands of people for years on end.

MacKinnon: How many journalists disappeared? Are any still being held?

Neilson: About one hundred. No journalist I have heard of is still being held, but it all depends on how you define a journalist.

MacKinnon: More and more people are demanding that the government draw up a list of the missing people. This would appear to be aimed at getting the government to admit complicity, even indirectly. Is this so? Have any of the Human Rights groups drawn up their own lists?

Neilson: The Human Rights organisations have drawn up several lists. The government acknowledges complicity—full responsibility in fact—in private but denies it in public.

MacKinnon: Why are The Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo (women who

march weekly in the plaza in front of the Pink House demanding information on their missing children) so alone in their struggle? Why don't they have broader community support?

Neilson: People are as afraid of them as they are of the doctor who may tell them they have cancer. Support for them is increasing, but this has more to do with hostility to the regime than anything else. Younger people of course show more sympathy for their elders who acquiesced in one way or another to military terror in the late seventies.

MacKinnon: To your knowledge, has the use of torture stopped?

Neilson: Torture may be less frequent now than before. There have been several cases in which policemen found guilty of torturing prisoners have been jailed, and this, presumably, dissuades others. In the prisons however, brutal treatment including torture still seems to be quite frequent, although it is very difficult to find out indisputable facts in this area. In military camps moreover, outside investigators are not welcome and even on the few occasions they are admitted, get given a guided tour.

MacKinnon: What does the phrase 'human rights' mean here? Are libertarian ideals part of Argentine thought?

Neilson: 'Human Rights' is a battle cry rather than a genuine cause. Until about 1979 many people thought it was just a bit of hypocritical left-wing jargon. Now they are referred to more often but in many cases, I suspect, for partisan political motives rather than any real concern for the rights of the individual.

Libertarian ideals have always been present in Argentine thought but in a more tenuous form than in other societies, i.e. Great Britain, the US and France. Argentina, like most Catholic societies, Germany and Japan (most societies in fact) has a strong authoritarian flavour. The principal idea is harmony and social justice, freedom from and not freedom to, and this is often incompatible with the sort of freedom Anglo-Saxons speak of.

MacKinnon: You've described the military government of the last five years as an 'obese and slovenly authoritarian state enclosing a lean and fanatical totalitarian state struggling to assert itself.' General Galtieri is now president. What is his style, his economics? What would he like to be remembered for? Do you think he will loosen the reins quickly? Will his rule further diminish the power of 'totalitarians' in the armed forces?

Neilson: I think Galtieri aims to be a brisk, no-nonsense president who will achieve the miracle of turning Argentina into a sort of Latin America Canada or perhaps France. His economic policies will be rightwing 'monetarist'. Like all presidents, he would like to be remembered as the man who halted Argentina's decline and set it on the path to prosperity and greatness. I think he will fail and the military totalitarians will

benefit from this, being provided with 'proof' that relatively gentle approaches are futile. He will try to ease up quite quickly but this could lead to unrest and cost him dear. He is in an impossible dilemma and I can see no way out for him: if he's tough, the politicians scream: if he is lenient, the younger military officers will get upset.

MacKinnon: Argentina has suffered, you've said, because the junta toys with a variety of economic programmes while suffocating the co-requisite political base. You've accused the politicians of playing games of Messianism and populism while ignoring all orthodox forms of economics. Could you explain?

Neilson: In a fairly complex society, economic programmes, especially ambitious ones, must be based on a consensus (or something like a consensus among at least half the population) to have much chance. The military should have got as many people as possible to commit themselves to their programme—in exchange for participation in serious politics—in 1976 when this consensus existed. With characteristic arrogance the military refused to do this so they found that their initial support melted away as soon as the going got rough.

The politicians like to suggest that under them Argentines would be much better off than under the military, but they ignore the unhappy fact that you can get only one gallon out of a one gallon jug. There is no way you can give Argentines a higher standard of living without increasing the national product, which will require a lot of investment for a long period. That is true for whatever government, conservative, socialist, Marxist or populist.

The politicians can redistribute, but that means taking away from those who have, and that would earn them enemies so they refuse to get too specific. Given the Argentine situation now, a programme to immediately benefit the working class and the lower middle class would imply not just big taxes on companies (many of which are virtually insolvent) and landowners, who are complaining bitterly about their lot—and of course a spectacular cut in military spending—but also stinging taxation of people earning what are really very modest amounts; precisely the kind of people the politicians themselves mix with. Because the economic equation is so impossible, they prefer to toy with 'unorthodox' theories that will release them from the prison of reality.

MacKinnon: What role does the constitution play in 'extraordinary times' such as these?

Neilson: It is admired as a splendid dream that may perhaps come true one day, it provides critics of the regime with plenty of useful ammunition, it gives schoolteachers a nice fairy tale with which to excite their pupils, and that is about that. The constitution is a dead letter now and it had been so for a good many years, the ones between 1970 and 1976 included.

MacKinnon: Peron is dead and his widow is in exile. Is Peronism alive? What is its relationship to the Judicialist Party?

Neilson: Peronism is basically an attitude towards politics and towards leaders. Peronism will survive for years although it may split and many factions may adopt different names.

MacKinnon: Will populism undermine the next elections whenever they are held? What will it take to break the disastrous cycle of populism and military government?

Neilson: The only way the cycle can be broken is by holding elections after a populist disaster when the voters are in the mood to try something different. But here, of course, populist disasters lead to military rule—which leads right back to military rule—and not to fresh elections. It is up to the military to break the cycle by playing a different part, but they do not seem to appreciate this.

MacKinnon: Are there enough men of good will in the major parties to form a coalition government, if necessary? Which parties might form a strategic alliance?

Neilson: For a short time, perhaps. The Peronists might link up for an election, along with the developmentalists—always willing to hop on any promising bandwagon—and some of the smaller leftist groups. And they would probably win hands down but I can't see Peronists coexisting with Radicals in government for very long, unless the Peronists were chosen from the respectable moderate wing of the movement—which would expose them to the charges of treachery that would certainly be levelled at them by wilder spirits.

MacKinnon: Galtieri is said to be an impulsive man, dogged in his pursuits, given to extremes. Who has his ear these days?

Neilson: I have no idea. Perhaps Dr. Alemann (the economy minister) and the people around him, perhaps some unknowns.

MacKinnon: Is his admiration for the US enough to disconcert his fellow superior officers?

Neilson: For them it is definitely a point against him, as is the suggestion has been that he is 'Washington's man in Argentina'.

[After the Argentine landings on the Falkland Islands threats were made against James Neilson and his family and he was advised to leave Buenos Aires for his own safety. Since then the Argentine government has given an undertaking that the English-language newspaper, *Buenos Aires Herald*, will be protected. *Editor.*]

A TOURIST IN INDIA

by John Elsom

I WASN'T, of course, just a tourist. A journalist never is. I was on an assignment, the precise, or rather the general, nature of which will be revealed in next month's *Contemporary Review*. Readers will readily accept that when a journalist embarks on a lengthy 10-day visit to a sub-continent, financed by the Indian Tourist Office, which just happens to involve tourist-like activities, such as staying in palatial hotels which sometimes turn out to have been real palaces, sitting around swimming pools, cool lager in hand, or riding an elephant up the slopes to an ancient fort in Jaipur, he is not just there to enjoy himself.

As proof positive of my serious intentions, I can reveal that building workers currently swarming around Delhi to prepare the city for the Asian Games, are sometimes paid as little as 5 rupees (about 30p) a day. I didn't speak to any of them, of course. I was too busy scurrying from palace to palace, but a trained reporter picks up these sociological insights on the way, usually from the highest authority, his guide or taxi-driver.

I do not know which of these two authorities I admired the more. My guides in Agra, Delhi and Jaipur possessed voluminous historical knowledge and told me exactly where to stand to get the best photographs. In Agra, my guide was unforgettable, very neatly dressed, polite and precise, with his head cocked slightly to one side and a trace of a smile playing constantly around the corners of his lips. It was hard to guess at the origins of that smile. It was not deferential, if anything the reverse; nor exactly welcoming or cheerful. He smiled as he took me around those monuments to the Mughal rule, the Taj Mahal and the Agra Fort, Sikandra and the deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri, built by Akhbar the Great in honour of the holy man whose blessings brought him a son and heir.

The same enigmatic but infinitely expressive adjustment to the mouth accompanied his descriptions of the Taj Mahal—'on moonlit nights it hangs like a white pearl from a velvet sky'—and his flow of stories and anecdotes, about how the emperor Shah Jahan, who built the Taj Mahal as a mausoleum for his beloved wife Mumtaz, was imprisoned by his son in the Agra Fort about a mile away down the river. The ageing Shah could gaze towards the Taj Mahal from his balcony at the fort and imagine the mausoleum which was never built. It was supposed to be as black as the Taj Mahal was white, a tomb for himself, on the other river bank, linked to the Taj by a bridge, where his ghost could meet a spectral Mumtaz by moonlight. His eyesight, however, began to fail. He could not see his wife's tomb but through a cataractual haze. Accordingly, a large diamond was set in one pillar of his balcony, which reflected and magnified the image of the Taj Mahal, so that the old man could peer at its outlines and the memories of his life, long after his sight at a distance was gone.

Aurangzeb, Shah Jahan's son, was a merciful man by the standards of his day. Any other usurper would have lopped off his father's head or trampled him to death with elephants; but is there a fate more cruel than to spend one's last years maundering over the grave of a lost love, seen through a prism of carbon? Or so, at least, my guide's smile implied, with its patient, amused recognition of the passage of mankind. But he was no cynic, nor could one discern any lack of appreciation at the architectural, aesthetic and historical marvels which were laid out in such random profusion before us. He did not seem to be bored by them, nor was his professional skill so automatic that it unreeled itself like an angler's line to keep the tourist salmon well hooked. He was always helpful, sometimes to the point of providing personal glosses to his explanations, so that, for example, he would tell me how, as a Hindu, he believed in reincarnation, that his marriage would undergo many phases of temporal existence, before he and his wife, re-emerging in various forms, would have those lower forms purged away and be united in essence.

I simplify and distort his philosophy, through my lack of knowledge of it; and all that one can truthfully say was that, as we drove away from the Agra Fort, his description of the decrepit Jahan's misery was tempered by his belief that perhaps the elderly Shah had fallen into despair too soon. To mourn beside a tomb, whether of Mumtaz in ornate marble or a toss of earth over a shallow hole, was one of life's phases, whose ultimate import was that of purification. It has been said that the true sanity of India is that there has been no satanism in its prevailing beliefs, no dire warnings of an ultimate hell. It has never been necessary to prop up goodness with the threat of eternal fires, and hence perhaps, one source of the smile.

But again I simplify, for as we walked towards the Taj Mahal in the pleasant warmth of a March morning, I noticed what looked like enormous black plastic bags, hanging on the white walls. As we got closer, they turned out to be hives of wild bees, nearly the size of hornets, quite terrifying in their numbers and energy. My guide was worried about them: they frighten the tourists. Every year, the Taj Mahal is washed clean, by hand, with soap and water, and they always try to get rid of the hives, which create such a bad impression. But my guide didn't seem frightened by the bees at all. He stood quite close to them, and let them buzz around, confident that none would turn vicious. He kept me at a distance though, because my fear would be sensed by the bees, which accordingly would take defensive action; and sting. I could turn a peaceful hive into a hornet's nest.

That brief encounter with the bees brought into some perspective the second most powerful immediate impression of India, the first inevitably being the gulf between opulence and poverty. Wherever I went in India, there was a profusion of wild life, living in and around cities and villages, birds and animals sharing a peaceful co-existence with man. Two lofty eagles circle above the swimming pool at the Ashok Hotel in Delhi. The bones from slaughterhouses in villages were neatly stacked for the

waiting vultures. Families of baboons and gibbons played around the empty halls of Fatehpur Sikri. In the corner of one's eye, there was a flash of green as a swarm of small parrots flew past. The snake charmers, of course, were everywhere—trying to persuade their docile-looking cobras to puff out their heads and strike, for the benefit of tourists; but in other parts of India, they observe the Day of the Snake, where, according to one account, villagers search for snakes, which they capture and place in small baskets, bringing them into their houses, where, for a day, they look after them—and sleep in the same room with them—and worship them. On the following day, they return the snakes to the wild, with apologies for having mistreated and abused them throughout the year and with hopes that they can be better neighbours in future.

I might have doubted that story, had I not witnessed the bees and my guide's vegetarian smile, which implied such an acceptance of the world, in all its aspects, that the worship of creatures apparently harmful to man was but a part of it, for it also embraced those apparently destructive forces, symbolised by Shiva when he danced or Khali in an angry mood when she slaughtered, for those gods purge only what should be purged, not for purgation's sake. But I am straying into my second chapter, for the impact of visiting these small districts in Rajasthan and Utter Pradash, not only confirms all one's previous impressions of India, as gleaned from Kipling and other British writers of the Raj, but also overthrows them entirely. India, the parts of it I saw, is overwhelming in its familiarity and strangeness. The Taj Mahal itself, that building which everybody knows, looks exactly like every reproduction, but admittedly more beautiful; and yet as you look at it closely, and admire its Persian symmetry, its fretwork and inlay created by craftsmen from France, Portugal, Italy and Morocco, you realise that this symbol of India is no more Indian than the Lutyens' imperial architecture in Delhi. What is Indian about the Taj Mahal is the absorption of these influences and conquerors from abroad, the tolerance of difference, so that, in a sense, there was a Day of the Mughals, a Day of the British Raj, just as there is Day of the Snake, in which the Indian sub-continent admitted these military men and formidable traders into their house, lived with them for a spell, before they left of their own accord—or were turned out.

My guide, in short, with his historical and philosophical perspective, had something to smile about. There is cultural continuity in India which has outlasted not only invasions but its own diversity, the ethnic kaleidoscope of villages, tribes, castes and religions. There are 80 different ethnic groups in Rajasthan alone, each pursuing ways of life, customs of dress, languages and dialects which may have lasted for centuries; but this wide spectrum imposes disciplines of its own, of which not the least noticeable is the cultivated aloofness of manner and an engrained politeness. I began to find the familiar Indian greeting, hands and fingers pressed together as if in prayer, a slight bow of the head, compelling and catchingly beautiful. The rough handshake of the West, proving that your sword arm is free, seemed barbaric in comparison. The Indian greeting was a brief

acknowledgement of the godhead in the other person, friend or foe; and when I gave a rupee or so to a beggar woman in Jaipur, starved, wild-looking, half-mad, she saluted me with that gesture, as I did to her, and our eyes met across the praying palms.

What one noticed about those eyes was the lack of a beggar's shiftiness, the resentment of the rich masquerading as excessive sycophancy. There was instead a kind of recognition of the different phases of life in which we both found ourselves. It was a relief that, in a land with so many beggars, the poverty seemed but as a mask behind which the mind, fortified by belief, sustained its pride without aggression or envy—a relief, that is, for me, on the rich side of the gulf, though such acceptance of the beggar's lot was the despair of westernised intellectuals in Delhi who longed for revolution.

When Gandhi embraced the untouchables, he secured the future of India.

But if our positions had been reversed, with me gleaning whatever rupees were tossed in my direction from a camera-clicking tourist in an Indian tourist office car, my resentment would have been boundless. If my guru in Agra was my guide, my *rajput*, my warrior, was the taxi driver, who drove, hooting and boring, through the streets crowded with camels, holy cows, bicycles, distinctive multi-coloured lorries piled to the sky with goods and people, buses, young girls carrying baskets of dried dung on their heads, street traders and the itinerant circus of performing artists, gypsies with dancing bears, levitating conjurors, girls wearing boa constrictors and musicians, including one young boy playing a curious fiddle with two strings and a bell bowl whose song haunts me still.

Getting from place to place was a struggle, but also, with the driver's help, a delight. The internal airlines were efficient, but the planes left from crowded glorified hanger airports at monstrously early hours in the morning—5.30 or 6.00—to deliver you to your destination before the heat of the day. Once I arrived, the driver took command, whisking me to the hotel, to the tourist sights, to the restaurants. It was almost too efficient. From time to time, I wondered what it would have been like to have been a less privileged guest, to use the trains and the buses, to have taken the three-wheeled taxis with their motorbike engines.

But the Indian tourist office wanted to show me what was available in India for the lucky visitor, and this operation consisted of two parts—firstly, to allay those fears that India is a dangerous and disturbing place, where you can catch difficult diseases by drinking the water, and secondly, to prove that Indian standards of luxury are on par with those elsewhere in the world, though, by and large, much cheaper. They succeeded all too well, for I could not help feeling that the India which I wanted to see, as fascinating in its vignette images as in its epic panoramas, was being presented to me in a gilt (and even perhaps slightly guilty) frame.

My right arm had been pincushioned with injections against typhoid, cholera and other ills of which I had been warned; but once in India, it was hard to get into a situation where one might remotely take advantage

of all that protection. The Ashok Hotel in Delhi had an efficient range of Western cooking, to comfort those whose stomachs are upset by curry. The Mugal Sheraton in Agra, a modern hotel, was built in sympathy with, if not in imitation of, Mughal architecture, with cool streams surrounding the individual blocks of suites and rooms, linked by marble corridors. The Rambagh Palace in Jaipur was a converted palace whose rooms and elegance conveyed a more than five-star splendour. The cost of such luxury was (at about £40 a night) roughly equal to three-star hotels in London; but if you dropped a notch or two in comfort, and visited the serviceable and clean two or three star hotels in Jaipur, Delhi or Agra, the rates became very cheap indeed by Western standards.

The Indian tourist board were very keen to point out that while the flight to India might be expensive for the average tourist, the costs of staying in India were incomparably cheaper than in the West. The really sharp customer, who knew what he was doing, could probably buy jewellery in India which if resold in the West, would pay for the cost of the visit. The government authorised shops protected the tourist from the haggle of the bazaars. Not the least of the tourist attraction is the fact that English is still a *lingua franca* in India.

The tourist in India, in short, is a protected species, flying south in the winter months and vanishing in the heat of May, June and July. Even in early April, the temperature was sometimes too harsh for me. But I do not know to what extent the lure of all these services and comforts would actually attract people to India, who were not attracted to go there in the first place. Those Western hippies in the 1960s went to India by any means they could find in search of—what? Gurus? Peace of mind? A passionate embracing of values other than those supplied by the West? The beauty of the place?

And is it possible that for some people all that streamlined luxury, the comfort and the attention, might possibly diminish the deeper attraction of India? One first-class hotel is much like another, and tourism on this level leads to the impression that one has made an easy conquest of a land, whose essential life lies in reality so far beyond one's reach or comprehension. India is the country of perpetual discovery. The British colonial administrators would admit, after lifetimes of colonial service, that they knew next to nothing about the villages and cities in which they lived, very little about the shrines adorning the fields, almost nothing about the social stratas of castes and sub-castes whose conventions patterned the behaviour of the lives around them.

India was the country where the British lost confidence in their divine, civilising mission. That Victorian assurance was lost long before Lord Curzon, sixty years before Indian independence; and it was lost because, in a sense, it was absorbed by India, which took to the railways, the improved British administration, the abolition of *suttee*, the elimination of Thugs, without assuming that these changes were anything more than ripples on the surface of time. The riots and the disorders astonished the British government in the 1850s, because previously the passivity had

been misunderstood as acceptance. And once the British had turned from being missionaries to mere administrators, and administrators who by their own acknowledgement had only the faintest idea of what they were supposed to be doing, then what was left was only the show of empire, pomp and circumstance which India could add to its collection of imperial relics, drifting down the centuries to Tamurlane, Akhbar and Alexander. And India, of course, was not a nation but a continent with many countries, as it is still today, when the veneer of government with its tourist offices is scraped away.

Shakespeare knew of that Indian continent through travellers' tales. India was the excuse which led to the accidental discovery of America. Dryden wrote a play about the Mughal emperor, *Aurang-Zebe*; and throughout the European Renaissance, there was a dreamt-of presence—of enormous palaces, luxuries, riches, brutality, jewels, harems, monsters, all of which were beyond the reach of the Great Cham and Persian Empire. Much of the descriptive writing in Marlowe and Shakespeare, which we sometimes mistake as fanciful poetry, is an attempt to capture in words the fabled glory of a distant empire, outside the comprehension of normal mortals. Whether the Indian Tourist Office knows it or not, the draw towards India in the Western mind has profound cultural roots. If India did not exist, we would have invented it, as perhaps we are doing today, with the Festival of India in London. But that palpable attempt to help East and West to meet, the plausibility or otherwise of such a meeting, must be left, for the moment, hanging in time.

[John Elsom will contribute two further articles on India in the July and August issues.]

The July issue of Contemporary Review includes *The Crisis in Central America* by George Philip, *Mr. Prior's Initiative* by D. H. Young, *Mr. Friedman and Clark Gable* by Michael Hughes and *The Anti-Slavery Society: the Protection of Human Rights* by R. P. H. Davies, held over from the June issue.

SOUTH AFRICA—A MARKET ECONOMY?

by L. W. Hardy

SOUTH AFRICA is often praised or castigated as the paradigm of a free enterprise economy. At a time when the insidious onslaught of the 'welfare ethic' has been identified and perhaps halted in Britain and the USA, South Africa is sometimes cited as a successful free market economy worthy of our emulation.

The economic performance of the South African economy during the late 'seventies is admittedly impressive, but this has been facilitated by a number of factors unrelated to a market economy.

Firstly, the rise in the gold price to an average value of $613 an ounce in 1980 resulted in a tremendous inflow of funds, and a sharp rise in government revenue. This provided a spur to both public and private investment. Low interest rates and ready money sparked off a consumer boom.

Secondly, the rand has been traditionally pegged at a low level by the Reserve Bank. This has encouraged export industries in the face of increased transportation costs to European markets and facilitated import substitution. It has also swelled gold receipts.

Thirdly, South Africa has abundant supplies of land, raw materials, private capital and, relatively speaking, cheap labour. Most of its industries are on the ascendancy and the wealth of strategic mineral resources, still often unexplored as in Namibia, assures continuing export opportunities.

Fourthly, the agricultural sector of the economy is reasonably efficient in comparison with adjacent states. South Africa is a substantial exporter of foodstuffs to neighbouring countries and its citrus products have an international reputation.

The economic performance has been impressive despite large scale government involvement in many sectors of industry and commerce. A cursory glance at the facts demonstrates that South Africa is in many respects akin to a siege economy. The panopoly of exchange controls is still in existence, despite many fine words on the subject by government ministers. This is presumably because the authorities fear an exodus of funds and people from the Republic were the rand freely convertible.

In other areas government intervention has achieved noted success. Its efforts to stimulate indigenous strategic industries such as diesel engines, the oil from coal programmes and the armaments industry have minimised the possible damage a comprehensive trade embargo would inflict on the economy.

The value of government intervention in other sectors is often contentious. State Marketing Boards exercise tremendous influence in agriculture. For example, all sugar crop output has to be marketed via the relevant board which in its wisdom has decreed that there is adequate current production. Consequently, no new licenses to intending growers

are being granted. However, it must be remembered that agriculture is a major employer of black labour. Regulated prices are therefore important for farmers' profits and the stability of an industry employing large pools of black labour, often in sensitive border areas of the country. Despite the much publicised local food price increases in recent years, the cost of basic foodstuffs remains remarkably inexpensive by EEC standards and consistent improvements have taken place in the contents of the average black's diet.

It may surprise many readers that regional policy has a higher priority in South Africa than that acorded by the present Thatcher government in Britain. The magnetic pull of the Johannesburg area has remained despite generous incentives for industrial development in the semi-autonomous black homelands. This context clearly shows how political and economic considerations are inextricably linked in South Africa. Politics dictate that the 'constellation of states' become economically viable entities; otherwise, political autonomy remains a hollow concept. The Ciskei Development Corporation, which is close to the port and industrial hinterland of East London, has incentives which surpass those offered by the Welsh and Irish Development Agencies.

The manufacturing sector of the economy offers the most attractive prospects for profitable investment. There is a vast potential for mass produced goods targetted at the emerging black consumer markets. In particular, the electrification of Soweto has brought opportunities for television and electrical appliance sales which are currently being exploited by black businessmen, assisted by the government's small firms programme.

The ambivalent international attitude towards South Africa has necessitated government intervention in economic affairs, especially in view of the dominance of several sectors of the economy by multinational companies. Incentives offered in developing areas offer interesting prospects for international investment, satisfying both the profit motive and a company's desire to assist in the development of the black community.

The policy of 'constructive engagement' from the Reagan administration enables the government to introduce gradual internal reforms and a relaxation of apartheid without fear of a massive conservative electoral revolt. At the same time, it wishes to have the freedom to pursue a 'strong' foreign policy. This means that a political settlement in South West Africa may still be a long term prospect and the hostilities against Angola-based insurgents will continue regardless of adverse western comment. If the political stability of Zimbabwe continues to deteriorate, South African diplomacy will be armed with yet another citation as to the dangers of precipititous reform on the African continent.

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A COMMUNIST VIEWPOINT ON BRITAIN

by George Matthews

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Budget presented by Sir Geoffrey Howe on March 9th was its total failure to address itself to the desperate economic problems faced by Britain.

Four million unemployed, the devastation of large tracts of British industry, and a decline in manufacturing production to the level of 1967 bear witness to the folly of past policies, and cry aloud for a drastic change. The government, however, contents itself with a few cosmetic measures, designed to placate the Tory 'wets', while continuing with the basic policy which has produced the crisis. Sir Geoffrey tried to put most of the blame for Britain's problems on the increase in oil prices, despite the fact that we ourselves are now a major oil producer. It is indeed symptomatic of the craziness of the government's policy, and of the economic system which it upholds, that it should respond to a *fall* in the price of oil by a *rise* in the price of petrol to the consumer.

But the roots of the crisis go back far beyond the oil price increase. Any serious analysis must at least start with 1945, and the position then confronted by Britain. Profound changes had taken place as a result of the war, and were continuing. The socialist sector of the world had been extended and strengthened. National liberation struggles were challenging imperialism. The rival imperialism of the United States had emerged from the war very much stronger. But instead of recognising that these changes made it necessary to change course decisively, successive governments, whether right-wing Labour or Tory, conducted a last-ditch battle to maintain Britain's imperialist position.

Vast sums were invested abroad, instead of being used for the regeneration of industry at home. Energy policy was based on the assumption that cheap oil would be available for ever, and the coal industry was run down. There was heavy military spending on colonial wars in Malaya, Kenya and elsewhere, as well as the disastrous Suez adventure. Instead of a policy of friendship towards the socialist countries, the Cold War was launched, rearmament added to the economic burdens, and Britain became the advanced nuclear base of the United States. Meanwhile, Germany and Japan, defeated in the war, rebuilt their industries with assistance from other capitalist powers, and without the burden of massive military expenditure. Thus, they, as well as the United States, rapidly became major rivals and competitors.

These are some of the reasons why, when the post-war reconstruction boom in the capitalist world came to an end, Britain was so severely affected. The increase in living standards which, as a result of trade union and democratic pressures, did take place in the post-war period despite the enormous cost of the policies summarised above, was halted, and then turned into a fall. The pound was devalued, there was a series

of balance of payments crises, and governments resorted to 'stop-go' economic measures in a vain attempt to halt the decline. Neither the Wilson-Callaghan nor the Heath administrations resolved the problems. But the advent of the government of Mrs. Thatcher saw a dramatic change for the worse. If it had deliberately set out to wreck the economy and destroy any prospect of recovery it could not have done more. The multinational firms were given an even freer hand to export their capital and close down or cut back their British operations. It is estimated that, in the two years or so since exchange controls were abolished, as much as £10,000 million of capital has been exported which would otherwise have stayed at home. (*Times:* February 19th 1982).

While some effort was made to appease anti-Common Market feeling by bargaining on Britain's contribution, there was active support for EEC policies which have inflicted immense damage on the steel, car and other industries in Britain. Military spending was increased (by eight per cent in real terms since 1978/79, and with the aim of a 21 per cent increase by 1985/86). Interest rates were pushed up, public spending cut back, and unemployment sent soaring. Far from being concerned about this, the government and its backers saw it as a means of weakening trade union and working class resistance to their policies. They also embarked on the selling-off of publicly owned assets, usually at bargain prices.

As a consequence, Britain has the worst record of any advanced industrial country in the recent period. During the past year unemployment here has risen by a million, the equivalent of a third of the increase in the industrial world, whereas we have only a fourteenth of the population. In the OECD countries the rate of increase of production was slowed down by the crisis, but it still went up by 2½ per cent, whereas in Britain there was an absolute drop of 4 per cent. Inflation was also higher here. This has happened despite the fact that, as the Chancellor admitted, output per head in manufacturing industry rose by 10 per cent and unit costs rose hardly at all as a result of lower wage increases. In other words, the workers cannot be blamed for Britain's poor performance.

The cost of the government's policies in social and human terms has been enormous. Hundreds of thousands of young people have been made to feel useless and unwanted. Last summer's riots were only one expression of the anger, frustration and bitterness which is being built up. Cuts in the social services have meant that the poorest and most deprived sections are suffering most from the crisis. The contrast between the luxury spending of the rich and the increasing belt-tightening of the rest of the population is growing rather than diminishing.

It is clear, therefore, that minor changes in direction will do nothing to resolve the underlying problems. Mrs. Thatcher repeats *ad nauseam* that 'there is no alternative'. Even within the Tory Party this view is disputed, and the Tory 'wets' have argued for a less restrictive approach. But what they propose would make very little impact on the unemployment figures or on the generally depressed state of the economy.

So far as the SDP-Liberal Alliance has spelled out its policy, this would

also represent only a difference of degree rather than the fundamental change which is needed. The principal leaders of the SDP have been closely associated with the bankrupt policies of the past which have landed the country in its present plight. It would therefore be folly to look to them for salvation. Fortunately there is a realistic, practical and effective alternative, though not one which will be easy of achievement. In particular, it will be fiercely resisted by those whose power and wealth is threatened by it, especially the big national and multinational firms.

Although there is a deep-rooted crisis, the Communist Party does not accept the view that Britain is condemned to inevitable decline. We have very great resources at our disposal, both in the skill and experience of our working people and the industrial and fuel and energy resources which we still possess. The question is how and for what purposes they are used.

The strategy which we advocate to begin the process of regenerating Britain can be briefly summarised. There should be a major expansion of the economy, aimed at a substantial reduction in unemployment, and achieved by big investment projects in both the public and private sectors and by an increase in purchasing power as a result of higher wages and benefits. Strict controls on the export of capital should be imposed, and import controls would also be needed to protect threatened British industries and maintain imports at a level which the country can afford. (In an expanded economy this would not necessarily mean a reduction in the present overall level of imports). It would be essential to have a system of price controls to prevent firms from pushing prices up in the sellers' market created by economic expansion and import controls. To ensure a proper investment and employment policy in the private sector compulsory planning agreements should be enforced.

Sectors of the economy which have been de-nationalised by the Tories should be re-nationalised, and more key industrial firms, as well as major financial institutions, should be taken into public ownership. There should be major changes in the running of the nationalised industries, extending workers' participation and control, combatting bureaucracy and giving consumers a greater voice. In private industry there should be an expansion of the area subject to collective bargaining to include all important decision-making, including forward planning and investment. 'Opening the books' to the unions should be mandatory. The restrictions imposed on trade union activity by the Tory government's industrial legislation should be removed, and wage negotiations should take place on the basis of free collective bargaining.

Many of these measures conflict with the Treaty of Rome, whose provisions have already done such damage to the country. Britain should withdraw from the Common Market without delay, thus enabling it to buy freely in the world food market, and enter into international and bi-national economic agreements with other countries as an independent power. Cuts in the social services should be restored, and housing, health and education should all be expanded. Unilateral nuclear disarmament

and the reduction of the crippling burden of military expenditure by half would help to finance this, and still leave £6,000 million to be spent on Britain's genuine defence needs. With an independent foreign policy we would be far more secure than we are now, when decisions taken by the Pentagon or NATO could plunge us into nuclear war.

Further resources for financing the programme outlined above would be available as a result of the expansion of the economy and the reduction of the amount now lost to the exchequer as a result of the payment of unemployment benefit and the loss of tax revenue from the unemployed, estimated at £15,000 million a year (*Times:* February 18th, 1982). Additional revenue should also be raised from a wealth tax.

Many of the points of this alternative economic strategy are also official Labour Party and Trades Union Congress policy. Communists have campaigned in the labour movement for many years for their adoption, as have others on the Left, especially those associated with Tony Benn, and considerable successes have been achieved. It is one thing, however, to take progressive decisions at conferences, and another to secure a leadership and a committed left government which will carry them out. That can only come as a result of active struggle by millions of people, as the Communist Party has stressed throughout the 62 years of its existence. Its experience of and participation in such struggles and its roots in industry and the workplaces, as well as its Marxist outlook and ability to work out a strategy for the advance to socialism, mean that it has an indispensable contribution to make to the labour and democratic movement.

On a number of important policy questions the Communist Party has a distinctive approach. First, the official position of the Labour Party, as expressed in current documents and speeches of the leadership, is ambiguous on the issue of military expenditure. For example, in the statement on its alternative economic strategy launched by Michael Foot in March, there was no reference at all to arms spending. In our view, any serious strategy for tackling the country's problems must face up to the burdens and distortion which the present military budget imposes on the economy.

Second, many Labour Party and TUC leaders still hanker after some form of wage restraint. Michael Foot, introducing the statement referred to above, called for a new 'social contract'. Yet it was the wage restraint element in the previous social contract which began the process of cutting purchasing power, restricting the home market, and increasing unemployment. It resulted in many trade unionists becoming disillusioned with Labour, and helped the Tories come to office. Communists argue that there should be no restrictions on free collective bargaining. We are in favour of the closest co-operation between a Labour government carrying out progressive policies and the trade unions, and we are convinced that in formulating their wage demands the unions would take fully into account the policies of such a government.

Third, many on the left have an elitist and bureaucratic approach

to the alternative economic strategy, seeing it primarily as a series of reforms 'from above', which would in practice increase the power of the state. Communists, on the other hand, argue for the maximum popular involvement both in the working out and the operation of the strategy. The planning of the economy is not just a matter for technocrats. It needs to be based on the greatest possible amount of grass-roots discussion.

Fourth, whilst an economic strategy must obviously deal primarily with economic questions, the left and democratic movement must have wider horizons. There are many other questions of vital importance which must be tackled. It is essential to combat racism and racial discrimination far more vigorously. Tougher laws are needed to deal with racist propaganda and activities, and alongside the measures to deal with unemployment and bad housing, which particularly affect the black community, a major ideological campaign is needed to combat the racist ideas which have deep roots among many white people, including white workers. There is the whole range of issues raised by the women's liberation movement. These include not only equal pay, equal rights and better social services, but the sexual division of labour and the role of the family in modern society.

The Communist Party has long campaigned for Scottish and Welsh Parliaments, believing that this is the basis on which to build an effective voluntary union of the people of England, Scotland and Wales. We have also consistently opposed British repression in Northern Ireland, advocating the implementation of a Bill of Rights there, financial help to deal with the acute problems of poverty and unemployment, and the withdrawal of British troops to barracks. We oppose both British Army violence and the violence of the Unionist para-military groups and the IRA, and urge a political solution and the creation of conditions for the complete withdrawal of British troops.

Fifth, the alternative strategy will remain on paper unless powerful pressure is exerted to secure its implementation. The Communist Party argues that it is possible to mobilise very wide forces in this struggle. The building of such an alliance is a key concept of the Communist Party's long-term programme, *The British Road to Socialism*.

Finally, the Communist Party relates the immediate and short-term propositions of the alternative strategy to the aim of achieving socialism. The implementation of the strategy would represent a substantial tipping of the balance of power in our society in favour of the working people. But it would still be a capitalist society, since the bulk of production would remain with the private sector, and the state apparatus would not have been transformed into one serving the needs of socialism. It is our view that there are inherent contradictions at the heart of the capitalist system which mean that it is now a barrier to further progress, and indeed is resulting in Britain's decline. The basic contradiction is that between production as a social process, and ownership and control which are mainly private. We are for the elimination of this contradiction by the social ownership of the main means of production. But this will come

about only as a result of the transfer of political and state power from the hands of the minority—the capitalist class—into the hands of the majority—the working class and its allies.

This is what we mean by a socialist revolution, and we argue in our programme that it can be carried through in Britain without civil war, by the combination of a socialist parliamentary majority and mass struggle outside Parliament. We disagree with some ultra-left organisations in Britain which discount the importance of Parliament. Parliament itself is the product of past struggles for democracy, and can be transformed into the democratic instrument of the will of the vast majority of the people. We also disagree with those who attack extra-Parliamentary action, trying to create the impression that there is something undemocratic about people acting to defend themselves, or bring pressure for advance on Parliament.

The changes in the world since the October 1917 revolution in Russia, as well as the particular history and conditions of Britain, make it possible to achieve socialism by a different road to that taken in the Soviet Union. The working class is the majority of the population. Together with its allies among other sections of the population it has enormous potential power. There is therefore the possibility of confronting the big capitalists with overwhelming strength. We see the advance to socialism as a process, in which left governments committed to decisive changes would be elected, and begin to carry out a major democratic transformation of society. This should take place in conditions of political pluralism, in which all democratic parties, including those opposed to socialism, should be guaranteed political rights and the right to contend for power in elections, with all governments, including left and socialist governments, pledged to stand down if defeated in an election.

If, however, the big capitalists refused to accept the democratic verdict of the people and turned to the use of force, it would be necessary for the elected government to take all necessary measures to thwart an attempted coup. The dangers of such a right-wing coup would be greatly diminished by the democratisation of the state apparatus, and particularly by democratic reforms in the armed forces and police.

The society we wish to see is one in which the restrictions imposed on democracy by capitalism are removed, and there is a vast expansion of the people's democratic rights, initiative and participation in government. To us, changing the economic system is not an end in itself, but a means of creating conditions in which people will be able to develop their capacities fully and realise their full potentialities and individuality.

This objective inspires Communists in their day-to-day work.

[George Matthews, a member for 36 years (1943 to 1979) of the Executive of the Communist Party of Great Britain, edited the *Daily Worker* and the *Morning Star* from 1959 to 1974.]

KING GUSTAF VI ADOLF AND QUEEN LOUISE OF SWEDEN: A PERSONAL MEMOIR

by Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna

'MERCY and Truth preserve the King, and his throne is upholden by Mercy', says the *Book of Proverbs*.

This holds good of King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden (1882-1973). Eugénie, ex-empress of France, was a godmother at his christening in 1882; William I, the German emperor, was his maternal great-grandfather. His mother, Crown Princess Victoria, princess of Bade, frail in health but strongwilled, was imbued with notions of the divine rights of kings, holding it to be of the utmost importance that as children her sons should wear military uniform. Discipline of the Prussian kind was, accordingly, something with which the young prince soon got acquainted. His reaction turned out to be a deep-rooted antipathy to this manifestation of German mentality. As an officer in later life he often had to appear in uniform. One got the impression that to him it was a kind of Nessus-shirt which he wanted to take off as soon as possible.

Reacting against the ideals of his mother, Gustaf Adolf was, in his youth, confronted by a different conception of royalty. Influenced by his uncle, the painter-prince Eugen—once nicknamed the Red Prince—and, above all, by his first British-born consort, Princess Margaret of Connaught (1882-1920), he developed into a true liberal, firmly believing in parliamentary rule and political democracy. A monarch of our time should, he thought, be regarded as a symbol of the realm, placed above parties. When his attention was drawn to former instances of royal interference, he commented: 'Well, they used to but nowadays things have changed.' An intimate friend of the King, the late professor Axel Boëthius, once described Gustaf Adolf's activities as steady, unostentatious endeavours to influence by discussion. He was, as once recommended by Bagehot, the counsellor of his own counsellors. To our social-democrats, in power since 1945, the King never failed in loyalty. These courteous relations continued undisturbed to the end of his life. It is regrettable that liberal opponents of the socialist programme in Sweden never realised that they might have found in our constitutional/parliamentary monarchy a reliable supporter in warding off the socialist monolith. But recollections of the embittered constitutional clashes at the beginning of the present century, unfortunately, proved too strong.

Gustav V is said to have complained that his eldest son was too much of a scholar. There was some truth in the remark. It was slightly disturbing to see a man of his eminently scientific disposition—'my professor-husband', his second wife, Queen Louise (1889-1965), used to call him—act the part of a king. Nonetheless, he was every inch a monarch when, at the opening of the Riksdag, he read aloud, with meticulous pronunciation, that badly worded summary which passed under the title of the

Speech from the Throne. He entered wholeheartedly into those cleverly staged tours of inspection, called *Eriksgator*, which filled the first seven summers of his reign, appearing as the father of the country, deeply interested in community life.

The life of the King was, to quote a memorial, a well discharged official life. His interest in the ever-changing problems of politics was, perhaps, more duty-bound than personal. His attitude to his predecessors was that of a younger colleague—rather than a historian. Although deprived of most of their political power, he was well aware that his forebears had had to tackle problems similar to his own. Only once during his reign did the King face a cabinet crisis. This was in 1957, when the coalition between the social-democrats and the centre-party was dissolved. During this crisis the King behaved in an exemplary way. He took pleasure, so it seemed, in demonstrating the correct procedure of parliamentary monarchy. This scholarly performance—he took careful notes of his conversations with the party leaders—appeared, however, to have irritated the radicals. In our new constitution, adopted after the demise of the King, monarchy as a political factor has been reduced to nil.

My first contact with the King was through my parents. He knew them well and had, during his annual visits to England, been a constant visitor at 27, Portland Place, the Swedish Embassy, where my father was in residence (1920-1937) as our minister to the Court of St. James's. I was still an undergraduate in Uppsala when the second son of the then Crown Prince, Prince Sigvard, came to the University. I remember a dinner-dance in 1927 at the Royal Palace, when I had the honour of sitting next to our 'new' imposing Crown Princess, Lady Louise Mountbatten, and admiring her vivacity and fluent Swedish. There were similar occasions but I remember in particular the rainy Midsummer's Day of 1939. The royal couple had luncheon in my mother's house in Dalecarlia. Conversation turned on the then burning prospect of peace and became so heated that in spite of the cold I forgot to set light to the fire. The Crown Prince did not believe in the possibility of war; the Germans, he said, just loved marching and obeying orders (this was probably said to reassure his listeners—and himself).

In those days there still lived in Stockholm some society hostesses who had been members of the late Crown Princess Margaret's hockey club. These ladies enjoyed the privilege of giving small dinners in honour of the Royal couple. I was asked to some of these parties at the house of Baroness Bo Leijonhufvud. Owing to the court mourning, the first one had been a black-tie dinner. The second time, without looking at my invitation card, I put on a dinner jacket to find, on arriving, the male guests in tails and decorations. The Crown Prince, kindly wishing to put me at ease, engaged me in a long conversation after dinner, highly praising my friend Erik Sjöqvist, a brilliant archaeologist, newly appointed as his private secretary. A year later I reviewed a book about Swedish foreign policy in the times of Oscar II, criticising the author's somewhat

anachronistic views. Maybe this article was noted and I was considered a staunch monarchist, which indeed was and is true.

Meanwhile, my friend Sjöqvist found himself, on the accession to the throne of the Crown Prince, the private secretary of a King. This was not at all what he had envisaged. Most opportunely, in the spring of 1951, Sjöoqvist was offered a professor's chair at Princetown. The nomination of a successor was urgent and I, then attached to our Record Office, was offered the post. I vividly recall the summons to the Royal Palace. The King received me in a most friendly and cordial way, outlining in detail the duties of a private secretary, looking up at me questioningly at the end of every sentence. To me, belonging to a politically radical family with a religious background, the confrontation with this liberal of the very best sort, personally so humble in spite of the imposing emblems of royalty, was of particular interest. Here I found a person, high-minded and tenacious of purpose, eager to get on the stage after so many years of waiting in the wings.

Late that summer Herbert Morrison, former foreign secretary of Great Britain, was the King's guest at Sofiero. In conversation with me, Morrison stressed the importance of my office. My royal employer intervened, explaining to his British guest that the authority of his private secretary was in no way similar to that of King George VI's.

King Gustaf Adolf was one of the most kind-hearted human beings I had ever met. His warmth of heart was spontaneous, although at times moderated by the formalism of his royal position. He revealed himself as an extremely likeable elderly gentleman, incapable of an unworthy thought or action yet anything but blasé, with an insatiable curiosity about people and life in general. He was an all-round sportsman, a gourmet and gourmand of rare dimensions, and very dependent on the company of ladies. Thus, after the death of Queen Louise, her ladies-in-waiting were asked to remain in his service.

Being, as a rule, like a certain prince of Denmark, 'most dreadfully attended', the King was very fond of practical jokes—for him they may have been a sort of outlet. And he was quick at repartee. I declared once, with enthusiasm, that were I granted another life, I would like to be a caretaker at the Royal Palace. To which the King replied in a matter-of-fact voice: 'But, my dear fellow, that is what you are.'

Before arriving at a decision the King often asked the advice of a number of people. This was not, as has sometimes been supposed, due to a desire to know the way the wind was blowing. It was rather the working of a methodical mind. When some serious problem had to be solved he would remove his spectacles and gaze pensively into the void, trimming carefully every hair of his eye-lashes and then knock his teeth gently with the frame of his spectacles. During this long pause I had to remain completely silent. Having got through this ritual, he would put on his spectacles and ask, with an expectant smile: 'What did you say?' I had, of course, remained tactfully silent, and then followed a rapid monologue: 'Well, I think we had better do this or that . . . ' Thus, a

decision was arrived at which would, without exception, be well-reasoned and judicious.

The King's linguistic endowments were truly astounding. His English was the 'King's English'. As for Queen Louise, her English became with the years more and more Swedish. The Danish language, often a stumbling-block to Swedes, was mastered by the King so that he spoke it like a native. In his old age he even learnt to speak Italian, and he kept up a smattering of Latin.

Good all-round education triumphed during the conversation at the King's dinner-table. For every contingency, reference works were to be found in the drawers of the sideboard with names of animals, fish, birds and flowers in every conceivable language. 'What is the French for halibut?' a question might be asked. Dictionaries were produced, including the *Oxford Dictionary, Webster* and *Larousse*. At this erudite court it finally dawned on me why our Swedish National Dictionary (*Nordisk Familjebok*) is named Dictionary of Conversation.

As to Gustaf VI Adolf's achievements in promoting science and the fine arts, it has been justly said that an entire range of academies, societies, foundations and institutes stand as impressive monuments to the determination of a prince and king to overcome his royal isolation. Since his youth, archaeology had been *le violon d'Ingres* of Gustaf Adolf. To watch him, knife and toothbrush in hand, working cautiously and methodically at the roof of an Etruscan villa day after day under the burning sun of the Mediterranean, while excavating, was to see a happy man.

Prince Eugen, the artistic uncle already mentioned, advised his nephew to take an interest in the creative arts. This interest developed almost to a passion as the King advanced in age. Inspired by the writings of his friend, Bernard Berenson, he found what is sometimes termed life-enhancement. He also collected Chinese gold, sculptures of rhinoceros, jade, ceramics of the S'ung period, Hellenistic silver, archaic Greek coins and Byzantine ivory. Sergeant Luigi Onofri, the King's 'shadow' during his travels in Italy, repeatedly made the sign of the Cross when the 'Count of Gripsholm' (the name adopted when the King was travelling incognito) wished to scrutinise at close quarters some detail of sculpture on the high altar in a church, and forced his way through the rows of worshippers kneeling during Mass. In all works of art the King looked for honesty. Extremes did not frighten him, provided the artist thoroughly understood his element.

I think that towards the end of his long life, rich in sorrows and tribulations, Gustaf VI Adolf had become a firmly believing Christian. Some books of devotion were always at his bedside. The hymns chosen by himself for his own funeral indicated that he had attained a clear vision of life and death.

Today, when I call at the Royal Palace in Stockholm, I seem to hear the clatter of the heels of Queen Louise, always in a hurry, chatting about some topic of the day. Nobody who met her will forget the spell of

her personality, so active and at times impetuous in spite of her retiring, almost self-effacing disposition and frail physique. Had she not left her native land it is likely that she would have been an extremely well-read English lady, patronising charity bazaars, ventilating, over a cup of tea, frank and well-reasoned views on a variety of subjects. There are people who seem to grow with the demands made on them. This was the case of the former Lady Louise Mountbatten who, to quote her own mother in 1950, had done her very best as Crown Princess of Sweden.

Queen Louise possessed a never-failing sense of humour. One day, arriving for luncheon at Drottningholm, I found on the King's writing-desk in the immense drawing room an exquisite, newly acquired T'ang vase. It had been placed perilously near to the edge of the table. I thought it should be removed to a safer position, but the Queen said that the vase must remain where she had put it. The King entered: lunch was announced. The Queen made an imperceptible gesture and the precious object dropped onto the stone floor where, to the astonishment of everybody present, it bounced up and down without breaking. The expression on the face of the King, that distinguished connoisseur of china, was indescribable—sheer horror slowly giving way to roars of laughter. The Queen had found this perfect rubber imitation of a T'ang vase in Butterick's shop in Stockholm!

Queen Louise talked as fast as she thought and could be, although a descendant of a saint—Elizabeth of Thüringia—at times very uncompromising. She enjoyed bickering with her younger brother, Lord Louis Mountbatten. During one of his visits to Stockholm he gently reminded his sister, after a heated exchange, that he had once been Viceroy of India. To which she retorted: 'You bully me—you always have. But you must remember that I am a Queen.' After a short, embarrassed pause, they both gave way to hilarious laughter.

Now and then the private secretary fell victim to these outbursts of temper—not always undeserved. The King's seventieth birthday was approaching. A journalist interviewed me for an article in a weekly magazine about the royal couple. It turned out to be an inoffensive and rather harmless affair, entitled 'The Assiduous Old Couple'. The article was published while the King and Queen were still on holiday on the Continent. When the Queen returned, her heels pattered on the parquet floor in the Hall of Mirrors in a menacing way. She did not shake hands or speak to me during luncheon. Obviously I was under a cloud.

The head of the King's military staff, General Cederschiöld, unconsciously came to my rescue. Next day he complimented Her Majesty on the article. It was, to his mind, excellent. The Queen frowned: 'Do you really think so, General? she demanded. 'I must say that I do not like to be described as a decrepit old lady.' 'Ma'am,' the General exclaimed. 'You refer to the heading of the column. But it was taken from that amusing skit in Karl Gerhard's show last year entitled, if you remember, "The Assiduous Old Couple".' The Queen's expression changed completely. 'Oh, Karl Gerhard', she exclaimed delightedly and I was back

in favour.

Such was our Queen. She considered herself rather sharp, and so indeed she was. But after a first rush of emotion, when her eyes flashed and words stuck in her throat, she was anxious to clear up any misunderstanding and make amends.

Queen Louise's unsophisticated manner enabled her to make close contact with people and brightened up solemn occasions as, for instance, formal state visits such as the visit to France in 1963. The Queen's French was excellent, better than her husband's but, when sitting down next to President de Gaulle at the great banquet in the Gallery of Mirrors of Versailles, she thought fit to excuse herself for having learnt her French from *les poilus* of the trenches during the First World War. (The Queen had then served as a nurse in an American hospital in France.) Deeply moved, de Gaulle kissed her hand, murmuring: 'Madame, madame . . . ' Conversation flowed easily after that exchange. The General's last word was said two years later at her bier in the cathedral of Stockholm, written on an immense wreath. De Gaulle always remembered the British nurse at Nevers.

Though stricken herself with many sorrows, Queen Louise never forgot others in distress. In the absence of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in Stockholm was, as a rule, entitled to have the honour of taking the Queen in to dinner at the state banquets in the Royal Palace. But if the Doyen happened to be the Soviet Ambassador, this honour was refused. To the Queen he represented a system which had infamously treated her closest relatives. In January 1965, from her hospital bed, she ordered me to distribute among our leading libraries a memoir, written on her initiative, of her aunt, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth who, during the upheavals of 1917-18, had been brutally murdered by the bolsheviks.[1] The distribution of this memoir was the last service I rendered the Queen.

Royalty does not, as a rule, indulge overmuch in sentiment. If they did so they would be unable to fulfill their often exacting tasks. And Queen Louise was anything but sentimental. A Royal person, she declared, is never ill—but either dead or alive and in good health. In London, where memories linger of the annual visits of Queen Louise and her consort, this lovable, conscientious couple are still very much alive to their numerous friends, British as well as Swedish.

NOTE

[1] E. M. Almedingen, *An Unbroken Unity*. A memoir of Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, 1864-1918 (London, 1964).

[Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna, Ph.D., historian and a former archivist to National Archives, Stockholm, was (1951-1973) private secretary and librarian to the late King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden. This article is based on a lecture given to the Anglo-Swedish Society in London in October 1981.]

JESUS AND THE ORDINATION OF WOMEN

by Gillian Clark

I BELONG to the Group for the Ministry of Women in the Scottish Episcopal Church, which is concerned with all aspects of women's ministry and especially, at present, with the ordination of women to the Anglican priesthood. We are a very varied group. Some of us are married, some not; some have children, some not; some work outside the home, some don't; some are women, some men; some are Scots, and some English. Our oldest member went to conferences with Bishop Gore and remembers Bishop Hensley Henson as a dangerous radical; our youngest is a theology student. What we have in common is a belief about the way men and women may work together in the church, which is the assembly of God's people on earth. We base our belief on the life and teachings of Jesus Christ and hope our fellow Christians will come to share it. My concern here is to support that belief from the teachings of Jesus.

How can we find out what Jesus thought about women? He said nothing that is recorded in the Gospels about their proper role. The marriage of a man and a woman makes one flesh—that is, one living creature—as in the Creation God made humankind male and female. Jesus does not say how husband and wife should order their marriage, or whether one should be subordinate to the other. His ministry to men and women made no difference between them, and in that he violated the conventions of the time. He healed women who were ritually impure; he consorted with prostitutes; he was found, to the shocked surprise of his disciples, talking alone with a woman at a well (and she was a Samaritan and a divorcée at that); he had women travelling among his followers (that, according to St. Luke, was where the money came from) when they should have been at home with their husbands. The story of Martha and Mary is especially instructive. Martha was fulfilling the primary duties of a Jewish woman, keeping house and preparing food. Mary was studying the Torah, which according to some rabbis was a forbidden occupation for women. 'Better to burn the Torah than to teach it to women.' But it was Mary, said Jesus, who had chosen the better part; and it should not be taken from her.

Yet Jesus did not denounce the general subjugation of women. He attacked the Mosaic law which allowed a man to put away his wife—in the Hillelite interpretation, because there was something he didn't like about her—and that is all. He did not say that the schools should be open to women or that they should read from the Torah in synagogue; what outraged him in the Temple was the money-changers, not the segregation of women or the ritual uncleanness imposed on them at menstruation or after childbirth. Do we conclude that he approved? He did not denounce slavery, or the incompetent and extortionate Roman colonial regime. It was not his way to try to change structures. We might say that was one

of the temptations he rejected, the temptation to be a really *good* king. He tried to change the hard hearts and closed minds of human beings, by his teaching and his own example, and then left them to make what they could of it.

But in the light of all this, what do we make of the fact that the twelve people whom Jesus appointed 'to be with him and to be sent out to preach and have authority to cast out demons', that is, the apostles, were men? Did he think that there was something about male human nature which was appropriate to these tasks, whereas female human nature was not? Or was he accepting the social fact that, in first-century Judaea, itinerant women preachers were unthinkable? Things were, no doubt, more relaxed in Galilee than in Jerusalem: but still women could not be heard in synagogues and were not supposed to talk to men, certainly not to strange men. And what are we to say about Jesus' intentions in appointing the twelve? Was he in his turn creating a structure, establishing a hierarchy for the Church he foreknew? Jesus, says a legend, on his return to heaven was met by the Angel Gabriel, who asked what plans he had made to continue his ministry on earth. 'I have left twelve men,' Jesus replied. 'And if they fail?' 'I have no other plans.'

They did not fail; and very soon found themselves at the point where a message of liberation has to be reconciled with some sort of organisation. The organisation varied from place to place. Some churches had *episcopoi* (overseers) or *presbuteroi* (elders); some had *diakonoi* (servants); some had apostles and prophets and teachers and evangelists. Occasionally these gifts of the Spirit were acknowledged by the laying-on of hands. There are foreshadowings of the later ordained ministry, but we cannot say what happened in first-century churches at the celebration of the Eucharist, where, from the second century, a bishop or, later, a priest presided. If celebrations followed the pattern of a Jewish meal, the father of the household or an honoured male guest would say the blessings. But what happened in a Hellenistic Greek setting, as for instance in the house of Lydia who was baptised with all her household?

One thing seems certain. Many of the people who did most to build up the first-century churches were women. We have only to look at the list of greetings added to the end of *Romans*. It *may* include a woman apostle, Junia, In some manuscripts it is the feminine, Junia, in others the masculine, Junias, and there is no way of deciding between them unless we assume without further evidence that a woman could not in any circumstances be an apostle. The list in *Romans* begins with Phoebe, a *diakonos* of the church at Cenchreai: again, there is no reason to suppose she was not a deacon unless we assume that this was impossible. At the end of the first century, Pliny, the Roman governor of Bithynia in Asia Minor, wanted to know more about this curious Christian superstition which had appeared in his province. So he pulled in two maidservants: the Christians, he says, call them *ministrae*. Ministra is the female form of the Latin word for *diakonos*.

There is, then, a case for believing that women in first-century

churches held the kind of office which was a forerunner of the later three-fold ordained ministry; but soon we come to the stumbling-block—the Pauline regulations for the behaviour of women in church. It appears that in Corinth some women, carried away perhaps by the assurance that they mattered to God and the discovery that He could and would speak through them, had when praying and prophesying discarded the veils which marked them as respectable women belonging to husbands. St. Paul, characteristically, did not merely say they must put them on again; he tried to make the practice seem reasonable. It was the beginning of nearly two thousand years of attempts to keep Christian women in their place. His argument rests on Genesis. Man was made in the image of God: woman was made out of man and for man. He reflects God's glory; she reflects his glory. She needs man to lead her. He for God only, she for God in him.

But, characteristically, St. Paul, in the middle of his argument, pauses to deliver this devastating truth:

> But in the Lord the woman is not anything apart from the man, nor the man apart from the woman. For as the woman was taken out of the man, so also man comes through the woman: and all things come from God. 1 *Corinthians* 11: 11-12.

What of the remainder of the regulations? The most important comes in the same letter to Corinth.

> Let women observe silence in the assemblies, for they do not have leave to speak, but must be in subjection, as the law says. If they wish to learn anything, let them ask their own husbands at home; for it is a disgraceful thing for a woman to speak in assembly. Or was it from you that the word of God went forth? Or are you the only people it has reached? If anyone thinks himself to be a prophet or a spiritual person, let him recognise that what I am writing to you is a command of the Lord. 1 *Corinthians* 14: 34-38.

It sounds very impressive, as if St. Paul actually has a command of the Lord which requires women to be silent in church—which would rule out not only women priests but deaconesses and lay-readers and women joining in prayer. Is that really what he is saying? He is dealing with the claims of Corinthian prophets and charismatics to be regarded as authorities in the church. The two sentences on women interrupt the sequence of argument which confronts these prophets with the needs of the church as a whole. Some manuscripts have them at the end of the chapter, where the appeal is not to a command of the Lord but to decency and order. It is difficult to reconcile them with St. Paul's acceptance of women praying and prophesying in public, and many scholars argue that they are a later addition. But the main point at issue is the 'command of the Lord'. Can we imagine the Jesus of the Gospels saying something to the effect 'and when you have a church, keep the women quiet'?

Which brings us to the next problem. It is possible to argue that our Lord's treatment of women challenged the Judaic beliefs that kept them separate and subjugate; that St. Paul, though he worked within the social conventions of his time, understood the challenge; that neither the facts of church order in the first century nor St. Paul's regulations rule out the possibility that women should now be ordained ministers of the church.

But is this just special pleading, an attempt to read into the New Testament a view of women which developed much later?

It is often pointed out that twentieth-century interpretations of scripture are socially conditioned: but so were tenth-century or second-century interpretations. People have believed, for instance, that love of one's neighbour is best made plain in absolute monarchy or in direct democracy. It does not follow that monarchy was not better in the mediaeval state, or that mediaeval Christians were not guided by the Spirit. Similarly, if we interpret the passage in *Corinthians* to mean that St. Paul was guided by the Spirit to impose restrictions on what women might do in church, we cannot assume either that we must do the same now or that, if we don't, St. Paul must have been wrong.

Let us consider the tradition that women do not serve as ordained ministers of the church. Most people took it for granted, as we are no longer able to do. But Thomas Aquinas never took anything for granted, and that is where we must look for the social and biological views which were the basis for the exclusion of women. He has an exhaustive discussion of possible candidates for orders. A boy, yes; a male imbecile, yes; a woman, no. Why not? A man is made in the image of God. So is a woman. But it is not the uncontrollable and disruptive passions of the body which are the image of God in man: it is the rational soul. True, woman has a rational soul; but it is infected by the deficiencies of the body in which it resides. St. Thomas was well aware of advances in science, and believed that the male sperm contained a complete male human being *in potentia*. He was honestly puzzled by God's creation of the female to be a help to man: as he claims that, for all purposes except reproduction, another man would be much *more* help. The woman, being a defective product, needs a man as her head before she can properly reflect the image of God; and therefore she cannot hold any position of eminence, such as doctor, teacher or priest.

It is no discredit to St. Thomas that his arguments are no longer convincing. We know more about human biology; having taken the great step of educating our women (in the face, be it said, of many of the arguments now brought forward against women priests), we know that Clement of Alexandria, and many others, were right in saying that women are no less capable than men. No one wishes to conclude from *Genesis* that women are not made in God's image as men are. We know it takes both male and female to create another human being. We now have women in positions of eminence. Yet we still subscribe within the church, if only by a minority, to the principle of subordination. In consequence, the position of women inside a Christian church is a contradiction of their position outside it. A Christian woman may work all week in a job which gives her authority over men. But when she comes to church on Sunday the principle of subordination has reappeared and one of her sex may not be a priest.

Some part of the argument against women priests is likely to be based on differences of function. Men and women, it is said, have different gifts

and abilities and consequently different tasks in life. But any such generalisation about men and women can be easily contradicted. There are many warm-hearted, creative men with a profound concern for other people, just as there are clear-headed women who can see far beyond immediate personal concerns. It could be argued that we need all these qualities to cope with the pastoral tasks facing a twentieth-century priest.

It is sometimes asked: 'Do we need both men and women in the priesthood? Why not build up lay ministries instead of concentrating all the attention on the incumbent?' True, the building up of lay ministries would be an excellent thing if we could return to a New Testament view of ministry, valuing and acknowledging all the diverse gifts of God's people. There are many women of the Anglican communion who believe they have a call to the priesthood. If the call were tested, and always proved to be a mistake, we might conclude that God does not call women. But the church says that whatever the result of the test, women cannot be called. This must mean that maleness is an essential characteristic of priesthood. Why should this be so? If a woman pronounces absolution, is the sinner not forgiven? If she consecrates the bread and wine, are they not for those who share them the body and blood of Christ? It is sometimes argued that the priest, in consecrating the bread and wine, represents to the congregation the action of Christ: that since Jesus Christ was a man, it must be a man who represents him. Yet the Eucharist is not a passion play, nor the priest an actor: what he does is to make present to the congregation God's saving action in Christ. Moreover, unless we are to argue (and it has in the past been argued) that Christ redeemed only male human nature, leaving female human nature to be redeemed by the mediation of a man, we must at least acknowledge that Christ redeemed human nature. To have women in the priesthood would remind us of these truths, and of the greater truth (agreed by the fathers of the church) that we must not limit God by our categories. We must not think that God is, in some sense, male.

But it must be admitted that Jesus was male, and that he chose only male apostles. Ought we to follow his example? We have to be sure what that example is. Is it the example of choosing men, or that of choosing the people best suited to minister because of what they were in themselves and because of the circumstances of the church? We can be thankful that the condition of women today is very different from that of women in first-century Judaea. St. Paul gladly made use of the spiritual gifts of women in the (somewhat) freer society of Hellenistic Greece. Our own society allows women a scope for their gifts which would have overjoyed the fellow-workers of St. Paul: it is only the church which refuses to make full use of them.

Fewer and fewer people argue that women should not in principle be ordained to the priesthood, though the present Bishop of London has defended that position. Many more would agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the majority of the Synod, that there are 'no fundamental objections', but that it would be divisive to ordain women while

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW

by David Fingleton

GAY. *The Beggar's Opera.* National Philharmonic Orchestra/Bonynge. (2 Records). DECCA D252D 2.
ROBYN ARCHER SINGS BRECHT. London Sinfonietta/Muldowney. EMI ASD 4166.
MARTINU. *The Greek Passion.* Brno State Philharmonic Orchestra/Mackerras. (2 Records). SUPRAPHON 1116 3611/2.
PUCCINI. *Tosca.* Philharmonia Orchestra/Levine. (2 Records). EMI SLS 5213.
BEETHOVEN. Symphony No. 9. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Bohm. (2 Records). DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON. 2741 009.
BEETHOVEN. Violin Concerto. Perlman/Philharmonia Orchestra/Giulini. EMI ASD 4059.
CHOPIN. Piano Music. Vladimir Horowitz. (3 Records). CBS 79340.

I WOULD guess that few people, if asked what Dame Joan Sutherland, Kiri Te Kanawa, Angela Lansbury, Alfred Marks, Warren Mitchell, and Michael Hordern were doing together at the Kingsway Hall in London last year, would readily get the right answer. In fact, directed by Dame Joan's husband Richard Bonynge, they were recording John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* for Decca. The result appeared earlier this year, and is quite astonishingly successful. The presence of distinguished actors in the cast seems to have inspired the singers to dramatise their roles far beyond what is normally achieved in the recording studio. Thus Joan Sutherland and Kiri Te Kanawa do not merely sing as splendidly as one might have envisaged, but, ably directed by Anthony Besch, they display an equal mastery of dialogue. As Polly Peachum Kiri Te Kanawa uses a suitably 'refined' voice, and projects an appropriate glow of youthful innocence, while Dame Joan employs a sort of antipodean cockney to project the more experienced and aggressive Lucy Lockit. Their 'Quarrel' duet in the second act is both superbly sung and enormously amusing. Of the other singers involved, Stafford Dean makes a highly convincing gaoler Lockit, and Regina Resnik an uproarious Mrs. Trapes. By corollary Alfred Marks, who had originally intended to be an opera singer and received a musical training, and Angela Lansbury as Mr. and Mrs. Peachum seem to have acquired musical confidence from their singing colleagues and display considerable vocal ability. As The Player Michael Hordern introduces the piece impeccably, and there are predictably inimitable contributions from Warren Mitchell in the small roles of the Beggar and the Drawer. Richard Bonynge and Douglas Gamley have produced a new performing version which, although orchestrated on a large scale, remains light in touch, and Mr. Bonynge has welded his forces together with great skill and obtains highly polished, exhilarating playing of Gay's evergreen score from the National Philharmonic Orchestra. This set gives enormous pleasure and I cannot recommend it too highly.

A natural progression from *The Beggar's Opera* is to the 20th century world of Bertholt Brecht and Kurt Weill, whose *Threepenny Opera* was of course based upon Gay's original. It is thus appropriate to recom-

mend an exciting recording that has just appeared, entitled 'Robyn Archer sings Brecht'. Ms Archer is an Australian singer and actress who first came to notice here some years ago when she sang Brecht songs in a show at the National's Cottesloe Theatre called *For Those Born Later*. More recently she appeared at the small Drill Hall theatre in London in a feminist musical show, 'Pack of Women', which rather wasted her vocal talents. This new recording looks back to the Cottesloe performances and offers twenty-five of Brecht's songs, set variously by Kurt Weill, Hanns Eisler and Paul Desau. Something that is brought home to the listener is just how good a composer was Eisler, whom I find more subtly evocative in 'Song of the stimulating impact of cash', Madam's song, and 'Hollywood Elegies' than Weill's more familiar and overtly popular Alabama Song and 'Ballad of sexual obsession', though there is no denying the sheer quality of Weill's 'Surabaya Johnny'. All the songs, save those originally in English, have been admirably translated by John Willett and are superbly sung by Ms Archer, whose husky, powerful, almost rasping delivery is remniscent of the great Lotte Lenya herself. The accompaniment comes from the London Sinfonietta, directed by Dominic Muldowney, the National Theatre's Musical Director, and is most idiomatically and skilfully played. The recording is vivid, yet intimate, and the total effect makes for a distinguished and rewarding issue.

Another winner comes, yet again, from Welsh National Opera. In the spring of last year they performed Martinu's magnificent opera *The Greek Passion*, based upon Nikos Kazantzakis' great novel 'Christ Recrucified'. This opera was first heard, sung in German, in Zurich in 1961, two years after the composer's death. But in Michael Geliot's fine production for WNO, superbly conducted by that great expert in Czech music, Sir Charles Mackerras, it was given in English, the language in which Martinu had himself written the libretto, having originally hoped that the opera would receive its first performance at Covent Garden, conducted by his fellow Czech, Rafael Kubelik. Such was the success of the Welsh performances that Czechoslovakia's recording company, Supraphon, arranged to transport virtually the entire WNO cast, plus the director Michael Geliot, who on the recording takes the spoken role of the miser Ladas, plus of course the conductor, Sir Charles Mackerras, to the Stadion Hall in Brno, where they provided the Brno Philharmonic Orchestra and the Czech Philharmonic Chorus, who had naturally learned their parts in English, for a recording of the complete opera. The result is totally absorbing and a resounding success. Predictably fine playing of Martinu's wonderful score by the Brno Philharmonic, and magnificent work by the entire cast ensure that all the dramatic power and tension of the original performances in Wales are retained. It is a remarkably concise and compressed version of Kazantzakis' lengthy novel, yet one feels that nothing has been lost, and concentration never slackens. Outstanding in a cast without weak links are John Mitchinson in the massive and demanding role of Manolios, the 'Christ' figure, John Tomlinson as Grigoris, the priest, Arthur Davies as the pedlar Yannakos, and Helen

Field who sings with exquisite sensitivity as the young widow Katerina. Once again this is an issue whose merits I cannot urge too strongly.

On a more mundane level, but highly effective nonetheless, is EMI's recent recording of Puccini's *Tosca*, conducted by the New York Metropolitan's young Music Director, James Levine. Mr. Levine could never be accused of understatement or half-heartedness—this is a highly melodramatic interpretation, with all stops fully out. But when the Philharmonia and the cast respond as strongly to his direction, as here, the music unquestionably makes a powerful effect; in any case one could hardly argue that Puccini's score was over-refined in the first place. In the title role is Renata Scotto, whose occasional stridency is amply compensated by the intensity and dramatic power of her interpretation: this Tosca is a very flesh and blood lady indeed. Placido Domingo sings Cavaradossi's music superbly and conveys great ardour, both romantic and revolutionary. As Baron Scarpia Renata Bruson sings eloquently without ever quite investing the character, complex as it is, with the nuances that come from a Tito Gobbi. The veteran Italian bass Renato Capecchi makes a welcome appearance in the small role of the Sacristan in Act 1. EMI have given this *Tosca* a digital recording which fully matches Levine's intensity of approach. No *tutti* is baulked, no sound effect evaded: the Te Deum that closes Act 1, with bells ringing and cannons booming in the background, is of truly demonstration quality—impossible to achieve in the opera house and thrilling to listen to, provided the neighbours are out.

In Salzburg, during the annual Festival last August, the great Austrian conductor Karl Böhm died at the age of very nearly 87—he would have celebrated his birthday a fortnight later. He had been active almost until the end, and in November 1980 he made his last recording in Vienna, appropriately as it turned out of Beethoven's great final symphony, 'The Choral', with his beloved Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Chorus of the Vienna Staatsoper backed up by a magnificent, personally chosen, team of soloists: Jessye Norman, Brigitte Fassbaender, Placido Domingo, and the veteran Austrian bass-baritone, Walter Berry. The result, now issued by Deutsche Grammophon, makes moving listening, for into this recording Böhm seems to have injected all the wisdom and insight of his sixty years as a conductor. The pace is never hurried, but never slack, and I have not personally heard a reading of Beethoven's great *Adagio molto e cantabile* third movement as movingly serene as this. All involved respond with devoted intensity to their great conductor, and the result is a testament to both Beethoven and Böhm. DG have supplied a fine digital recording and have sensibly spread the symphony over four sides so that each movement is complete and uninterrupted.

Another enormously successful Beethoven recording is EMI's of the violin concerto. How could it not be, one asks, given the forces involved: Itzhak Perlman the soloist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, who happily we shall see back at Covent Garden at the end of this month, conducting Verdi's *Falstaff*. This must surely

come close to being the ideal recorded performance of a much-recorded, greatly loved, and surprisingly elusive work. Somehow between them Perlman and Giulini have not only chosen perfect tempi, but have also, without ever indulging in self-effacement, made themselves totally the servants of the music. The first movement has enormous tension, yet at the same time breathes spaciously, the *larghetto* is profound, yet serene, and the wonderful *rondo finale* abounds in unaffected high spirits, yet never loses musical meaning. Perlman has chosen Kreisler's cadenzas and plays them with an immaculateness worthy of the master. The EMI recording is one of their finest digital issues to date and their complete success is another factor in making this an issue to be cherished.

In view of the great Russian-American pianist, Vladimir Horowitz's recent visit to London to give two recitals at the Festival Hall during his first visit to Europe in thirty years, the CBS issue of a three record set of his Chopin recordings is timely. Chopin's music, played by Horowitz, has always been profound and profoundly stimulating, as can be heard in these recordings which date mainly from the 1960's and comprise both studio performance and also some recorded 'live' at Carnegie Hall in New York in 1966 as well as in Chicago and Boston in 1968. The range of music is wide: the Sonata No. 2 in B flat minor, several Etudes, Waltzes, and Polonaises, the Nocturne opus 55 No. 1, the G minor Ballade opus 23, and the Polonaise Fantaisie opus 61, thrown off with dazzling bravura which the 'live' audience evidently appreciated. On the last side come six of the Mazurkas which demonstrate for me Horowitz's unique virtuosity and musicality, as well as his colossal personality, at their very best. If you were disappointed in your attempt to get tickets at the Festival Hall, at least you can seek consolation in these recordings.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE ART OF MEMORY

The Art of Memory. Lord Butler. Hodder and Stoughton £7.95.

There have been eleven Conservative Prime Ministers during the present century. Five have been aristocrats (Salisbury, Balfour, Churchill, Eden, Home). Three have come from large business (Bonar Law, Baldwin, Chamberlain). One (Macmillan) came from the latter background but married a Duke's daughter. Two were from the lower middle class (Heath, Margaret Thatcher). Only one major slice of educated society has been unrepresented—the whole professional class, the world of government service and the universities. It was to this world that Rab Butler instinctively belonged throughout his career. It is tempting to find in this fact the reason for his not quite attaining the highest peak in politics, in spite of his exceptional distinction of intellect and his profound insight into all political things.

It is widely said, not least by his admirers, that he missed his supreme chance of being prime Minister in 1963 by agreeing to serve under Sir Alec Home; that if he had 'stood out' the cherished fruit must have dropped into his lap. In his memoirs he has explained his action in terms of his nature. In the last resort he would not fight to the death for his own hand. As far as it goes, this rings very true.

No one can plausibly argue that Alec Home was in any sense less high minded than Rab Butler. But Home had behind him in Harold Macmillan a remorseless statesman who was satisfied that the premiership of 'Rab' would be a national disaster. In such a confrontation the donnish public servant was the inevitable loser.

This is no way implies that R. A. Butler in dedicating himself to politics chose the wrong profession. His record of solid achievement has been bettered by no politician of his period. The Education Act of 1944 will remain his historical memorial. It does not stand alone. Between 1945 and 1951 he played in opposition a major part in modernising the collective thought of the Conservative Party. He can fairly be described as our most successful Chancellor of the Exchequer since the war. When he became Home Secretary he set a tone of penal reform which was then, and remains, unequalled, though he became distracted elsewhere.

The weakest feature of his career was his record over Suez. To his credit he disapproved of it thoroughly, but instead of resigning on the issue, or at least fighting hard from the inside, he allowed himself tamely to be excluded from the main decisions. He dissociated himself from the project all too indiscreetly. His public defence of it was patently half hearted. The explanation offered in his brilliant memoirs and again in this fascinating volume of biographical essays is unimpressive to put it mildly.

His famous indiscretions mentioned above were altogether delightful, except to the victim to whom they were too often repeated. Even the victim, however, could enjoy the milder Rabisms. I myself delivered an address in memory of Lord Birkenhead at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Rab had been a very good friend to Freddie Birkenhead though I had known him much longer. As we left the church, Rab said to me: 'Very good of course. It's a pity they don't put microphones in here. I heard perfectly, but then I was sitting

in the front row'. Many Rabisms were much more cutting ('The best Prime Minister we've got', for instance, about Anthony Eden) and did him long term damage.

There is room for only one or two quotations here. Of Churchill and Bevin, 'both were egotistical, both tried hard to cure this fault and both determined on set objectives. I am not at all sure that Ernie was not the more ruthless and powerful'. He illustrates this point later on in a discussion of Churchill's appointment of Wavell as Viceroy of India... 'Why did Churchill choose a man he did not trust for such an important post? It makes me feel very critical of Churchill and suspect streaks of a form of weakness which was not present in, say, Ernest Bevin'. The most surprising passages in the book are those which eulogise Aneurin Bevan, and not only in regard to his oratory. Butler writes of Bevan 'I have profited greatly from studying him and I shall always remember his kindness to me in so many ways'. There are many who would say the same of Lord Butler, and of his loving and exhilarating wife.

FRANK LONGFORD

FRESH VIEWS OF RUSKIN

The Wider Sea. A Life of John Ruskin. John Dixon Hunt. J. M. Dent. £15.95.
The Ruskin Polygon. Edited by John Dixon Hunt and Faith M. Holland. Manchester University Press. £30.00.

Since Derrick Leon's classic biography of Ruskin, first published in 1949 and re-issued in 1969, there has been a steady but not copious stream of new material published at a distance from Ruskin's death in 1900. Important works included the Diaries, edited by Joan Evans and John Howard Whitehouse (1956), the Ruskin Family Letters, edited by Van Akin Burd (1973), and Ruskin's Letters from Venice 1851-52, edited by J. L. Bradley (1955). There were a few individual studies, notably Joan Evans' *John Ruskin* (1954), John D. Rosenberg's *The Darkening Glass* (1963), Robert Hewison's *John Ruskin, The Argument of the Eye* (1976) and Mary Luyten's pioneering works on family matters.

Ruskin scholarship is a fertile field, still wide open for fresh exploration, both because the twentieth-century collective intellect was slow to appreciate Ruskin, and because of his 'polygonal' quality—using Ruskin's concept that 'Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people in any way stiff in their opinions'.

The Ruskin Polygon is a collection of essays on Ruskinian themes, such as Proust and Ruskin, Ruskin's serpent imagery, or Ruskinian Gothic, all of an exceptionally high intellectual level and dazzlingly well researched, some of them originating in the Ruskin Symposium held at the John Hopkins University in 1978. The bias is perhaps an aesthetic one. Professor Jeffrey Spear contributes, inter alia, a selection of Ruskin's letters to Charles Eliot Norton without the excisions made by Norton and his daughter; and, apparently, Professors John Bradley and Ian Ousby are planning a complete new edition of this extremely valuable material.

Professor Dixon Hunt, the 'Polygon's' editor, has simultaneously produced his new biography of Ruskin. Again, since his interests centre upon the relationship between literature and the visual arts, he does not concentrate upon Ruskin's religious, social and political thinking. The whole book is a brilliantly constructed and argued dissertation on the model that he takes of a 'cabinet of

curiosities', which represents Ruskin's habit of mind. He has a unique understanding of the origins and interconnecting processes of Ruskin's thought and creativity. Although icily clear, concise and precise, it is both too allusive and too intellectual to serve as a diverting introduction to Ruskin—Leon is not extinguished. His book is absolutely recommended for the reader who has felt himself to be rudderless in the great ocean of Ruskin's ideas.

Professor Dixon Hunt characteristically eschews any dalliance in the rose gardens of Ruskin's amatory life, and is perfunctory about his mental illness, which patently interests him not one jot. In a throw-away line, he describes Ruskin's 'first great frenzied illness' in early 1878 as 'probably an attack of paranoid schizophrenia'. It is generally agreed by now that Ruskin suffered from manic depression: and if Professor Dixon Hunt has evidence or views to the contrary, he should offer references and discussion—which he does not. The difference *does* matter. Perhaps, however, Professor Dixon Hunt wishes to make a distinction between the first illness and the later ones. This seems unlikely, since he writes that Ruskin 'was still measuring the inroads of mania' in a letter written during the first attack.

The absence of a formal bibliography is a sad omission.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE LIFE OF A POET

W. H. Auden: the Life of a Poet. Charles Osborne. Papermac. £4.95.

Charles Osborne has written an excellent biography of W. H. Auden who, at his death in 1973, was accounted the most important poet then writing in English. As both lyric poet and satirist Auden attracted the reading and theatre-going public of a whole generation: in the dangerous 1930s his poetry expressed the anxieties of a socially and politically concerned section of the public on both sides of the Atlantic. The most satisfying aspect of Mr. Osborne's book is that he places many of the poems, verse-plays and libretti in the precise context which occasioned them. The story of Auden's collaboration with Benjamin Britten, in *Coal Face* and *Night Mail* for the GPO Film Unit after the war; with Stravinsky in *The Rake's Progress* and with Hanz Werner Henze in *Elegy for Young Lovers* at Glyndebourne, reveals how closely Auden identified poetry with music in the theatre.

Auden's developing thought is charted from that of the committed Marxist (though never a card-carrying Party member) for whom social inequality was the enemy of civilised living, through set-backs to this view encountered in journeys to Spanish and Chinese wars, to the point where Auden could say, in America in 1967:

> I've become very sceptical about *engagé* poetry. Political social history would be no different if Dante, Michelangelo, Byron had never lived. The arts can't do anything about this. Only political action and straight journalistic reportage can . . . Nothing I wrote against Hitler prevented one Jew being killed. Nothing I wrote made the war stop a minute sooner.

It might be said that political action and journalism did not, either, have those results on a noticeable scale. It must, however, remain true, as Auden elsewhere wrote, that poets from Homer onwards have left us 'the votes of the dead'. Auden's strictures on Shelley's poets as 'unacknowledged legislators' seem to ignore the significant word 'unacknowledged'. Certainly in the years preceding the war Auden and his fellow poets, Spender, McNeice and C. Day Lewis, were not wholly ignored by commentators and cannot be disregarded in any retrospective account, for two reasons. One is that Auden was the chief spokesman for young men caught in the ambivalence of entering upon

a crusade to eradicate the potent Nazi evil whilst abhorring the only available means of doing so. The other is a demonstration that lyric poets do not necessarily utter only primitive cries of joy and pain; that they can, as Auden did, vote memorably and rationally for creating a life-enhancing world rather than a death-dealing one. A political and social history of the 1930s would not be quite the same if Auden had never lived.

The various ways and places in which he lived are the subject of detailed description in this sympathetic biography. Charles Osborne has done his entire duty by Auden, showing his charismatic, eccentric character which perhaps over-shadowed the poetry of his many talented friends. Isherwood is seen as a strongly inventive collaborator in their popular verse-dramas, often assumed to have been largely Auden's own work. Their political message, ambiguous though it was, became dwarfed by imminent war, but it left its mark on a neglected form of poetry in the theatre. To this extent, Auden's departure with Isherwood for the USA in January, 1939, marked for him a recognition that in America he could get down to serious writing in a way impossible in war-torn Britain. Although inevitably handed the traditional white feather in England, he was probably influenced more by favourable reviews in 1934 of the Random House edition of *The Orators* and *The Dance of Death* than by any notion of deserting his country. *Partisan Review* had gone even further than the influential *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune* in hailing Auden and Spender as 'radical poets' and had described *The Orators* as 'probably the most brilliant piece of satirical writing in post-war poetry'.

Auden produced much of his best lyric poetry whilst in the States, notably in collections entitled *The Shield of Achilles* (1955) and *Homage to Clio* (1960). What his various homes and companions, particularly Chester Kallman, meant to him is sensitively described by Mr. Osborne who takes the story right up to the time when Auden, after his term as Oxford Professor of Poetry in 1956, became an honoured if inconveniently bibulous resident Fellow of Christ Church. From 1962 until his death, his Austrian home at Kirschstetten was his real refuge. But he treasured his appearances at *Poetry International*, held annually in London. Osborne noted in his 1970 diary for the *Sunday Times*, 'Auden, whom we now look upon as our *Poetry International* mascot, made his first appearance last night to great applause'.

BETTY ABEL

A BIOGRAPHY OF SAKI

Saki: A Life of Hector Hugh Munro. With Six Short Stories Never Before Collected. A. J. Langguth. Hamish Hamilton. £12.50.

> Not that I ever indulge in despair about the Future; there always have been men who have gone about despairing of the Future, and when the Future arrives it says nice, superior things about their having acted according to their lights. It is dreadful to think that other people's grandchildren may one day rise up and call one amiable. These are moments when one sympathises with Herod.

This may be advanced of Saki's review of his somewhat earnest American biographer's work. Mr. Langguth, we are told, was born in Minneapolis in 1933, which makes our source, Saki's 'Reginald on House-Parties', all the more appropriate for all of its being written thirty years before the biographer's birth:

> But then one's mistakes sometimes turn out assets in the long-run: if we had never bungled away our American colonies we might never have had the boy from the States to teach us how to wear our hair and cut our clothes, and we must get our ideas from somewhere, I suppose.

And it is a little like a biography of Hamlet from the locations preferred by Mr. Tom Stoppard rather than those of Shakespeare. Certainly Mr. Langguth is a little like Mr. Stoppard's Rozencrantz and Guildenstern, though he is much too nice to be like Shakespeare's, and from time to time the whole thing is a little too much for him. But he has persevered, and stayed on this side of tedium, and kept his imagination similar to the socks which gained one's attention without losing one's respect. He has done a real service in showing how Saki's earliest biographer, the sister in whom he so confided, gave away in her writing as much as she concealed by her bonfire of his papers. He could have used her even more: he has done remarkable work in showing the relationship of Saki's homosexuality, most especially his longest love-affair, to the character of his writing, which certainly reached a triumphant climax in 1909–13 and was growing fairly bleak and sour by the time he found a new career as a soldier in World War I. He clearly has a point in suggesting *The Unbearable Bassington* is the product of the break up of a deep relationship, but for some reason he ignores Ethel Munro's remark that Bassington was founded on a person still alive when she wrote her posthumous memoir in the early 1920s. Mr. Langguth makes it more a portrayal of Saki's vanishing life-style: 'He had set out to bury his youth, and in *The Unbearable Bassington* he provided an elegant coffin for it.'

He has found a locket in the shape of a heart preserved and probably worn by Saki containing a date (8 May 1908) and facing it 'Hector With best love Cyril'. It is curious that the magnificent series of sparkling, cruel, epigrammatic, mordant, juvenile, haunting stories which followed that date so often have a hero or heroine at war with established order and with a first name beginning with 'C' — Clovis Sangrail, Comus Bassington, Lady Carlotta, Conradin, Cyril Skatterly, the 'dreamer' Cyprian, even Comus's witty rival Courtenay Youghal.

Probably Saki will keep his deepest secrets, and if Mr. Langguth has found many of the rest and given welcome clues to those he misses, he has given an indispensable companion to the short stories. His notes include some dates of composition, not always to be inferred from place in specific compilations: a full bibliography would be very welcome, and useful in charting the specific political origins of several items illuminating the world of Westminster by searing glances from the extreme Right. Even the immediately political work has a fascination beyond its time: he is probably the only short-story writer who sought to examine the effects of Winston Churchill being transformed into a sparrow and replaced by an angel.

('If we could understand sparrow-language', said the Duke serenely, 'I fancy we should hear something infinitely worse than "strawberry-leafed nonentity".') But his own creed had no confidence in angels:

> Pray not for aid to One who made
> A set of never-changing Laws,
> But in your need remember well
> He gave you speed, to guile—or claws. . . .

OWEN DUDLEY EDWARDS

THE YOUNG REBECCA WEST

The Young Rebecca: Writings of Rebecca West 1911-1917. Selected and Introduced by Jane Marcus. Macmillan in Association with Virago Press. £9.95.

How should an unrepentant latter-day Chauvinist receive the resurrected

polemics of this mere slip of a girl, whose barbs still sting, and whose impassioned rhetoric in the cause of feminism and socialism still has vitality? She does not write like a girl. There is all the savage indignation of Germaine Greer and also the heavy insistence of a middle-aged male parliamentarian. She relies too much on hyperbole—'The students at Newham and Girton are weakened (some of them for life) by underdone joints and rice puddings'—and yet some of her precepts are now thoroughly acceptable—'The middle-class woman will have to come out and work for her living . . . The middle-class woman will have to stop being a parasite. There is no question that she will be able to compete equally with men. But what will happen next? What will be the effect on the labour market?'

The vehicles for Rebecca West's hackle-raising statements were *The Freewoman*, *The New Freewoman*, and *The Clarion*; and Jane Marcus, in her well-judged editorial interpositions, illuminates this not too well known area of journalism. Many socialists remember Rebecca West only for her anti-communist writings in the 1950s, but her contributions to the socialist paper, *The Clarion*, for Robert Blatchford, were powerful, outspoken and influential almost half a century earlier. She was always too individual to be a slavish conformist, and stood aside from both the violent excesses of the suffragette movement, although reacting with passionate revulsion to their penal treatment, and from its puritanical aspects. An indignant male reader, resident in Petersfield, did her less than justice when he wrote to say that he imagined her to be 'A spiteful, unmarried female churchwoman brought up on the knees of curates.' No such waspish creature would have been capable of Rebecca West's liberated, sophisticated comments on Christabel Pankhurst's writings on sexual disease—'Dear lady . . . have you no pity for the immoral men? We must be sorry for the man who loses the bright glory of love on the streets. He lives in a city and leads a tame life till he becomes tame and loses the wild thing's scorn for a pleasure that is stale, unecstatic, grimy. All the time he is invited to brood on sex by us, by women.'

Rebecca West's literary aspects are represented in some pointed early critical writings on H. G. Wells, Strindberg, Arnold Bennett and D. H. Lawrence, and by a story, 'Indissoluble Matrimony', published in the first number of Wyndham Lewis' *Blast* (1914), which is very much in the mood and idiom of D. H. Lawrence.

The re-offering of fugitive essays on dead contentious issues must always be a risk, and yet the deeper feminist issues, however misguided, are still alive, and the early prose of such an interesting artist as Rebecca West is indeed worth preserving.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Making of Russian Absolutism, 1613-1801. (Longman. £5.95 paperback, hardback £13.50). The latest volume in the Longman History of Russia comes from Dr. Paul Dukes, Reader in History at the University of Aberdeen. It is a valuable study of the first two centuries of Romanov rule, concerned mainly with the growth and establishment of absolute monarchy. Peter the Great and Catherine the Great obviously play a very prominent part during this process. Of the latter, Dr. Dukes concludes: 'figuratively speaking, she had wanted to create a new race of men supporting enlightened absolutism and had finished up giving birth to an intelligentsia opposed to it'. By reason of the basic theme of autocracy, the

author concentrates more 'on political and social aspects than on economic and cultural. For the same reason there will be emphasis on Russia in its international setting'. The book contains useful notes and a Select Bibliography. Dr. Dukes writes that 'in most chapters, I have made at least a little use of my own primary researches, but most of the work is a synthesis of the teaching and talking, listening and thinking about the subject that I have managed to achieve during the course of twenty years involvement in it'. This book is particularly useful as a concise introduction to the history of this significant period.

Chekhov: The Early Stories 1883-88. (John Murray. £9.50). Patrick Miles and Harvey Pitcher have chosen and translated 35 of Chekhov's short stories written when he was aged between 23 and 28. Of nearly 600 stories published, '538 items were written between 1880 and March 1888'. 'The basic aim of the present volume is to offer a larger and more representative selection of Chekhov's early stories than has ever been available in English in one volume before. Our selection ends where the Oxford Chekhov begins'. The editors have preferred the shorter stories for selection, owing to space. They have, however, included *The Kiss*. They have respected Chekhov's own exclusions with the exception of *An Incident at Law*. 'In general our policy was to look for what seemed best in a particular vein, thereby avoiding duplication'. Some omissions will be regretted, but it is certainly a valuable collection to be published.

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon. (Macmillan. £6.95). Rebecca West's classic 'A Journey through Yugoslavia' was first published in two volumes in 1942. In 1955 a revised one volume edition was issued, and this Papermac reprint follows the revised edition. There are 1,150 pages of text. None of the maps and photographs originally published is included. This brilliant and penetrating study arose out of a visit to Yugoslavia with her husband in 1938. It describes their journey with graphic detail, and with her remarkable power of expression. It is, of course, much more than a travelogue. After years of painstaking research, she provided an invaluable comprehensive description and analysis in depth of Yugoslavia before the last war. She wrote an Epilogue which brought the account to the Nazi invasion in 1941. There is no mention of Tito. The text is unannotated and Rebecca West refused to provide a complete list of her sources.

Nations and States. (Methuen. £5.95). Professor Hugh Seton-Watson's 'enquiry into the orgins of nations and the politics of nationalism' was first published in 1977. This wide-ranging, and erudite study is now republished as a University Paperback; and as such it should reach a much wider readership. His concern is 'with the formation of nations, the activities of nationalist movements, and the ways in which these have influenced and been influenced by the emergence, creation and dissolution of states... I have tried to do something much less than to create a general theory, namely to juxtapose and to compare examples from different periods and different parts of the world.' There is a considerable bibliography covering region by region. It is a vast subject brilliantly covered.

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